PENTHOUSE
02242
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
APRIL 1973 ONE DOLLAR
HIJACKERS' UNHAPPY LANDINGS: EXCLUSIVE FROM CUBA
JESSE JACKSON: PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW
LOS ANGELES INC.– NATIONAL IMAGE INDUSTRY
MY SEARCH FOR SAFER SEX: AUTHORESS'S CANDID ACCOUNT
Belgie 60 frs./Danmark 10.25 Kr. inkl. moms/Deutschland 6 DM/France 9 NF/Israel 5.70 Israeli Pounds/Italy 1250 Lire/Japan 500 Yen
Nederland 5.25 FL/New Zealand $1.00/Norge 10.50 N.kr/Oesterreich 45 Sch/Philippines 12 Pesos/Schweiz 7.70 frs./Sverige 7.50 kr. inkl. moms

Get a taste of what it's all about. Get the full taste of Viceroy.

© 1971, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

On the road, a sports car. In your budget, an economy car.

For the price of many an economy car, MG Midget offers you one of the most consistent winners in sports car competition.

It's all sports car. From the precision of its rack-and-pinion steering to the stability of its race proven suspension.

Qualities you'll appreciate most when you decide to take the long cut home—on a road that's a twisting ribbon of scenic route.

That's when you'll really feel the response of the four-speed gearbox coupled with the 1275 c.c. overhead valve engine.

And that's when you'll know that this is *one* economy car that wasn't built to take granny to the supermarket.

In all, you'll find the MG Midget just right for you, your friend and enough gear to see you through a weekend.

And enough fun to see you through years of sports car driving.

Like all true sports cars, MG Midget has a complete array of instrumentation, including electric tachometer and trip odometer.

Other standard fittings include: front disc brakes, mag-style wheels, semi-reclining bucket seats, fitted carpeting and a steering wheel wrapped in glove-soft vinyl.

It's one economy car you'll really enjoy driving—all the way to the bank.

For the name of your MG dealer and information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

The sports car America loved first.

JADE EAST

If she doesn't give it to you, get it yourself.

You're a man with very definite tastes. Your cologne should reflect those tastes... strong, exotic, sensuous, lingering. Jade East is the cologne to meet those tastes. If she doesn't give it to you... get it yourself.

SWANK sole distributor.
Available at fine stores everywhere.

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/APRIL 1973
World-wide sale: 3,500,000*

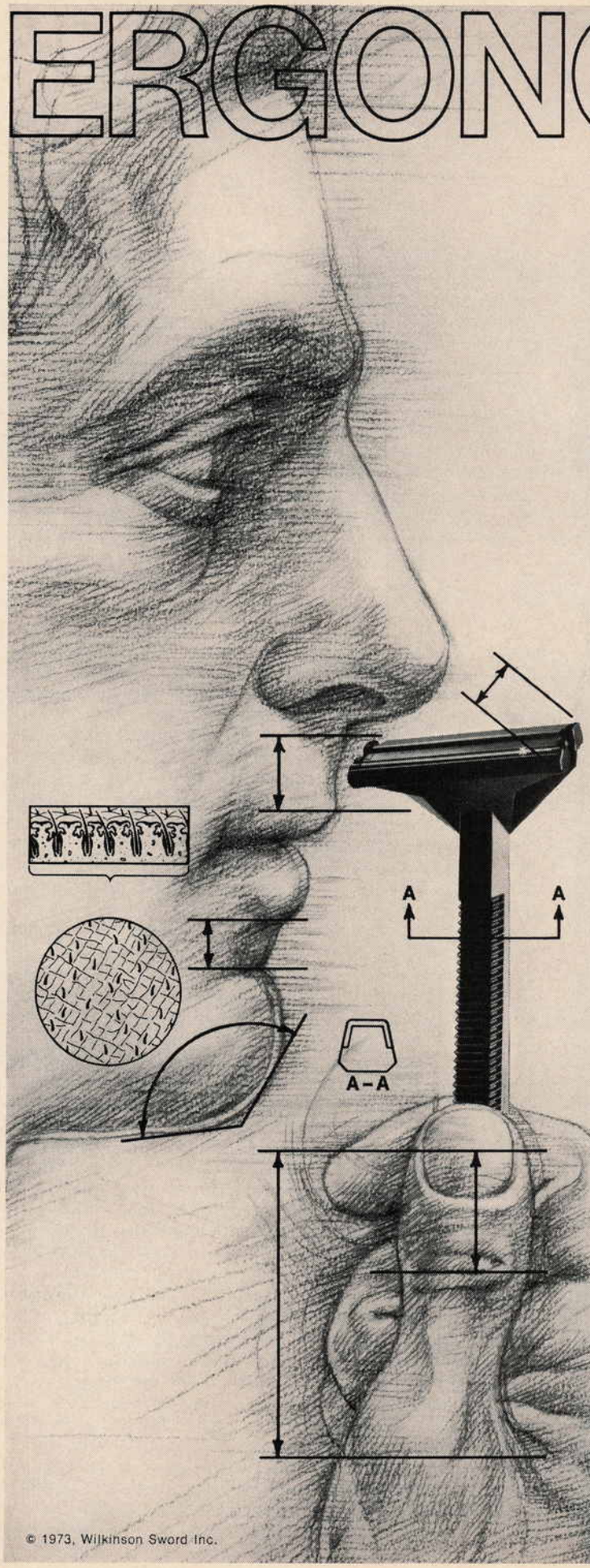
EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: HARRY FIELDHOUSE
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: JAMES GOODE
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR (BOOK DIV.): EDWARD ERNEST
ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS
ARTICLES EDITOR: ERIC PROTTER
ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR (Int'l.): KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	See page 00		
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
SEXINDEX	Encyclopedia		26
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Fred Darwin	31
HAPPENINGS		Rex Weiner, John Wilcock	32
SHOWS		Robert Kaiser	33
WORDS		Norman Hoss	34
SOUNDS		Dave Warren, J. Marks, Stephen Holden	35
UNHAPPY LANDINGS	Article	John Wallach and Martin Schram	40
JOANNA	Pictorial	Ken Marcus	44
VALET OF THE DOLLS	Cartoons	Bryan Forbes	55
STEP INTO MY PARLOR	Humor	Henry Morgan	60
LESLIE	Pet of the Month	photos by Bob Guccione	61
A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME	Satire	Guccione	72
THE WIRES	Fiction	John Hopkins	74
JESSE JACKSON, CHRISTIAN MILITANT	Interview	Russ Ewing	78
LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES	Article	Jules Siegel	82
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	87
PAIR PLAY	Pictorial	Jeff Dunas	91
SAFE AND NOT SORRY	Article	Holly Bower	103
YOU & THE NIGHT & THE TEXTBOOKS	Humor	Ralph Schoenstein	112
BEAUNE OF CONTENTION	Article	Lionel Braun	118

PENTHOUSE, 1973, U.S. Volume 4 Number 7; published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022 (tel. 212 593 3301). U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB (tel. 01-385 6181). Entire contents copyrighted © by Penthouse International Ltd., 1965-6-7-8-9-70-1-2-3. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above.
All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions**: U.S., Canada, AFO $10.00 one year, $18.00 two years, $26.00 three years; elsewhere $15.00 one year, $25.00 two years. Single copies $1.25 in U.S., Canada and AFO ($2 December issues). Address changes etc. to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.
Advertising Offices: *New York*, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor (tel. 212 593 3301): *Midwest*, Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1303, Chicago, Illinois 60601 (tel. 312 565 0466). *West Coast*, J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069 (tel. 213 659 3810): *Southeast*, J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 2001 Bryan Tower, Suite 1053, Dallas, Texas 75201 (tel. 214 651 1420). *U.K.* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH (tel. 01-262 0331) Telex 919865. Printed in the U.S.A. by Wisconsin Cuneo Press Inc., 5400 West Good Hope Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Color origination by Mansell Litho Ltd., London. Distributed in the United States, Canada and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co. 841 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 19105, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © 12 August 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

ERGONOMICS



Wilkinson applied the science of ergonomics to make a totally different kind of razor to help you shave closer with fewer nicks and cuts!

Ergonomics is the science of making tools, objects, and instruments compatible with the human body. To apply this science to the design of the Wilkinson BONDED Razor, Wilkinson studied the physiology of the hand, the structure of skin and beard, the topography of the face, conditioned responses in shaving and the shortcomings of the old double-edge razor.

Ergonomics told us blade angle must be precision set for closer shaves. Ergonomics told us edge exposure must be scientifically calibrated for protection from nicks and cuts. To achieve these ergonomic goals, we knew each chromed stainless edge had to be permanently positioned in its own shaving head. To do it, we created the Wilkinson BONDED Blade—the first of its kind in the history of shaving.

Ergonomics told us the BONDED Razor needs only a single superb chromed stainless edge to shave closer than the razor most men shave with.

With the Wilkinson BONDED you change blades, but you can't change the precision. Unlike old double-edge razors, there are no moving parts to cause misaligned blades, nicks and cuts.

The Wilkinson BONDED is more than just a razor; it is a totally different kind of shaving system in which the unique BONDED Blade is matched to a razor handle which is also the result of ergonomic study.

The handle is longer for better control. And flat-sided so you can position the head against your face without trial and error.

The head of the Wilkinson BONDED Razor is more compact than a double-edge razor. So you can shave under your nose and other hard-to-get-at places with more confidence and ease.

Is the Wilkinson BONDED Razor a better way to shave in theory only? Not at all. In rigidly supervised tests, against double-edge razors, the Wilkinson BONDED was proved superior for less irritation, for less pull or drag, for cleaner, closer shaves, with fewer nicks and cuts... superior in *every* category of shaving performance. In fact, the Wilkinson BONDED is so great an improvement, more than four million men have bought it.

Ergonomic design, BONDED Blade. The Wilkinson BONDED Razor may well be the most advanced shaving instrument you can buy.

The Wilkinson BONDED™ Razor. A better way to shave.

© 1973, Wilkinson Sword Inc.

SIEGEL

BOWER

HOUSECALL

The rate things happen in this fast-moving world, there's no knowing what may change in the short time it takes to print a magazine. Timothy Leary was in Switzerland when our March issue went to press, but before it could hit the newsstands he'd reached Afghanistan and got deported back to the States. What fate may have befallen the Cuban hijackers before you read the report in this issue (page 40)? Your guess is as good as ours. Perhaps some of them may have found a way out of Cuba at last. That's what most of them long to do, according to what they told **Martin Schram** and **John Wallach**, authors of this enlightening account of what happens to guys who keep pirating airliners to Cuba. Castro's Cuba, it turns out, is not the haven they pictured when they staged their aerial stick-ups. For Schram and Wallach, seasoned Washington correspondents both, the story is one more important exclusive. It was Schram, bureau chief for *Newsday*, who reported full details of the U.S.–Soviet arms limitation agreement a week before the President signed the document. Similarly Wallach, Hearst's White House man, was the first American correspondent to interview Chile's Marxist President Allende after his historic election, and the first to report that Romania was ready to act as go-between in thawing U.S.-Chinese relations. Both writers visited Cuba during 1972 at the invitation of Castro's government. Another newshound contributing to this issue is **Russ Ewing**, NBC News reporter in Chicago, where he is noted for his unorthodox methods. Ewing interviews (page 78) the Rev. **Jesse Jackson**, on whom many believe the mantle of Martin Luther King has fallen. Chicago-based Jackson, a handsome and articulate go-getter, told Ewing he credits athletics for his notable self-confidence. He was a quarterback for Illinois University. No less concerned with the future of American society is **Jules Siegel**, 37, who writes the highly individual critique of its technological bias as seen from Los Angeles (page 82). Siegel, once a PR man with firms like General Motors and Republic Steel, is a full-time writer who last year published *Record* (Straight Arrow Books), a decade's collection of his work. He is an admirable word-spinner, as is **John Hopkins**, author of this month's fiction (page 74), a feat of imaginative symbolism. Hopkins, aged 33, is a Princeton graduate who has lived for the last 10 years in Marrakesh and Tangier. Hence the title of his latest novel, *Tangier Buzzless Flies* (Atheneum). Hopkins, surprisingly, is a geologist. No less surprising, **Holly Bower**, author of the revelatory experiences in birth control (page 103), is a photographer by training. At Neikrug Galleries in Manhattan last year she held a one-woman show of her pictures of the Miami presidential conventions. Her Miami expedition was a photographic interlude, however, for today Holly Bower does more writing than camera work. She has also co-produced several TV shows. All these are new contributors, whose talents we gladly welcome to Penthouse. We also acclaim the return of humorist **Ralph Schoenstein**, who follows up his recent memoir of youthful leching with a no-less diverting account of his problems with marital congress (page 112).

WALLACH

SCHRAM

JACKSON

HOPKINS

SCHOENSTEIN

freshen up

© 1972, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

Associate publisher
Harry Fieldhouse

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(U.S. edition)
Corporate officers: Irwin E. Billman (*executive vice-president*), Edward Ernest (*vice-president*), Anthony J. Guccione (*secretary-treasurer*); **Vice-presidents:** Harry Fieldhouse, Joe Brooks, Joseph Coleman, Kathy Keeton, Beverley Wardale, Marion Gorman.

PENTHOUSE PUBLICATIONS LTD
(U.K. & European editions)
Directors: Albert Z. Freedman (*managing*), Harry Fieldhouse, Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton

Editorial: *Editorial Director (U.S.)* James Goode; *Editorial Director (U.S. Book Div.)* Edward Ernest; *Art Director* Joe Brooks; *Executive Editor* Graham Masterton; *Articles Editor (U.S.)* Eric Protter; *Assistant Editors* Lynn Barber, Gabriel Bowman; *Fiction Editor* Gay Bryant; *Photography Editor (U.S.)* Michael Parish; *Fashion Editors* Ed Emmerling *(U.S.)*, John Taylor *(U.K.)*; *Merchandise Editor* Parker Hodges; *Associate Art Director* Derek Burton; *Art Assistants* Malti Kidia, Jenny Dye; *Executive Assistant* Simon Redfern; *Contributing Editors (U.S.)* Robert Angus *(audio)*, Lionel Braun *(food & drink)*, William R. Corson, Fred Darwin, Norman Hoss, Robert Blair Kaiser, David Marsh, Henry Morgan, Stirling Moss, John Wilcock; *Contributing Editors (U.K.)* Kingsley Amis *(drinks)*, John Mendes *(toiletry)*, Frederic Mullally, Nicholas Swingler, Donald Thomas; *West Coast Editor* Herbert Margolis; *Production Manager* John Evans; *Production Assistant* Harriet Holden.

Administrative: *Advertising Directors* Kathy Keeton *(Int'l)*; Marion Gorman *(U.S.)*, Ronald V. Guccione *(Midwest Div.)*, Peter Goldsmith *(U.K. & Europe)*; *Assistant Advertising Director (U.S.)* Beverley Wardale; *Advertising Manager (U.S.)* Woody Katsoff; *Controller (U.S.)* Michael Laufer; *Circulation Director (U.S.)* Richard Smith; *Director of Merchandising (U.S.)* Dawn Steel; *Merchandising Manager (U.K.)* Julie Phillips; *Special Projects Director (U.K.)* Julie Werth; *Advertising Production (U.S.)* Ed Diemer; *Accounts Manager (U.K.)* John Herbing; *Subscriptions Manager (U.S.)* John Mitchell; *Directors of Public Relations* Jackie Lewis *(U.S.)*, Molly McKellar *(U.K.)*; *Pet Promotions Director* Tina McDowall

Advertising Offices:
New York Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022, (tel. 212 593 3301). Telex no. 237128 PINY
Midwest Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1303, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (tel. 312 565 0466)
West Coast J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069 (tel. 213-659 3810)
Southeast J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 2001 Bryan Tower, Suite 1053, Dallas, Texas 75201 (tel. 214 651 1420)
U.K. & Europe Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England (tel. 01-262 0331). Telex no. 919865

Editorial Offices:
New York 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022 (tel. 212 593 3301) Telex no. 237128
West Coast: 9000 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 803, Los Angeles, California 90096 (tel. 213-273 8802)
London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, England (tel. 01-385 6181) Telex no. 919865

Bureaux:
Berlin Hans Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45
Geneva Mrs Kati David, 10 Chemin Rieu, Geneva, Switzerland
Tel-Aviv George Bercki, Sik Bael 5b, Cholon, Tel-Aviv, Israel
Rio de Janeiro Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico (15th Floor) Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil
Budapest Paul Kirlyhedgyi 5, Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary
Saigon Nhgiem-Xuan Thiem, 45b Hien-Vuang, Saigon, South Vietnam
Zagreb Cedomir Komijenovic, Srebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia

APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Pictorial pairing

Your superb pictorial, *One and One Make Free* (December), was a wonderful picture story of two young people very much in love. I had forgotten that there is still something beautiful between a male and a female that words cannot express fully, no matter how aptly put, for only through physical tenderness of expression can one really appreciate the impact of love.

It has taken your magazine a long time, as it has taken me 38 years, to realize the wonderment of a truly human relationship, free of motive and material greed, as this couple possess. It's a cliché that one picture is worth a thousand words, but your 10-page spread says more than you'll ever find in Webster's.

Perhaps in a future issue you could include some pictures and articles geared to the over-30 age group, who certainly enjoy your magazine but perhaps are reluctant to let their own true feelings hang out.—*Robert D. Black, Cresco, Pa.*

Seat of power

Now you've done it! As a backside man, let me thank you for the delectable January front cover with Maggi Burton, who also turns me on on pages 62, 68 and 77. And I am grateful even for the smaller favors, such as the center bottom on page 105.

Your December issue, too, apparently took cognizance of the tastes of a growing number of woman lovers in keeping with the "backward" trend. My most admiring gaze is in the direction of Gwen Salvage on pages 125 and 127. Some other delicious views are those of Patricia Barrett on pages 45 and 49; of Lynn Carey on pages 106, 108 and 109; and on the title page of the Penthouse calendar bevy.

I'm far from deprecating the portrayal of frontal views of these and any other favorites—we can't have too much of a good thing—but I do want to encourage you to feature woman's commonly most neglected beauty spot, her seat of power. Richard Avedon once said: "I wanted to take a picture of her best angle, but unfortunately she was sitting on it." So let Penthouse be ever in the forefront with beautiful behinds.—*J.L. (name and address withheld), Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.*

Beating the bunny

After being in Vietnam for the last 38 weeks, I am glad to be back home and in my old job with one of the better newsstands in Louisville, so I thought this might be of interest to you. Our order for the December issues of Penthouse and *Playboy* magazines was 100 copies of each, to sell at $1.50. Checking on supplies at the end of November, I see that there remain on hand 49 copies of *Playboy* and seven copies of Penthouse, so you can readily see that Penthouse outsells *Playboy* by a good margin with us, and I suppose that also applies to every other newsstand here.

I asked one of our regular customers why he had switched to Penthouse, and he replied that in his opinion the pictures as well as the articles in Penthouse were in every way superior. He said that he could not understand many of the articles in *Playboy*, though he had graduated from the University of Indiana.—*Walter Callahan, Bardstown Rd., Louisville, Kentucky.*

Call me Madam

I have just finished reading the December issue of Penthouse and I think that it was just great. Your monthly gets better with each issue. The photos and articles are outstanding in every way, and it is only a matter of time before your circulation will match that of *Playboy* because you give the readers more of what they expect from that type of publication. That bright and delightful feature *Call Me Madam* is just terrific, so congratulations to Xaviera Hollander for a swell job.—*Russell Anderson, W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.*

Now that your readers are being treated to Xaviera Hollander's advice column, don't you think that we would also enjoy a pictorial featuring the lady? I know I'm not alone in this request.—*Doug Cole, Grandview Ave., Windsor, Ont., Canada.*

Pet partisans

All of us at Alpha Delta Phi would like to thank you for Penthouse magazine. All your issues receive a lot of praise throughout the house, but your December issue seems to have blown the roof off. As it happens, Lynn Carey's father, the Hollywood actor Macdonald Carey, is an alumnus of the Wisconsin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi. The obviously apparent and superior attributes of the alumni of the Wisconsin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi have clearly been transmitted to their offspring. We appreciate Penthouse's recognition of these attributes in Brother Carey's daughter, your choice for December Pet of the Month, Lynn.

We would appreciate an autographed picture of Miss Carey for our chapter house. If at all possible, we would like her to deliver it in person. We reiterate our approval of Penthouse magazine in general and specifically of the Pet of the Month, Lynn Carey.—*Wisconsin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, Madison, Wis.*

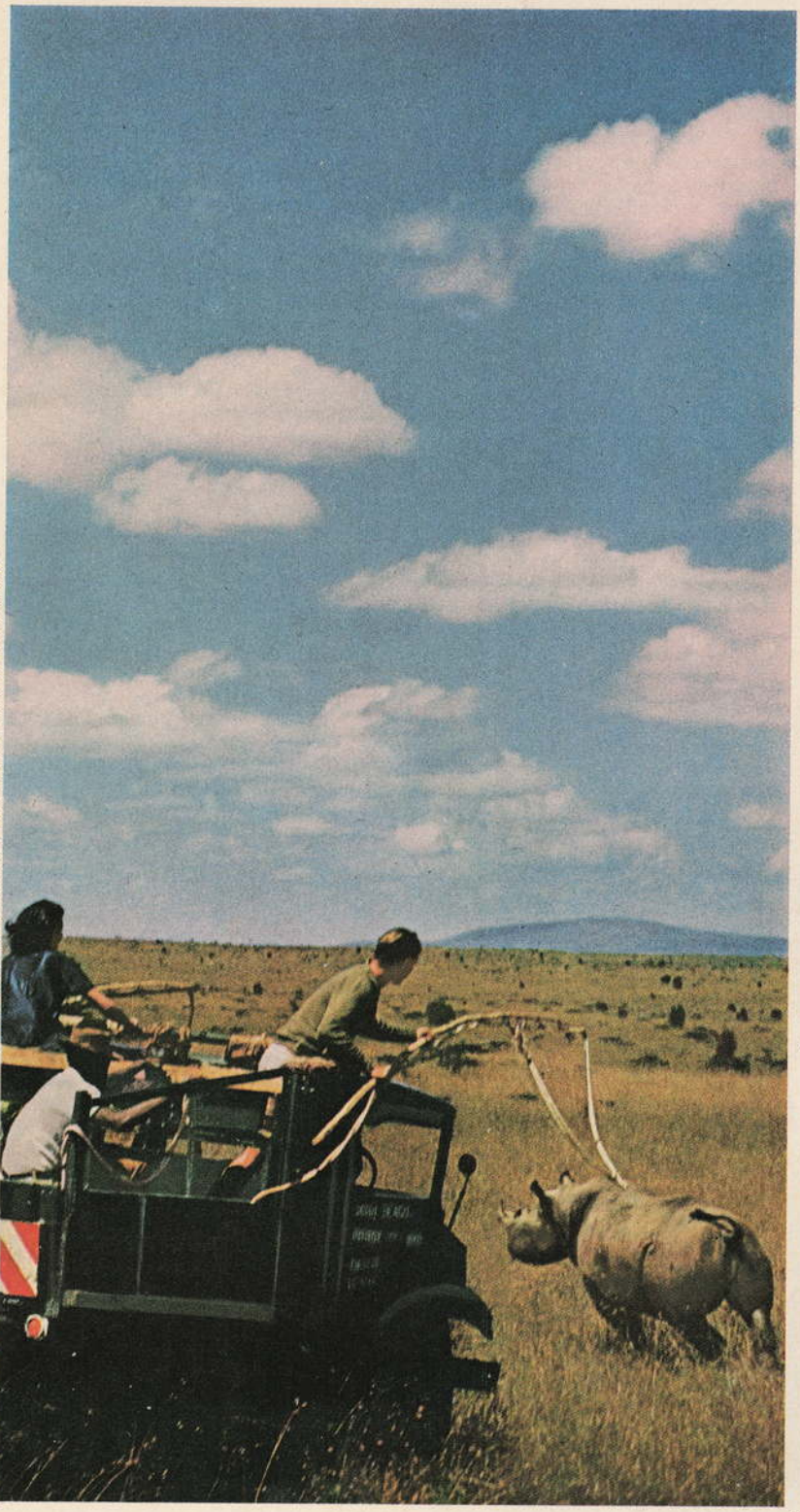
We've passed your request on to Lynn.—Ed.

This letter is to commend you on your fine treatment of two very beautiful Pets, Angela Adams and Lynn Carey. What I like most about them, as compared with past Pets, is that in the center photo they are posed very provocatively *facing the viewer*. Bravo! I hope this trend continues!—*Vernon Tonnesen, Lakeland, Fla.*

Lynn Carey was somebody who warranted the title celebrity on your photo pages. I trust that this will not be an isolated event, and that in the future we may see other recognizable personalities in addition to the usual delectable Pets. I would like to suggest two singers for this honor, one on each side of the Atlantic. In America we have Trisha Noble, whose beauty has never been accorded the full justice of a nude pictorial of this kind, and in England we

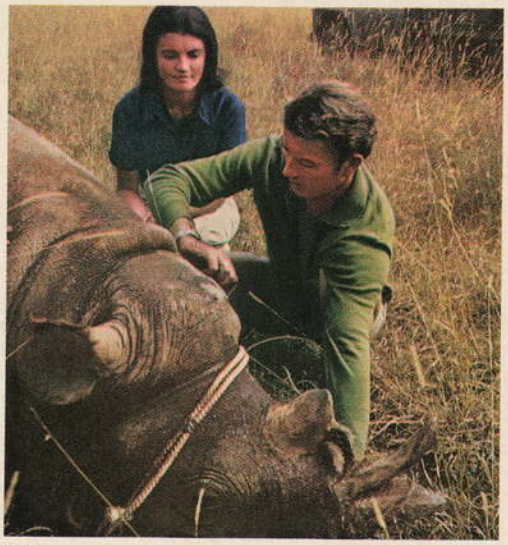
"Trapping a rhino looked like a cinch until someone handed me a lasso."

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



"A bull rhino should wear a Do Not Disturb sign. But we had to rope and return him to the safety of Kenya's Tsavo National Park. The job, we found, was like playing tug-of-war with a tank.

"When our renegade came charging out of the bush, he caught us with our ropes down. But three tosses and twenty jittery minutes later, he was really fit to be tied.



"What a temper! Thelma gave him his tranquilizer. And our beast was soon a sleeping beauty. Even so, we put him in the truck gently. Very gently!

"Later at the Voi Safari Lodge we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club."
It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. People appreciate its gentle manners and the polite way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972.

have Lulu who has likewise eluded an honest portrayal.

As your magazine has photographers on both sides of the Atlantic, I am sure that your readers would approve of their being put to use in capturing both these young ladies in full glory.—*A.C. (name and address withheld), Gillingham, Kent, England.*

We endorse your invitation.—Ed.

Psalm like it not

While the general content of your publication has little of redeeming social value, the article *Psalm Like it Hot* (November) is especially obscene and constitutes both a defamation of the uniform of The Salvation Army and desecration of the Holy Scriptures.

In view of the article's title and the book held in the young lady's hand, one must assume that the Holy Bible is here represented. This is, of course, along with the entire Christian Church, The Salvation Army's principal guidebook. I feel your article also desecrates this book. The Bible, our source of holy wisdom and direction, is a sacred book respected and loved by millions. To defame the uniform is a tragedy, but to desecrate the Scriptures is a violation of God's moral law.—*Les Lovestead, Captain Corps Officer (S.A.), W. Willoughby Ave., Juneau, Alaska.*

We suspect that many of even your most avid readers will resent the tastelessness of this pictorial. We hope they will recoil to such an extent that they will drop some coins into our Salvation Army kettles—coins they might otherwise have used for buying another copy of your magazine. If they do, you may be assured that the money will be used to lift people up, not to tear people down.—*Ainsley H. Roseen, Chairman, Advisory Board, S.A. Evanston Corps, Illinois.*

Gently, gentlemen. Why not check with the founder of the Christian religion? We don't think he ever made any objection to nudity.—Ed.

Switched-on to science

There has been some discussion in your columns about whether or not nature gave us pubic hair for a purpose. Of course it did, as a static discharge for the direct current electricity which is engendered when a girl, who is negative, meets a boy, who is positive. Pubic hair relieves the ticklish situation, and in earlier times participants in the dark could probably see, or at least feel, a spark jump from one body to another. At an estimated half a volt and one-tenth of an ampere, it would give them quite a jolt, especially if the girl's sexual organs were damp. If the two sexual organs are coupling at the rate of about 60 times a minute, the male could build up a 0.15 wattage, while the pubic hair would help to discharge the static electricity much in the same way as some automobiles have static discharge stringers.

The amount of electricity generated would vary from season to season depending also on humidity and temperature but a cave man would have been known better than to fool around with a cool female, as her sex mound might give him a jolt of direct current electricity, which would throw him on his behind and change his mind, for that night at least. Some couples can still feel a transfer of electrical contact, but usually a girl's underwear will tend to discharge the current, as her pubic hair rubs against her panties. So a really groovy girl should never shroud her crotch in underwear. Perhaps there should be a campaign to "burn the panties" as well as to "burn the bra". But the eating of refined foods, especially too many sweets, overheated homes, luxurious autos and the like, have tended to decrease the chances of much electrical current passing between two copulators.

However, fears about a human female being "sexelectrocuted" by a contact with a male's sex organ are completely unfounded, even if she has no pubic hair at all to discharge the static electricity, like many a city girl. At the worst, her host will simply tickle her pink with about one microampere of current. The electrical discharge between male and female can be measured with very sensitive instruments, which should be calibrated by the U.S. National Bureau of Standards for best results. The electrical discharge can even be sensed by the tongue, which explains why a woman may sometimes feel pain from a kiss to her "lovecup lips" when a spark may fly from her clitoris to the man's tongue. A frequency meter, attached to the male's organ, with a spiral wire introduced into the vulva, would yield useful scientific data.

If a man's polarity has been reversed, as is sometimes the case, from positive to negative, mutual manipulation until all the semen has been drained out may effect a cure. The girl can then apply herself to the man's testicles,to see if his pubic hair causes a ticklish situation. It's not the length of a man's penis, but the strength with which it pulsates that gives rise to a man's polarity, and that's the answer to undersexed men who blame the size of their organs for their poor performance.

In conclusion, for the average western female pubic hair no longer has any useful function because of her conditioning and the underclothes she wears, so she might as well shave it off. Until we all eat organic food and behave more like cave men, modern couplings are unlikely to generate much electricity or even much heat. Don't be misled by the tone of levity in this letter—the research is far from complete, but comprises some of the Masters and Johnson work on measuring sensitivity.—*Dr Karll H. Stell (retired), Thurman Ave., Adelphi, Md.*

See you in the hereafter

I read Isaac Asimov's article on body freezing (December) with great interest. Old age and death are the two most horrendous facts that we must face, though Madison Square's advertising leads us to believe that we will always be young. How many 10-year-olds can even comprehend the fact that some day they will be wrinkled, bent and old? If we spent more time and money researching ways to increase our lousy 70-year life span, instead of being sarcastic about it like Mr Asimov, perhaps one day we would live to be 200 or 300 years. I, for one, am very much for that.—*Dale Levin, Queens, N.Y.*

So would many more, which is why Isaac Asimov was making the point that there'd be rather a crowd.—Ed.

All-time albums

I don't usually write letters to magazines, but this time I feel I should. I was thumbing through the December *View from the Top* section, when I came across a two-page feature called Penthouse Album All-Timers. As a musician, I was particularly interested. What stopped me cold was album No. 30, *Detroit*, featuring Mitch Ryder. The reason I was so startled was the fact that I had the great pleasure of playing lead guitar on that album.

Since it was my first real professional venture, it did my soul good to see it get a little more recognition, and especially to see it listed among some of the best albums ever recorded. So this letter is to show my appreciation for consider-

You can feel the difference.

Just holding this sturdy, lightweight little camera gives you the feeling that now, at last, you can take great pictures. Anywhere. Any time. The Minolta Hi-matic F has a balance, a construction, a "feel" that inspires confidence. Since the "F" is an amazing electronic instrument that does everything for you except focus, the results invariably prove worthy of the confidence it inspires.

For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N. Y., N. Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

The Electronic
Minolta Hi-matic F

Available direct from the publisher. This magnificent 54 volume set of Great Books.

You get all volumes now...pay later on convenient budget plan.

If you think there's more to life than your everyday activities. If you want to know more, do more, be more than you are . . . the Great Books are for you.

These are the writings of Plato, Homer, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Freud, Rabelais, Aristotle, Shakespeare, and many many more. They contain just about every important thought of Western Man for the past 3,000 years! The Great Books were published in collaboration with the University of Chicago by Encyclopaedia Britannica. There are 54 beautifully bound volumes containing 443 masterpieces by 74 of the world's greatest thinkers.

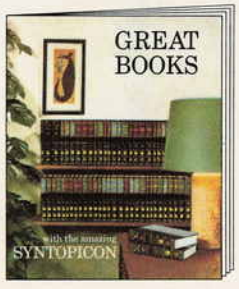
$1,000,000 Syntopicon included.
With the Great Books you get an amazing reference work that required 8 years and more than $1,000,000 to write. It's called the Syntopicon and it indexes over 163,000 references to ideas and topics in the Great Books. So, in minutes, you can look up any idea and find what each of the great thinkers thought.

Also available with Great Books are the handsome 20-volume *Annals of America,* or you may select a remarkable 10-volume set of *Gateway to the Great Books.*

Certainly the Great Books belong in the home of every thinking person.

Let us send you more information. FREE
To learn more, just fill out and mail the attached card. If card is missing, write to Great Books, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 100-T, Chicago, Illinois 60611.
You will receive a full-color, 16-page booklet describing the Great Books in detail.

There is no cost or obligation. You don't even need a stamp. Do it now.



ing the *Detroit* album one of the "100 waxings that'll never wane". Thanks again, Penthouse. Rock and roll forever!—*Steve "Decator Gator" Hunter (address withheld)*.

I'd like to know who the hell compiled your Penthouse 100 all-time waxings. How could he be so inept as to leave out one of the industry's most influential groups as well as all-time hit makers! They happen to be the Everly Brothers. Without these two brilliant artistes we would never have had the Beatles, Bee Gees, Buffalo Springfield, Lovin' Spoonful, or Simon & Garfunkel (listen to their first hit, *Hey School Girl*, when their names were Tom and Jerry), the Byrds and countless others. It galls me that your quality publication can issue such a list. The Everlys' close harmony is surely the finest on the pop scene and, though often imitated, has never been equaled.

How can you ignore a group that sells over 35 million records and yet include The Grateful Dead on your list, a group whose singing is best compared with mooing cattle. Surely the Everlys have accomplished more by way of innovation and hits that will last than the Allman Brothers, Fleetwood Mac, Leon Russell, MC5, Yes and other borderline cases I could mention. To make your list more complete here are three albums from Warner Bros.—*The Golden Hits of the Everly Bros, The Very Best of the Everly Bros* and *Roots*. There's also their most recent album, *Stories We Could Tell*, from RCA.—*Orin Kimball (address withheld)*.

Hands off Alice!

I'm sick and tired of people talking about Alice Cooper's music as if it were no-good trash. Alice is one of the best male singers I have ever heard and the band behind him is great. Anyone who likes hard rock has to like Alice Cooper. In *Pressing Impressions* (November) you almost come right out and advise your readers not to buy *School's Out*. But it's a great album and that's why so many people bought it and are still buying it. Alice Cooper is as good, if not better, than any group singing today. Why is it that all the Alice Cooper fans in the world who read your great magazine never read a good word about Alice Cooper?—*Kevin Johnson, Central Place, Dixon, Ill.*

Consumer's guide to mysticism

Faye Levine's cynical parody (November) was amusing and informative in its way, but seemingly more accurate on Western scenes than those deriving from the East. I mean, poor Krishnamurti! To be labeled as a theosophist! In his books and lectures he completely repudiates the notion of "Avatar of the Age", "world-teacher", etc. His whole point is that there is no mystical guru, there is only the simplicity of meditation and choiceless awareness—what he calls "freedom from the known". This is the antithesis of the fascination with faith-healing, chakras, and "higher states of being" which seem to be the lifeblood of theosophy.

In your "Housecall", Miss Levine is quoted as personally favoring Tibetan Buddhism. If you're serious, Faye, come and visit the Tail of the Tiger Buddhist Community which is under the direction of Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche, formerly Abbot of the Surmang Group of Monasteries in Eastern Tibet, and author of *Born in Tibet, Meditation in Action* and *Mudra*. But I'm afraid you may be in for a disappointment. No sex rites, no magic—nothing mysterious and fascinating and exotic. It may be tough, though. Buddhism is somewhat austere, in that there is no room for idiot compassion—it has been called "the tripless trip". The emphasis is on work, study and, above all, the practice of meditation. So be warned. Students are expected to do two-to-three hours of sitting meditation each day.

It is surprising in this day and age to see Buddhist Tantra equated with sex. This kind of distortion might have been excusable in the '50s and early '60s, when the principal sources of information were the highly imaginative tales of Alexandra David-Neel and the popular novels of an Irishman writing under the pseudonym Lobsang Rampa. But accurate information is readily available today, with several highly qualified Tibetan Lamas living and teaching in the States. Tantra, in fact, means continuity in the sense that everything becomes part of the path. This means seeing things precisely as they are, without the distortions created by fantasies and wishful thinking. At this stage, passion transmutes into open and fearless communication (compassion), which is able to dance with every situation because it isn't based on ego's manipulative/defensive viewpoint.

Tantric teachings were introduced into Tibet from India in the 11th century and have been transmitted from guru to disciple in an unbroken line to the present day. Thus, Trungpa Rinpoche, who has flourishing meditation centers in Vermont and Colorado, is in the direct lineage of Tibet's renowned yogi-poet Milarepa. Rinpoche is also the first Tibetan teacher to have fully grasped the complexities of the English language and Western psychology, and is therefore able to transmit the teachings of Tibetan Buddhism fully and without distortion to Western students who have the capacity to receive them. To this end, he is planning to build retreat centers for meditation and Buddhist Tantric Yoga, as well as seminaries for the study and translation of Tibetan texts. He is not averse to using Western technology as a means of conveying the teachings, and he plans to direct a series of films on Milarepa, the Battle of Ego, and the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Shooting has already started on the Milarepa movie, but has been held up for lack of funds.—*Richard H. Arthure, Barnet, Vt.*

I would like to set Penthouse readers straight on transcendental meditation. Faye Levine was wrong in saying adults pay $75 plus a week's salary for an introductory fee: it's just the $75. Meditation is 100% brain, rather than 80% gut. Also, one meditates twice a day rather than twice a week.

Though Faye Levine claims that the Maharishi's popularity has waned, the response to transcendental meditation has been ever-increasing. Medical studies are underway throughout the country on the benefits and uses of meditation. Authorities have been astounded by the results.

Personally, I am quite happy with my meditation. I have been meditating for six months now and have noticed changes for the better. I am less nervous and things don't seem to bother me as much as they used to. When I am tensed up, meditation cools me down. I have introduced friends to meditation, and they are glad of it. Faye Levine did meditators a great injustice. She made it sound that we were being taken for a ride but that's not true.—*Stephen Wassel, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass.*

I disagree with Faye Levine's claim that consciousness is the true mysticism. Consciousness is poetical, not mystical, experience. If she believes Enlightenment (not 18th-century style)

No thunks.

And no rattles, clanks, screeches, or hums either.
The new BSR 710 automatic turntable is designed to be quiet, so you hear what's on the record, not what's under it.

It uses a unique sequential cam drive mechanism —an ingenious precision assembly that replaces the plumber's nightmare of rotating eccentric plates and interlocking gears that other automatic turntables use—light metal stampings that can go hopelessly out of alignment from being carried, bumped, or just from extensive use.

The 710 is reliable. Engineered to operate flawlessly, and quietly, for years to come. If *you* want to hum along with the music, that's fine; but your turntable should keep quiet. The 710 does.
Write for detailed specifications to
BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

BSR

BOB & SUE & TOM TAKE IT EASY.

Lick salt off your hand. Drink the Cuervo Tequila straight. Bite into a fresh lime.

Take it easy.

Take it easy with your own Cuervo Copita set. It's the hand-made, hand-painted pottery tray that holds your shot, lime and salt as shown.

To: Jose Cuervo Copita Set Offer. PH
P. O. Box 2095, Reidsville, N. C. 27320

Here's my $2.50 for one tray. (Or my $_____;
I want _____ Trays.) Now where's my Copita set, señor?

Name _____

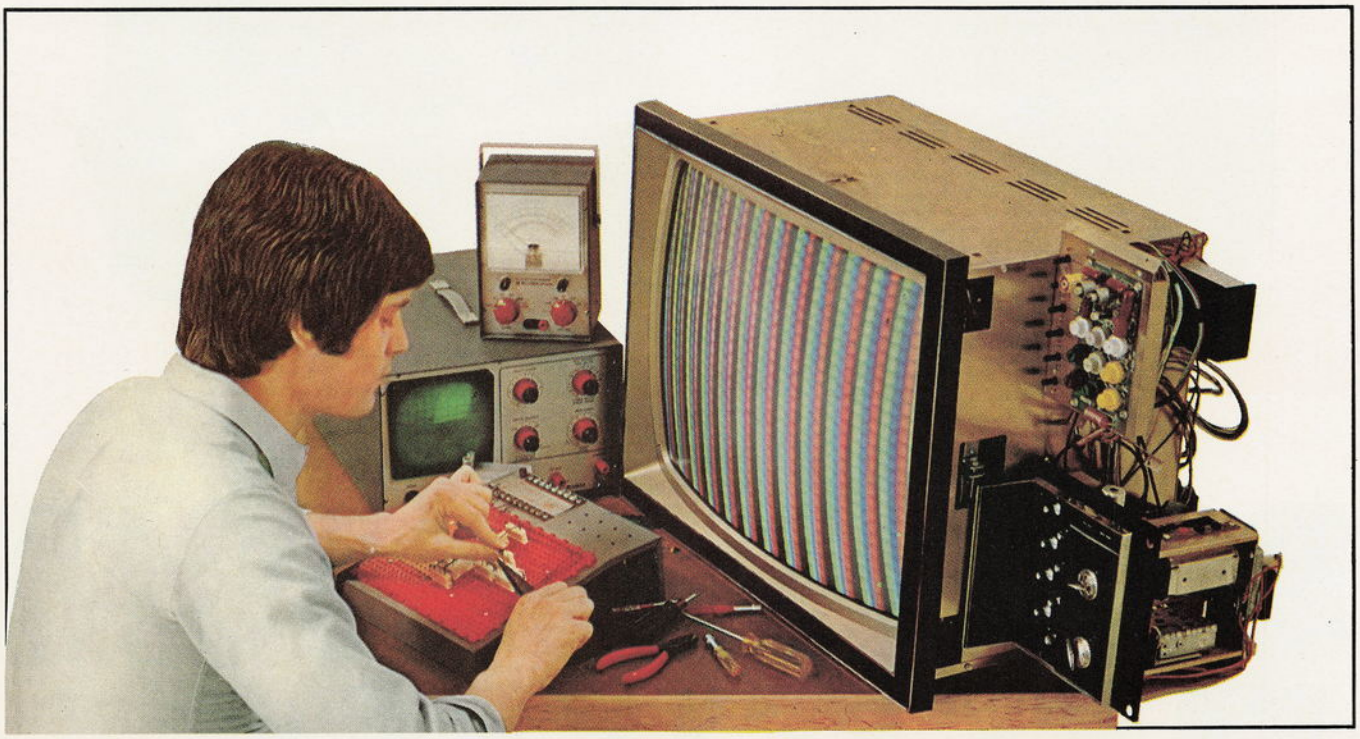
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offer void where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Allow four to six weeks for delivery. Offer good while supply lasts.

80 PROOF. JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1972 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

PREPARE FOR A WHOLE NEW CAREER IN HOME ENTERTAINMENT ELECTRONICS



...AS YOU BUILD YOURSELF A BELL & HOWELL SOLID STATE COLOR TV!

For free information, mail postage-free card today!

A complete at-home learning program in home entertainment electronics!

25-inch picture (measured diagonally)

Send for free information now about this complete, learn-at-home program in home entertainment electronics prepared for you by skilled instructors at Bell & Howell Schools.

Work on this exciting "hands on" project integrated into your learn-at-home program!
As part of your complete electronics education, you build and keep a Bell & Howell solid state color television set. This important project gives you valuable "hands on" experience with solid state circuitry—the kind of *practical* experience you'll need to build a successful career.

Attend special "help sessions"... talk to your instructors in person!
If you'd like some personal advice at any point in your program, you can arrange to attend a special "help session" and talk over special problems with a qualified Bell & Howell Schools instructor.

Master the most up-to-date solid-state circuitry
As color TV moves more and more in the direction of *total* solid-state circuitry, you'll be thoroughly familiar with the most advanced "trouble-shooting" techniques for these sophisticated circuits.

Fix stereo systems... FM-AM radios... phonographs... tape recorders
The thorough knowledge of electronics you gain from completing this course and building your own color TV set will be enough to service almost *any* type of home entertainment electronic device —even some that aren't on the market yet!

Earn extra part time income— or start a business of your own!
The skills you acquire through this unique program can help you earn extra money—or start a business of your own in color TV servicing. We've helped thousands of people start new careers or businesses of their own in electronics.

Exclusive Electro-Lab® — yours to keep!
To make sure you get practical experience with instruments used daily by professionals, we've integrated into your program three precision instruments you assemble yourself and keep: a Design Console, an Oscilloscope and a Transistorized Meter. (See details at right.)

For Free Information, Mail Card Today!

Detach postage-paid reply card and mail today for free information about...

- **Bell & Howell Solid State Color TV.** Ultra-rectangular tube . . . 25-inch picture measured diagonally . . . full 315 sq. inch viewing area. Solid state modular circuitry . . . 4 advanced IC's . . . 100 transistors . . . 72 diodes . . . individual plug-in circuit boards. Special UHF/VHF tuning features . . . built-in self-service components.
- **Design Console** Use this to rapidly "breadboard" circuits without soldering. Equipped with built-in power supply . . . test light . . . speaker . . . patented plug-in modular connectors.
- **Oscilloscope** Portable 5-inch wide-band oscilloscope offers bright, sharp screen images . . . calibrated for peak-to-peak voltage and time measurements . . . 3-way jacks for leads, plugs, wires.
- **Transistorized Meter** Combines most desired features of vacuum-tube voltmeter and quality multimeter. Registers current, voltage and resistance measurements on a large, easily-read dial. Features sensitive, 4-inch, jewel bearing d'Arsonval meter movement.

346R3

If card has been removed, write:
An Electronics Home Study School
DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

has no basis in the West, I suggest she read, for example, *Isaiah*, chapter 60 and *John*, chapter 1 in the Bible.

As R. D. Laing has pointed out, we don't see as many mystics and visionaries in the West because psychiatrists call them schizophrenics. If discovered they are treated in so-called mental hospitals. Also, widespread prejudice has suppressed mystical and visionary teachings, leaving most mystics and visionaries confused as to what their experiences really mean.—*Michael Sullivan, Sacramento, Calif.*

You have an excellent magazine and I am happy to buy it regularly. Unfortunately, your otherwise enjoyable November issue was marred by an exceptionally biased and ill-informed article on mysticism.

Real satire would have been acceptable, if that were the intent. Sometimes it appeared to be and sometimes it didn't. It's like the author couldn't decide what to do. Treating McGovern supporters and Weight-Watchers as mystics may be humorous to some, but tossing the Manson Family in the soup is plain bad taste. Lumping Bio-feedback with Witchcraft is merely simple-minded, but calling Melanesian members of the Cargo Cult right-wing Marxists is more stupid than funny.

Nevertheless, I like your girls, I like your *View From The Top*, I still like your magazine.—*Serge V. King, Centinela Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

It clicked!

When I saw Miss Isobel Garcia Orobiyi (September), there was a "click" in me: she's one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in your magazine, and there was no doubt in my mind she was going to be the Pet of the Year.

But to my great surprise and enjoyment, your November issue brings a rival: Miss Angela Adams. She's for sure the "femme-type" of many American men, and it will be a great contest now for the title of Pet of the Year: the exotic Isobel, and the dream-woman Angela. Let's have an issue devoted to these extraordinary beautiful Pets, and *félicitations* for your magazine. *Jacques Prud'homme, Beauharnois, Québec, Canada.*

Disgusted dissents

It would be an understatement to say that I am astonished concerning the content of some letters published in Penthouse Forum in November. How you can equate bowel function or mutilation with sex is beyond comprehension. This is the sort of material usually associated with patients' records filed in mental institutions. No doubt there are talented and intelligent people involved in the publication of your magazine and I don't understand how this shit (literally) could appear in print.

Why cater to the *mores* of a few sexual deviates who hover on the fringe of society? Anyone who finds sex gratification in enemas or amputees needs more help than understanding or approval. Being an average guy who likes tasteful pornography I was happy to see the recent lessening of bigoted censorship that released sex from the underground. It is crap such as you publish that gives substance to the bluenoses' cry for more censorship. You are cutting your own throats. I would like to give my name but can't take a chance of having some deviate hunt me down to give me an enema!—*Disgusted Reader, Washington, D.C.*

Do "patients' records in mental institutions" carry confessions about enemas or curiosity about amputees? If they do, could the censure of "average guys" like Disgusted Reader have anything to do with it?—Ed.

To the point

I was delighted to see the pictures of Re Debris in October, for, you see, I am a piercing addict. It was perfectly clear to me that she wears a ring in her right nose-wing. Now I wonder if the nostril was really pierced or if it was just fake?

For some reason, a girl whose ears are not pierced has no attraction for me. If a girl not only pierces her ears but wears rather heavy earrings that widen the holes a little, so much the better. Some girls—regrettably few—pierce their ears in several places to be able to wear two or three earrings in each ear. That makes me wild!

I have seen letters in your magazine regarding nipple-piercing, piercing of the nose, the lips and even the labia majora. I am sure therefore that there are more readers than myself who would welcome a pictorial feature. I know such girls exist, since I have been lucky enough to meet some who liked the idea of unusual piercing.—*Karl S. (name and address withheld), Stockholm, Sweden.*

Property suit

As I came across this interesting little story the other day, I thought your readers might get a kick out of it. One evening after the theater, two men were walking down Broadway when they saw a well-dressed and attractive woman walking just ahead of them. One man turned to the other and remarked: "I'd give $50 to sleep with that woman." To their surprise the young lady overheard the remark and, turning round, she said: "I'll take you up on that." She looked neat and sounded educated so, bidding his companion goodnight, the lucky man accompanied the young lady to her flat, where they immediately went to bed.

Next morning the man presented her with $25 and prepared to leave. But she demanded the rest of the money and threatened: "If you don't give it me, I'll sue." The man only laughed, saying: "I'd like to see you get it on those grounds." He was surprised to receive a summons the next day, ordering his presence in court as a defendant in a lawsuit. When he told his lawyer the details of the case, he was assured that there were no grounds on which the young lady could succeed in law.

After the usual preliminaries the woman's lawyer addressed the court as follows: "Your Honor, my client, this lady here, is the owner of a piece of property, a garden spot surrounded by a profuse growth of shrubbery, which she agreed to rent to the defendant for a specified length of time for the sum of $50. The defendant took possession of the property, used it extensively for the purpose for which it was rented, but upon evacuating the premises he paid only $25, one half the amount agreed upon. The rent was not excessive since it was restricted property with vacant possession, and we ask that judgment be granted against the defendant to assure payment of the balance."

The man's lawyer was amused and impressed at the way his opponent had presented the case. "Your Honor", he replied, "my client agrees that the young lady has a fine piece of property, that he did rent such property for a while and that a degree of pleasure was derived from the transaction. However, my client found a well on the property, around which he placed his own stone, sunk a shaft and erected a pump, all labor personally performed by him. We claim these improvements to the property were sufficient to offset the unpaid amount and that

IT'S FREEBIE TIME

Columbia has a great new blank tape and we want you to start using it.

That's why we're offering a freebie.

Until the end of April, we will give you, absolutely free, one of Columbia's new **FAIL-SAFE** 40-minute blank cassettes when you buy two Columbia blank cassettes of any length.

Just tear off the perforated "NOTICE" paragraph from two Columbia blank cassette labels, write your name and address on the backs, and send them to us. The mailman does all the work.

(One Freebie to a customer!)

COLUMBIA Blank Recording Tape

COLUMBIA MAGNETICS

Columbia Magnetics, Dept. 51/09, CBS, Inc., 51 West 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

There are times when you just can't smoke. And that's when you should do what six million other Americans do.

Take a pinch of "smokeless tobacco." Place it between cheek and gum and let it rest there. You'll get full tobacco pleasure.

It's easy to see why cowboys are into "smokeless tobacco." And scientists and lab technicians are using it, too. And thousands of others who work with their hands. In places where smoking is out.

Even lawyers and judges are taking it into their courtrooms. Students and teachers enjoy it in their classrooms.

Three great brands of "smokeless tobacco" are taking hold all over the country.

There's Copenhagen, which has the rich flavor of pure tobacco.

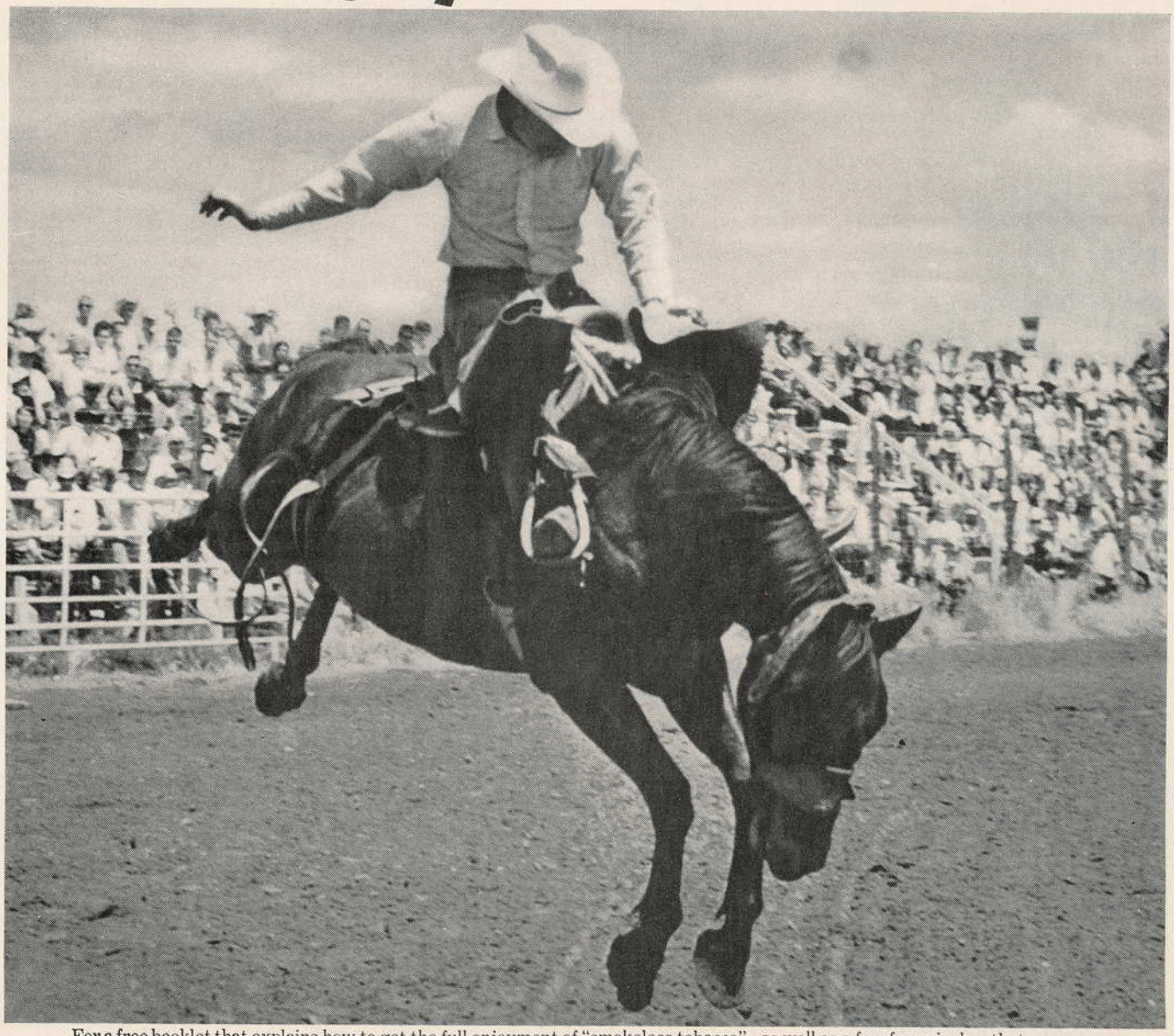
Skoal, laced with wintergreen.

And Happy Days Mint.

They all give you tobacco satisfaction without having to light up.

Smokeless Tobacco.
A pinch is all it takes.

There are times when a guy just can't smoke.



For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept.M-44, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

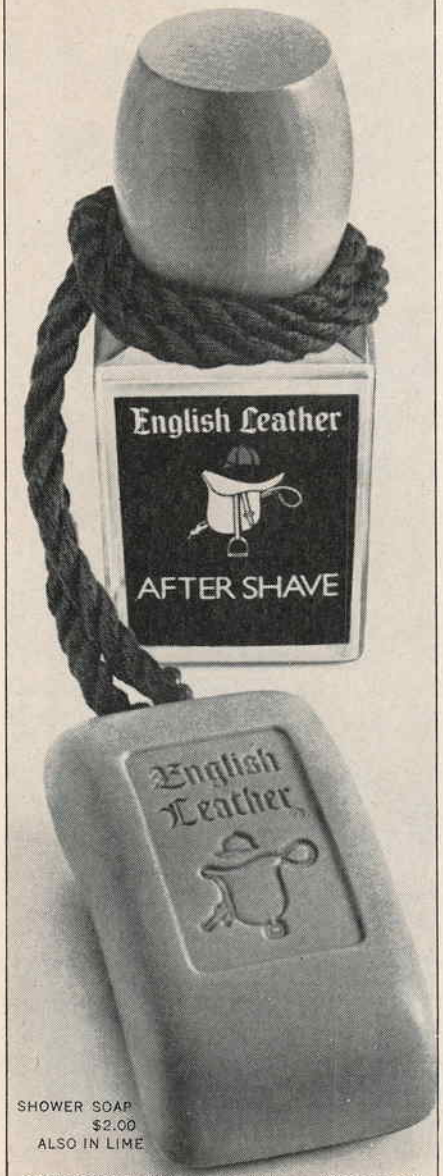
Our "soap on a rope" is tied to a great tradition.

Our soaps go back almost 100 years. (They were our first products.)

And we're still making our soaps like we did then . . . the hard-milled method.

Only the finest soaps are made this way. Because milling means soap lasts longer. And hard milled soap holds that great English Leather® aroma until you've got nothing left but the rope.

So you see, there's a lot more tied to our soap than just a rope.



SHOWER SOAP
$2.00
ALSO IN LIME

PRODUCTS OF MEM CO., INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1972

the plaintiff has been adequately compensated for the rental of the said property. We therefore ask that no judgment be granted."

To this the young lady's lawyer rejoindered thus: "Your Honor, my client agrees the defendant did find a well on the property and that he did make improvements such as my opponent has described. However, had the defendant not known the well existed, he would never have rented the property. Also, upon evacuating the premises, the defendant removed the stones, pulled out the shaft and took the pump with him. In doing so, he not only dragged his equipment through the shrubbery but left the hole much larger than it was prior to his occupancy, making it easily accessible to little children." Judgment was entered for the plaintiff.—*Ray Wilden, San Francisco, Calif.*

All-in women

I'm not a large person—only 5ft 6ins—and as I'm quite small-boned, my steady weight is maintained at around 130 lbs. At high school I dated a girl who was about my height and quite stocky. I preface this by saying she was not fat or heavy, but she did outweigh me. Though she was very attractive, she was rather a tomboy who loved to participate in sports. She was an ace swimmer in school and over the years had developed quite a big forearm. I hadn't realized how strong she was till one night when we were clowning around in a buddy's garage waiting for him on a double date. I called her some name, so she grabbed me round the waist, hoisted me off the concrete floor about five inches and carried me out the door to my car. Needless to say, I got an instant erection from this with a very weird feeling electrifying me through my torso. I encouraged her to continue this masculo-feminine act with me because I enjoyed it.

About two weeks later, when I took her home from a date one evening, we stood at her front door kissing goodnight. Without warning, like an automatic response, she picked me up under the arms and started kissing my neck and chest. I could not help myself—I ejaculated. And though she was able to hold me in that delightful position only a few seconds, I achieved a prolonged orgasm like I'd never had before. How I've dreamt since, that if I'd only been a bit lighter and she a bit stronger, what a wonderful position she could have put me in!

This experience has given me the unusual desire to have these acts performed again. Unfortunately my wife, though only a couple of inches shorter than I, isn't strong enough to pick me up, and so can't satisfy my erotic desire to be lifted up by a woman. Can I suggest that you feature a pictorial essay of women lifting up small men—it's the next best thing to finding a girl who can press me.—*J.A.T. (name and address withheld), Maplewood, N.J.*

I look forward to each new issue of Penthouse and particularly enjoy reading the Forum section. The many views and interests expressed certainly point to how tastes differ among different people. Though almost every possible subject has been covered at some time or other, I don't think that the erotic possibilities of two girls fighting have been given their due. I am interested in all forms, whether the girls are professionals, amateurs or just engaged in a good old-fashioned catfight. Ever since I have been a teenager, the sight of two girls fighting has been very exciting to me. One has only to notice the increase in attendances at wrestling matches when girls are on the card, sense the excitement when a catfight is shown on the screen, or look at some acts featured in nightclubs throughout the world to see I am not alone in this.

I don't believe you can beat the sexual aspects of seeing two well-built girls, briefly attired, engaging in a no-holds barred, knock down, drag out fight. There is a little something for everyone: domination, humiliation, embarrassment and hints of lesbianism, and with all this you have the enjoyment of good old competition that Americans love so much. When a couple of girls fight, almost anything is likely to happen. It's not unknown for the girl who loses to be stripped and sent running from the arena in sheer embarrassment.

Many women I've talked to get as much of a kick as the men from watching these fights. Some of the things I've heard them shout at professional girl wrestling matches have been quite bold, to say the least. Perhaps the most exciting fights, however, are the brawls between two angry females and these can occur almost anywhere. Two years ago I saw a fight on the beach between a young bikini-clad girl of 19 and a middle-aged woman who thought the girl was getting too friendly around her husband. The fight lasted about five minutes and drew quite a crowd. It ended with the young girl in tears, stripped naked and chased down the beach. I had to get into the ocean and cool off after that one.

About five years ago I saw a fight at a nightclub that got quite rough. A young exotic dancer was about half-way through her act and down to a G-string and shoes. She was dancing around the tables and teasing the men. Suddenly one of the men's wives threw a drink at the dancer and leapt on to the stage. After calling the dancer some rather nasty names she attacked the surprised young girl and a fight was on. Everyone was so shocked that no attempt was made to stop it. After about two or three minutes of hair pulling, slapping and cursing, the wife started getting the better of the dancer. The girl's G-string had wound up twisted round her ankles—with the help of the other women—and every time she got away from the wife and tried to retreat from the fight, she tripped and fell down again. The fight was broke up, but not before the wife had pinned the younger girl on the floor, straddled her and slapped her face, twisting her breasts and pulling her hair at both ends. When the wife was finally pulled off the screaming girl, the dancer had to be helped off the stage to the dressingroom. She did not appear again at that club.

As you can gather, my greatest sex kicks come from seeing such fights and I would really like to see your magazine print some pictures of girls in combat.—*D. S. (name and address withheld), San Francisco, Calif.*

Special preference

I have really enjoyed your readers' letters on enemas. I am a counsellor at a boys' camp and also act as a medic when any of the kids get sick. As we have no nurse at the camp, the kids are referred to me when they have fevers or tummy aches. Naturally, I'm responsible enough to send them to a doctor if I should think it is anything serious, but in most cases their illnesses require only a day in bed to recover. I have asked a doctor about enemas and, like myself, he believes that a good clean-out will do no harm to most boys. In fact, we both agree that enemas are not only a natural therapy, but safer and more convenient than laxatives, which have to go through the whole system merely to move a clog at the terminal point.

My wife is a nurse and takes care of the girls.

"... was on my Horse the whole night & it raining hard ... There was one of our party Drowned today (Mr. Carr) & several narrow escapes & I among them ... Awful night ... not having had a bite to eat for 60 hours ... Tired ... Indians very troublesome ... Found a human skeleton on the prairie today ..."
—Diary of a Texas cattle drive, 1866.
Quoted in The Cowboys

"Stampede by Lightning" by Frederic Remington, Thomas Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa, Okla.

Yale Collection of Western Americana

Among other volumes

Announcing a lusty, rip-roaring new series from TIME LIFE BOOKS

Here's the true story of the old west

BELLE STARR

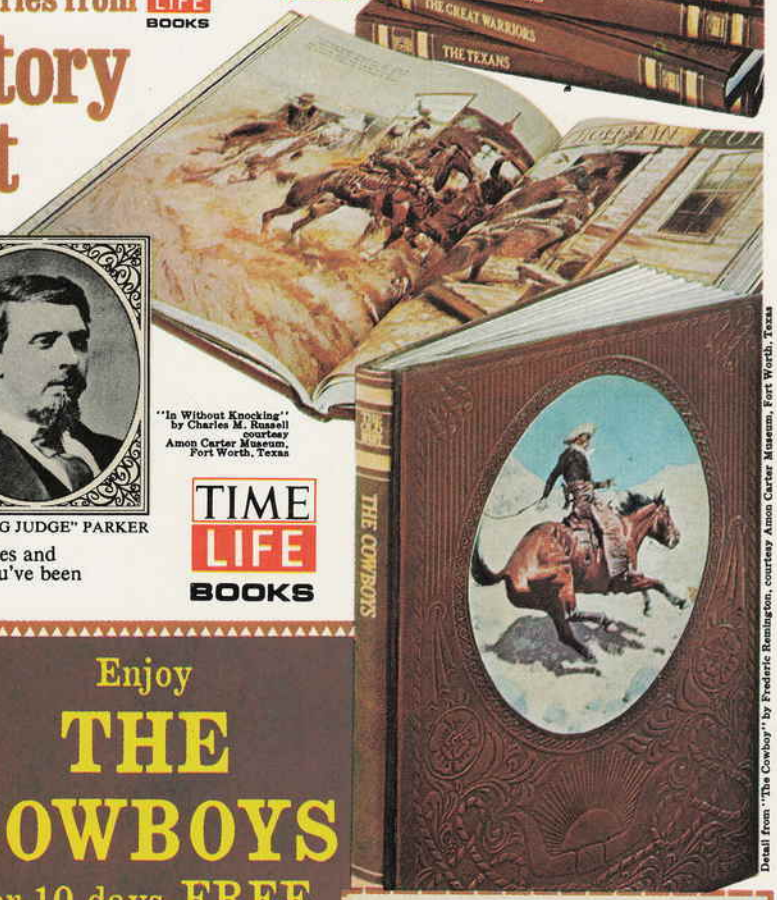
Smithsonian Institution

CHIEF JOSEPH

Nashville Archives, Record Group III

"HANGING JUDGE" PARKER

Lawmakers and lawbreakers ... heroes and villains ... shady ladies and psalm-singing preachers ... the real people behind the legends you've been hearing about all your life—even more fantastic than the myths.



"In Without Knocking" by Charles M. Russell courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Detail from "The Cowboy" by Frederic Remington, courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

Abilene ... Cheyenne ... Dodge City ... more than names, they were places—places that made magic around the world. They still do. Wherever people crave adventure, invoke the spirit of the American pioneer or seek new horizons they look to the history of the American West. To some, it's a tale of raw courage against great odds. To others, it's a fable of heroes and villains. And to everyone, it's where we escape to when we dream of breaking loose and breathing free.

In a new series of books designed to give you a true picture of pioneer life, the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS have produced an epic story more exciting than any movie or TV Western. In *The Old West,* you will see the places, meet the people you've been hearing about all your life. Only you'll experience it all as it really was – the authentic, vividly detailed lives of great Indian leaders like Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Chief Joseph ... infamous outlaws like the Daltons, the James Boys, and Butch Cassidy ... and such "ladies of ill-repute" as Lola Montez, Squirrel Tooth Alice, Belle Starr.

The series begins with *The Cowboys* – from his introduction as a young bumpkin looking for an interesting life in the West, down to his last trail and spree. You'll see what he actually wore, what he ate, where he slept, how he worked, what he did for relaxation. You'll see him for what he actually was – an overworked, honest, girl-shy guy who moved 10 million cows and helped civilize the West.

Enjoy THE COWBOYS for 10 days FREE

Cowboys loved to have their picture taken. And a good thing too. Because included in the 250 illustrations you'll find in *The Cowboys,* there's a gallery of spruced-up cowboys who had these pictures taken for "the folks back home" – never dreaming we'd be enjoying them today. And when you see the extraordinary paintings, drawings, etchings, maps, newspaper clippings, posters, the treasures of archives, your enthusiasm as a reader is sure to equal ours as publisher.

That's why we're offering you *The Cowboys* for 10 days' free examination without obligation. Mail the postpaid insert card or the coupon here today.

HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME BOOKS
Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look, embossed in Western saddle design. 240 pages, some 250 illustrations. 8½" x 11".

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0430
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Cowboys.* Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination – and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Cowboys,* I will pay $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every three months. Each is $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day, free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Cowboys,* I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Don't get into 4- without knowing what

Everybody's been telling you how great 4-channel sound is. But nobody's really told you what it is. Sure you know that you need 4 speakers. But what you may not know is that all 4-channel systems don't sound alike. So choosing a 4-channel system isn't as simple as choosing a stereo system. That's why Panasonic wants you to know exactly what you can get in 4-channel sound. Before you get into it.

44 series™

What is 4-channel sound?

Four-channel sound starts where stereo, or 2-channel sound, leaves off. With stereo, the music you hear has been divided into 2 parts. In 4-channel sound, the music is divided into 4 parts. But to make matters confusing, there are two kinds of 4-channel systems. Discrete. And matrix.

Discrete or matrix?

A discrete system is the only one that gives you pure 4-channel sound. Because it's the only system that separates the sound into 4 distinct parts. There are 4 separate signals. That go through 4 separate amplifiers. And come out of 4 separate speakers. This greatly reduces what engineers call electronic crosstalk or overlapping of channels. So the musician has control over the sound he wants you to hear. He can give you guitar on speaker A. Brass on speaker B. Drums on speaker C. Vocals on speaker D. Because of this high degree of sound separation, the listener will hear different instruments and voices as they were originally positioned. Engineers call this accurate sound localization. And you get it only with a discrete system.

A matrix system also starts with 4 signals. But they're combined into two signals. Then synthesized again into 4 on the way to your speakers. That means a musician can't completely control the music you hear. Because the music he separated into 4 distinct parts in the studio won't come out that way when you finally hear it. Speaker A will have crosstalk from speakers B and C. That's why many musicians prefer the discrete system.

Why Panasonic prefers discrete.

Sound separation. Accurate sound localization. And, on a discrete system, nothing is obsolete. From yesterday's monaural to today's 4-channel. Panasonic systems play discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. And stereo tapes. Compatible Discrete 4-channel (CD-4) records. Like RCA Quadradiscs. And matrix 4-channel records. And our exclusive Quadruplex™ circuitry improves the sound of stereo tapes,

RE-8840

RE-8420

channel sound you're getting into.

records, and radio. And plays matrix 4-channel FM broadcasts. And if discrete 4-channel FM radio becomes a reality, Panasonic systems can be adapted for that, too.

Series 44.™ Panasonic 4-channel systems.

Panasonic Series 44™ music systems give you any kind of 4-channel sound.

And each system has something special. The RE-8840 can play discrete 4-channel cartridges in your house, car, or boat. Because the 8-track player slides out and fits into an optional car/boat bracket. And when you're home, the 4-channel balance scope lets you adjust the sound for anywhere in the room.

SL-800
CD-4 RECORD CHANGER

The bonus with the RS-864S is that you can record 2-channel 8-track tapes. As well as listen to 4-channel tapes. There are 2 VU meters. And Pana-Ject. To automatically eject the cartridge when it's finished.

The RE-8420 not only looks great, with its beautiful champagne gold face. It sounds great. Especially when you hear the price.

These three systems have special jacks for our optional CD-4 record changer, Model SL-800. It has a built-in discrete demodulator. And plays monaural, stereo, matrix and discrete 4-channel records.

But if you'd rather have a changer built into your system, there's Model SE-4340. With our optional CD-4 demodulator (SE-405) and its semiconductor cartridge, the SE-4340 is a complete discrete 4-channel music center.

Each of these Series 44™ systems has a built-in 8-track player. And they all have FM, AM and FM stereo radios. A stereo indicator that lights up when you're tuned in to a stereo station. A stereo selector switch. FET to help bring in distant FM stations. And AFC to help keep them from drifting away. You also get Panasonic's solid-state engineering and lush walnut wood cabinetry.

And all of our 4-channel systems let you adjust the sound to your own taste. With bass and treble controls. And volume controls for the four air-suspension speakers.

RS-864S

SE-405

SE-4340

Now that you're through reading. Listen.

There's only one way for you to understand why 4-channel sound is so exciting. Listen to it. At a Panasonic dealer. The only problem you may have after that is choosing which Panasonic system you want.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call toll free 800 243-6000. In Conn., 1-800 882-6500. Ask about any model.

Most of the boys are a little shy at first when I produce the enema can, which I do for nearly all who are confined to bed. The enema is the first treatment I give, and it is really surprising how many boys, after their first enema, see it as a most natural, pleasant and comfortable treatment. It is natural to expect that most teenage boys will get erections, but this is quite harmless. Most of the parents have congratulated me when they learn I give their boys enemas, as they also see it as a sensible way to take care of many ailments without the use of harmful chemicals. Yet I admit there are parents and doctors who would rather feed children habit-forming laxatives by mouth, as if the rectum was a forbidden area, thereby setting up inhibitions for the present and future. My wife and I have three teenagers, all at the camp and all familiar with the enema, and as far as I can see they have no rectal hangups. We all freely use the bathroom with an open door and are not ashamed of our bowel movements. I believe our family attitude will make for healthy sensual and sexual relationships in the future, as it now does with my wife and myself, as we also use the enema as a sex aid.

A word of advice to your good readers. Giving enemas to schoolboys and my own children has taught me to introduce the treatment gently if it is the boy's first time. If necessary, let the boy hold the pressure clip so that he can control the flow of water to his comfort.—*J.R. (name and address withheld), Toronto, Canada.*

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with Penthouse. The entertainment of the great photography and articles makes the other magazine like an old man's bedtime book. One section, Penthouse Forum, has completely changed my love life. In fact, my girl thinks that, next to the Pill, it has done more to liberate sex than anything else. Before we read Penthouse we thought we knew all about sex, as we were uninhibited enough to enjoy cunnilingus, etc. Then one day at the airport I bought a copy of your magazine and read the letters about taking enemas. I showed it to my girl, but we didn't see how putting water in the rectum could enhance one's sexual feelings. Of course, neither of us had ever tried an enema.

A week later, on my way to pick up my girl to go to a party, I happened to pass a drug store and on the spur of the moment I went in and bought an enema bag. I asked the salesgirl to gift-wrap it and you should have seen her raised eyebrows, but she obliged. When I arrived at the apartment, my girl was all dressed up and ready to go to the party. I gave her the gift-wrap box and told her she could open it later. But she insisted on opening it there and then. When she unwrapped it and saw the enema bag, she gave a shy smile and said thankyou. Then she excused herself and went into the bedroom. In a few minutes she returned completely nude and holding the now-assembled enema bag up high so the long tube with the enema nozzle on the end did not touch the floor. She promised: "This evening is going to be better than the party we were going to."

Seeing the way she held the enema bag gave me a huge erection and I knew what she had said was about to come true. The first time I gave her an enema I was very clumsy and the same when she gave me mine. Neither of us took more than one quart of warm water, but we both found it stimulating. We had one of the best sex acts we had ever had with each other and she reached her first climax while I was giving her the first enema. After we finished, we went into the bathroom to expel the enema. While she was on the toilet seat, I sat on the edge of the bathtub playing with her breasts. She became excited again and when I started expelling my water, she started playing with me. That night we gave each other two more enemas with sex in between. It was sensational. The next morning we both awoke refreshed. I do believe that these irrigations do wash toxic products out of one's system.

Now, my girl enjoys getting in the knee-chest position and after I have started giving her the enema she slips my penis into her vagina from the rear. When she gives me an enema I lie on my left side and after she has inserted the enema pipe into my rectum, she leans over and sucks me at the same time. Since we are very open about our sex life, we have never hid the enema bag in the closet but let it hang in plain view for anyone who uses our bathroom to see.—*J.D. (name and address withheld), Atlanta, Ga.*

I have been fascinated to read your continuing Forum correspondence concerning enemas. I have been obsessed by the enema for my entire life since my infancy. I can offer no explanation for this obsession other than that it is a natural offshoot of anal eroticism or perhaps has masochistic origins. To my knowledge, I never received an enema till I was 14 when I was continually feigning constipation till my mother resorted to an enema as a last resort. As I had known it would be, it was an indescribably erotic event. Since that time, I have administered enemas to myself on numerous occasions, probably averaging about one a month.—*J.R.N. (name and address withheld), New York City, N.Y.*

Monopede mania

I have just completed a 500-page novel (90% true), called *The Mutilator,* about my 20 years of fantastic adventures and amours as a male fragmentist or "stump Romeo". Thus I have been delighted to see your magazine make the first modern breakthrough on the subject I am now about to embark on my second book and would love to hear from legless chicks, frags and fragettes. I prefer photos to substantiate sex as well as appeal—there are a lot of teasers, foolers and impersonators along this primrose path. As I am single, I am looking for the Venus for my permanent pad. So far, I have had three ballets, one of which features a monopede in the lead role, produced in the fourth largest music drama theater in the world, in Tokyo. Shades of Sarah Bernhardt and Susan Peters . . . and, of course, Louise Baker "out on a limb" . . . wow!—*John S. Rush, N. New Hampshire, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Until recently, I had not thought that being an amputee would hinder a person's love life except that limited mobility might make it difficult to encouter a sexual partner. I guess I was naive not to realize that this would be a turn-off to some men. Recently my roommate brought home a girl he had met at a party. When he undressed her, he found that she had a wooden leg so he made her get dressed again and took her back to the party. When he told me about it, I couldn't understand why it had turned him off. While I was dwelling on his

Salem refreshes naturally!

Natural Menthol Blend
(means naturally fresh taste)

Salem's unique blend features natural menthol, not the kind made in laboratories. Like our superb tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown. You'll get a taste that's not harsh or hot...a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.

© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg."tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'72.

CAN YOU TELL WHAT THIS IS?

It's exactly what it looks like. *Your* chance to get involved in the most revolutionary magazine experience ever.

Penthouse is the challenging one. Penthouse is the magazine that took America's male reading market by storm.

We succeeded because we tell it like it is. We get the best writers to discuss, in frank and candid terms, the subjects that really matter to today's successful man.

We get the finest photographers to interpret beauty and eroticism in a way that combines reality and fantasy to disturbing effect.

We're not afraid to take unconventional stands on compelling topics. We're not afraid to admit what we enjoy, what turns us on, and show it.

Penthouse is vivid, real, entertaining, caustic, sensual. It's the magazine for men who have more than made it. You could have it delivered right to your door, every month for a year, for $10.00.
You know what it is. Penthouse is where it's at.

rejection of this girl, I realized that I was extremely sorry that it was my roommate and not I who had met her at the party.

I imagine quite a few men would be turned off sexually by a double amputee, but I feel that after they overcome their own psychological hang-ups, they would not even consciously think of the girls' lost legs. Personally, I'm turned on by the idea of sex with an amputee and I am sure many other males feel the same way.—*Allen Pasternak, Colquitt, Houston, Tex.*

Before I was old enough to have an ejaculation, I had my first sexual experience with a girl much older than myself whose right leg had been amputated near her pelvis. At her invitation, we had a rendezvous in the loft of a barn. She removed her panties, pulled her dress high above her hip and invited me to make love to her. I stared at the pink lips of her vagina and at the amputation. I must have disappointed her very much because she was really anxious, but with no experience I did not know how to make love to her.

Later, with her left leg dangling over the floor of the loft, she asked me to sit next to her and I felt her amputated side pressing against me. She took hold of my penis, which immediately hardened and, with her hand, gave me an orgasm. I vividly recall the marvelous sensation which had nothing to do with her amputation, though I fail to understand how anyone could be repelled by a legless beauty.—*M.R. (name and address withheld), Nyack, N.Y.*

Left is right?

I very much enjoy reading the letters from Penthouse readers and was particularly interested in what Jane T., who had such pleasure playing with the penis of a young colored man, hired to clean up the yard, had to say (December). Obviously, her emotions blurred her powers of observation for she mentions, "I saw his pair of cut-offs were bulging down his right leg." And later, she adds, "I talked for some time before placing my hand on his right thigh."

This reminded me of the time when a friend and I were standing at the head of a rather long chow line in the navy. The friend remarked, out of the blue, "Which way do you hang?" I didn't follow him, so I went, "Huh?" "Which way does your cock hang?" It took a few seconds of consideration before I replied: "To the left. Why?"

His reply was definitive: "Every guy hangs to the left. Be discreet, but just look at that line. It'll prove I'm right." Sure enough, visible through tight sailor pants were about 50 cocks, all hanging to the left. On the other hand, the sailors were all white. Perhaps blacks hang to the right, as Jane T. observed.—*Dick D. (name and address withheld), Seattle, Wash.*

I hereby nominate Jane T. of Philadelphia as the cutest cock-teaser of the year. Too bad that the stud this "sonovabitch" sexually worked over and tortured didn't have the smartness or aggressiveness to dominate after the play action was defined, when dear Jane was running her tongue up and down his length for more excitement. About that time he should have gone to work and shoved that big, long, black object down her throat to the hilt, so that she would really have something to remember and believe in.—*Carl F. (name and address withheld), Middleton, Wis.*

Two-stroke for two

Last summer, I bought a motorcycle from a friend. As I have not had much experience controlling one (I'm a better rider than driver) he suggested that I allow his 23-year-old wife to accompany me for a few hours' ride. She is reasonably attractive, but on the thin side. At any rate, I agreed. As I can barely control a motorcycle by myself, it seemed nearly impossible that I could ride the two of us out to the stretch of country roads we had decided on. For this reason she drove.

She cautioned me to hold on tight while we sped down the roads. Sensing more than friendly undertones to her voice, I grasped her firmly around the waist and slowly slid my hands up to her breasts. She was much larger than I had previously estimated. By now, I had a hard-on that was pressed firmly into her rear end, separated from me only by the clothes we wore. Soon my hands were inside her loose-fitting blouse and I loved every minute of it! She suddenly stopped the cycle, had us switch places and told me to drive at about 20 mph to be safe. She grasped me firmly around the waist and within two miles her hands were inside my pants moving about like pistons. Before we had gone five miles, I was finished off. Completely.

Since then, we have gone out every week for the past month on the pretext of her teaching me how to handle everything.—*R.A.K. (name and address withheld), Dayton, Ohio.*

Forbidden fleece

My girlfriend has been totally nude in her pubic region since the start of this year. As a history major, I know this has been a practice of European women since ancient Greece, but I would like to know if it is still common among Americans of oriental ancestry, for if my girl goes for a physical examination in this state, I'm sure the doctor would be shocked.—*G.M. (name and address withheld), Honolulu, Hawaii.*

REACH...FOR A DERINGER!
The filter-tipped little cigar.
HEY ED...HOW ABOUT TOSSING ME A SMOKE?
SURE. TRY A DERINGER.
DERINGER...A LITTLE CIGAR, HUH?
YEAH, BUT WITH A REALLY SMOOTH LIGHT TASTE.
SAY, THIS IS DIFFERENT.
IT'S A DERINGER LITTLE CIGAR... A REAL CHANGE.
THIS IS GREAT. EXPENSIVE?
NOT HARDLY-LESS THAN THE PRICE OF CIGARETTES IN MOST PLACES.
THINK I'LL START PACKING DERINGERS!
Reach...for a Change.
TWENTY LITTLE CIGARS
SMOOTH AND LIGHT
DERINGER
20 LITTLE CIGARS
FILTER TIPPED
Smoking pleasure At a low . . . low price!

E-C TAPE SERVICE (Custom Division) - 3695 N. 126th Street - Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005

wanna' make a HIT... at your party

F SIX PACK (FUNNY ADULT HUMOR)

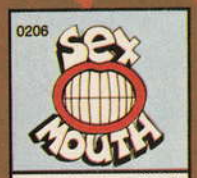
Bea Bea Benson provides on sexual fallout for your pleasure and unadulterated fun.

The power of positive stinking. The mightiest sounds of individual combat ever recorded.

In story and song, Pearl Williams is ribald, risque, bold and frank about everything.

Devilish, wicked, lusty, brazen, Belle Barth shares her philosophy that laughter is life.

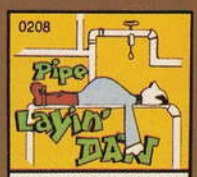
Buzzy Greene bubbles up and over to give you more giggles than champagne.



Recorded live, Leroy Daniels breaks up the morals of our square society.

XX SIX PACK (UNCENSORED ADULT HUMOR)

Mantan Moreland, Roosevelt Myles and Janet Taylor perform in a fantastic laught riot.

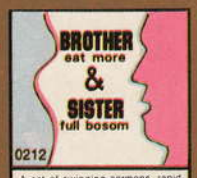


With her double bladed tongue Lawanda tears off piece after piece of fantastic comedy.

An orgy of laughter including peaches and cream, black president, winds and others.

Lawanda closes the gap between words and language with bawdy, raucous jokes.

Recorded live at the Redd Foxx Club in Hollywood.



A set of swinging sermons, rapid fire jokes, jive and sexy-sinful stories.

To E-C TAPE SERVICE
(CUSTOM DIVISION)
3695 N. 126th Street
Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005

PLEASE SPECIFY:
☐ 8 TRACK ☐ CASSETTE

BANKAMERICARD ☐ ☐ master charge ☐ DINERS CLUB ☐

CARD NO. _____

INTERBANK NO. _____
(LOCATED ABOVE YOUR NAME)

EXPIRATION DATE _____

F
0201 ☐ HANG OUT
0202 ☐ CONTEST
0203 ☐ LOX
0204 ☐ HELL'S BELLE
0205 ☐ PARTY TIME
0206 ☐ SEX MOUTH
0200 ☐ F ALL SIX

XX
0207 ☐ SPORTIN HOUSE
0208 ☐ PIPE LAYIN DAN
0209 ☐ DYNAMITE
0210 ☐ MUTHA IS
0211 ☐ CRAPS
0212 ☐ BROTHER AND SISTER
0299 ☐ XX ALL SIX

$5.98 EACH • COMPLETE SIX-PACK OR ANY COMBINATION OF SIX FOR $30.00 • A SAVINGS OF $5.88

☐ BOTH SIX PACKS FOR ONLY $55.00 A SAVINGS OF $16.76

WISCONSIN RESIDENTS ADD 4% SALES TAX

ADD 50¢ HANDLING CHARGE ON EACH ORDER

I have enclosed $ _____

☐ check ☐ money order

☐ MR
☐ MRS _____
☐ MISS

☐ 8 TRACK or ☐ CASSETTE

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

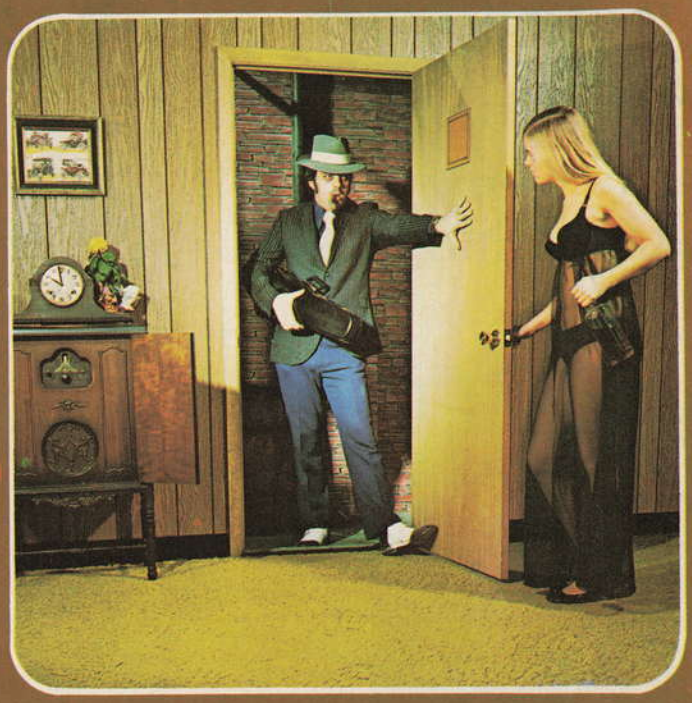
STATE, ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____ AGE _____

(YOU MUST BE 18 YRS. OF AGE TO ORDER)

FREE CUSTOM RECORDING LIST WITH EACH ORDER

04K04



...easy with PARTY TAPES

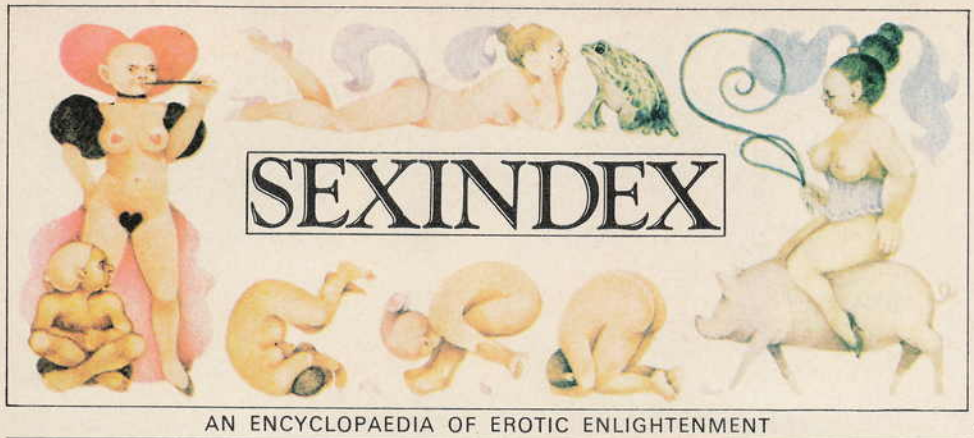
IF YOU OWN AN 8 TRACK OR CASSETTE PLAYER

You can guarantee yourself a successful party everytime. Yes, you can have your guests rolling off their chairs with "party tapes". For the first time, E-C Tape Service, has put together on 8 track and cassette, the funniest adult humor ever recorded on tape. And to help you further, we have divided our collection into two six-packs, F and XX. The first, F, represents the lighter side of adult humor, and the second, XX, the whole bag — everything from top to bottom. Choose one six-pack or both, either way you're sure to have a ball with Party Tapes.

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.



AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

harlot: Synonym for prostitute (*q.v.*) now not often used. Before the 15th century the word meant "vagabond", "rascal", "male servant" or "fellow"—the reason for its change of sex is not known.

Harris, Frank (1856-1931): British writer, adventurer and womanizer. After running away to America in his teens, he returned to England to become a successful "yellow" journalist and at 27 was appointed editor of the London *Evening News* (reputedly after seducing the proprietor's wife). His editorial policy, he told a friend, was to confine news coverage to two subjects—fighting and fucking. Besides journalism, he also wrote lives of Oscar Wilde and Shaw, and two books on Shakespeare, but he is remembered for his explicit autobiography *My Life and Loves* (1923-27) which was banned for many years. Even Harris's closest friends were shocked, and Upton Sinclair exclaimed: "It is the vilest book I have ever laid eyes on." The erotic chapters begin with Harris's childhood—catching the maid in bed with a man at age four; examining girls' legs at five; feeling his sisters' breasts at 11. Shocked when a French prostitute suggests he perform cunnilingus, he admits that in early manhood he still had "the ordinary English or American youth's repugnance to what seemed like degradation". Later he becomes a convert: "I found several unlooked for and unimaginable benefits in this mouth-worship" particularly as it "enabled me to atone completely and make up for my steadily decreasing virility". What he calls "the greatest amatory experience of my life" took place when he was living at San Remo. His gardener turned out to be a procurer and sent him several local beauties whom he persuaded to undress on the pretext of holding a beauty contest. Adventures in group sex followed: "I shall never forget one occasion when we all went bathing in a state of nature—half a dozen girls and four men. After the bath we all came up and lay about on the grass and soon the lovely girl-forms seduced the men, and the scene turned to embracing." However, compared to Walter (*q.v.*), Harris's sex life was rather unremarkable and the authenticity of the book is impaired by its use of quaint euphemisms like "manroot" for penis and "her sex" for vagina, and by its generally boastful tone.

Hayes, Charlotte: Eighteenth-century London brothel-keeper, whose price-list has survived, giving an insight into the tastes catered for and costs involved. The use of nicknames suggests that many of her clients were regulars:
"Sunday the 9th January
A young girl for Alderman Drybones, Nelly Blossom, about 19 years old, who has had no one for four days and who is a virgin [*sic*] . . . 20 gns.
For Dr Frettext, after consultation hours, a young agreeable person, sociable, with a white skin and a soft hand. Polly Nimblewrist from Oxford, or Jenny Speedyhand from Mayfair . . . 2 gns.
Lady Loveit, who has come from the baths at Bath, and who is disappointed in her love affair with Lord Alto, wants to have something better, and to be well served this evening. Capt. O'Thunder or Sawney Rawbone . . . 50 gns."
Presumably the high price charged for the male prostitute indicates that this was a fairly rare demand.

Hays Office Code: Film censorship formula operating in the US from 1930 to 1966. In 1921 the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America Inc. (changed in 1945 to Motion Picture Association of America Inc.) asked Will H. Hays, a prominent Republican, to be their president in a move to ward off government censorship. The aim was to clean up Hollywood's image, tarnished by several scandals, notably the Fatty Arbuckle manslaughter case. An early Hays move was to insert a "morality clause" into all actors' contracts forcing them to maintain at least a facade of clean living. On censorship policy, Hays made his views clear as early as 1922: "This industry must have towards that sacred thing, the mind of the child, towards that clean virgin thing, that unmarked slate, the same responsibility, the same care about the impressions made upon it, that the best clergymen or the most inspired teacher of youth would have." In 1930 (with the advent of sound in movies) his Production Code was adopted by the industry and in 1934 it was made mandatory, with fines and sanctions on any film-maker who ignored it. The Code consisted of a statement of general aims followed by 12 sections of "Particular Applications". These included such pronouncements as "The treatment of bedrooms must be governed by good taste and delicacy" and "Suicide, as a solution of problems occurring in the development of screen drama, is to be discouraged as morally questionable." The Flag was to be treated with respect, likewise all ministers of religion. Children's sex organs were never to be shown. Sex perversion, white slavery, miscegenation, abortion and childbirth were forbidden. Profanity was generally outlawed and 28 specific words were listed as taboo, e.g. "gawd", "hot" (applied to a woman), "whore" and "damn". The word "bastard" was deleted from Olivier's *Henry V* in 1945. In 1955 the Code was amended and slightly softened but it was not discarded until 1966 when Jack Valenti took over as President of the MPAA. Critic George Jean Nathan has commented that the effect of the Hays Office Code on Hollywood film-making was "to picture most characters in their amorous reactions to each other as practically in-

Permissive propagandists Inge & Sten Hegeler. . .

and Hugh Hefner

distinguishable from little children dressed up in their parents' clothes and playing house."

Hefner, Hugh (1926-) : Founder of *Playboy* magazine, 1953, and its associated clubs, 1960. A copywriter for *Esquire*, he took the plunge into publishing when that magazine moved to New York, refused him a $5 raise, and left him jobless in Chicago. Ingredients in *Playboy's* early impact were its title, suggested by a friend, and the revival of the Marilyn Monroe nude calendar pictures. Later the formula was refined with celebrity authors, achieving a sale in excess of 6,000,000 copies monthly. Directing operations from his Chicago mansion (equipped with circular revolving bed etc. and staff of Bunnies), Hefner was long regarded as a recluse, but has lately taken to travel (in his own black 707) and partygiving.

Hegeler, Inge & Sten: Contemporary Danish husband-and-wife psychologists and popular sex writers, authors of the best-selling *ABZ of Love* and *XYZ of Love*. They also write a syndicated sex-advice column for several Scandinavian newspapers. Their popularity is presumably due to their tolerant, warm-hearted and highly readable style, and their candid pen-and-ink illustrations.

hermaphrodite : Ancient Greek statue

Henriques, Prof. Fernando: Jamaican-born social anthropologist, best-known for his books *Love in Action* (1959), a cross-cultural study of sexual behaviour, and *Prostitution and Society* (1962, 63 & 68), a three-volume historical survey of the "oldest profession". He is now Director of the Research Unit for the Study of Multi-Racial Societies at Sussex University.

heredity: Genetic transmission of characteristics from parents to offspring. The sex chromosomes are XY in men, XX in women. Almost all sex-linked characteristics are carried by the X chromosome—the only known Y feature, apart from maleness, is hairy ear rims—and this is probably for the simple reason that the X chromosome is much larger than the Y. The popular notion of genetics is encapsulated in the limerick :

"There was a young woman named Starkie
Who had an affair with a darkie.
The result of her sins
Was three sets of twins—
One black and one white and one khaki."

However, according to geneticists, a more probable result would be three sets of khaki, with only slight variations. The first generation would be closer in colour to the white than the black parent. The other popular notion that two white parents—one with a hidden "touch of the tarbrush" in his or her ancestry—might suddenly produce a black child is also fallacious. Normally a child will be no darker than the darker of his two parents. "Throwbacks" usually prove on investigation to be cases of illegitimacy.

hermaphrodite: Individual possessing both male and female sexual characteristics. Most cases are pseudo-hermaphrodites or intersexes (*q.v.*): *i.e.* their internal sex organs are firmly male or female but their external sexual characteristics are ambiguous or inappropriate, *e.g.* boys with breasts or girls with enlarged clitorides resembling a penis. True hermaphroditism is rare: it occurs when the sex gonads of the developing foetus—unisexual for the first six weeks of pregnancy—fail to differentiate normally into either ovaries or testes. The baby may then be born with either one ovary and one testis, or two of each, or two "ovotestes" (undifferentiated gonads). The consequent hormonal duality may result in the appearance of both male and female secondary sexual characteristics. In its extremest form, one side of the body can be male and the other side female. Though most modern authorities believe that true hermaphrodites are sterile, the *New York Medical Journal* of 1890 reported the case of a 28-year-old house-servant, arrested

Brut 33 Anti-Perspirant for Men.

You won't have any doubts about yourself.

See "The Protectors", an exciting new TV adventure show starring Robert Vaughn, brought to you by the great "Protectors" of good grooming—Brut 33 by Fabergé.

for suspected prostitution, who on examination was found to have a spacious vagina and, in place of a clitoris, a penis which measured 5½ inches when erect. A tall and masculine woman, she was capable of normal ejaculation, and the scrotum contained two one-inch testicles. The labia majora were normal but the labia minora and hymen were absent. She menstruated every three weeks and claimed to have given birth to a normal child some years previously. The subject said she could make love as either a man or a woman, and enjoyed both roles equally.

hetairai: Ancient Greek prostitutes of the highest class (there were at least two lower classes of streetwalkers and "dancing girls"). Hetaira means "companion" and, like geishas (*q.v.*), they were prized as much for witty and intelligent conversation and musical skill as for their sexual attractions. They could always choose their clients and would often be faithful to one lover for months or even years. Their lovers included the most distinguished men of their day, and in many ways they enjoyed a higher social status than respectable married women, who usually remained at home and took no part in public life. Some hetairai acquired great political power: Aspasia, mistress of Pericles, was blamed for starting the wars against Sparta, and Thais accompanied Alexander the Great on his campaigns and later married King Ptolemy of Egypt. Others were influential in the arts: Lais modelled to the painter Apelles, and Phryne (*q.v.*), the most famous hetaira of all, sat several times to the sculptor Praxiteles. She was so grateful for being thus immortalized that she wrote to him: "Only one thing is lacking to render your gift to me complete. Come to me and let us go and lie together in the grove." Hetairai were more often known for their cupidity. One Philumena wrote to her lover Criton: "Why do you trouble yourself with long letters? I want 50 gold pieces, but no letters. If therefore you love me, pay up." Once the orator Demosthenes arranged to visit Lais at Corinth and pay her 1000 drachmae (£80 or $200) for a single night, but when she saw him she upped her fee to 10,000 drachmae. In one of Aristophanes' comedies a character remarks, "They say of the hetairai of Corinth that if a poor man longs for their love they pay no attention to him, but that if he is rich they at once turn their buttocks towards him." This last refers to what was probably the hetairai's speciality—anal intercourse. The many statues of Aphrodite Kallipygos (Aphrodite of the beautiful bottom) support the Greek preference for sodomy. When a man wanted to meet a hetaira he would write her name on one of the tombstones in the Ceramicus cemetery in Athens—used as a sort of prostitutes' postbox—together with some flattering remarks and often a precise cash offer. Answers would be written in eyebrow pencil. Occasionally a hetaira would leave the name of a man she wished to meet: it was not unusual for hetairai to take the sexual initiative. When the athlete Leontius accused his mistress, Mania, of having slept with another athlete, she answered coolly: "I was determined to find out once for all what two winners of the Olympian games could do with me in a single night."

Hip Pocrates, Dr: Nom de plume of Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D., medical columnist of the San Francisco underground paper *The Berkeley Barb* since March 1967. He was probably the first to give frank and authoritative answers to sex and drug problems in print. After an M.D. at the University of Miami and a Master's in Public Health at Yale, Schoenfeld went to Africa and worked at Dr Albert Schweitzer's Lambarene hospital, and later in Gabon where he became interested in "the effect of psychedelics and mind-affecting drugs. I now see great similarities between an African village and Berkeley today". Back in the US he joined San Francisco's Center for Special Problems (mainly sex and drugs). Though Dr Hip's style may be jokey, his purpose isn't: "Through the column", he has said, "I am really engaged in Public Health education."

Hitler with young admirer, 1932

Hitler, Adolf (1889-1945): German dictator, whose sex life has been the subject of endless and so far inconclusive speculation. One theory is that his wartime megalomania was the result of brain damage caused by tertiary syphilis, and advocates point to Hitler's unnecessarily extreme remarks about VD in *Mein Kampf:* "The problem of fighting venereal disease should be placed before the public not as a task for the nation but *the* task." Another theory is that Hitler was impotent and/or sexually deformed—hence the *Colonel Bogey* parody "Hitler has only got one ball". Putzi Hanfstängl, a confidante of Hitler's in his early days in Bavaria, said he was incapable of intercourse: "The abounding nervous energy which found no normal release sought compensation first in the subjection of his entourage, then of his country, then of Europe. . . . In the sexual no-man's-land in which he lived, he only once nearly found the woman, and never even the man, who might have brought him relief." The only two women in whom he showed any remotely sexual interest were his niece, Geli Raubal, and Eva Braun, the woman he married the day before he shot himself. Hitler became friendly with Geli when her mother, his half-sister, came to keep house for him in 1925. Geli was then 17—round-faced, attractive and with a pleasant voice. For six years she was Hitler's constant companion, and when he moved to the Prinz Regentenstrasse in Munich, she visited him often. But his possessiveness stifled her (he was reportedly furious when he found out she had slept with Emil Maurice, his chauffeur) and when he left her at his Munich flat on September 17, 1931, she shot herself. Hitler was shattered

The awesome responsibility of being the very best.

Leadership means responsibility. Pioneer dramatizes this magnificently with the new, top of the line, 270 watt (IHF) SX-828 AM-FM Stereo Receiver.

Great specifications for great music. Extravagantly endowed with increased performance, greater power, unsurpassed precision and total versatility.

At $429.95, including a walnut cabinet, the SX-828 is unquestionably the very best receiver at its price. Hear it at your Pioneer dealer.

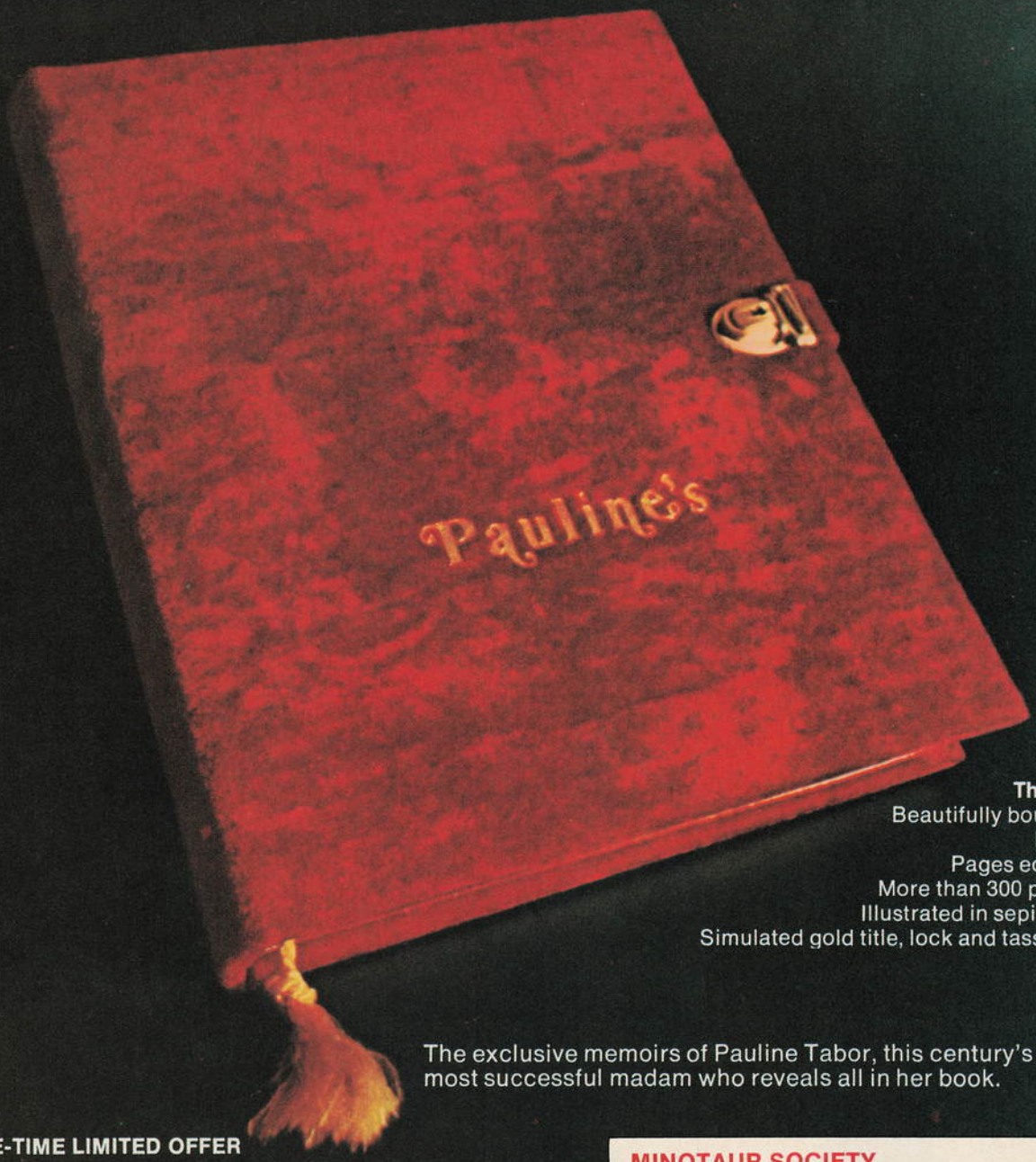
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp. 178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

PIONEER®
when you want something better

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co., Ont.

"After you've screwed one man, it gets easier and easier to screw more."

That was (and is) Pauline Tabor's answer to the question, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" And there's more, much more, in...



This is PAULINE'S
Beautifully bound in red velvet
Fine typography
Pages edged in gold leaf
More than 300 pages 10½" x 12"
Illustrated in sepia photos and art
Simulated gold title, lock and tasseled book mark

The exclusive memoirs of Pauline Tabor, this century's most successful madam who reveals all in her book.

ONE-TIME LIMITED OFFER

Now, to Penthouse readers, a special limited edition of PAULINE'S is available at the price of $25.00 (original price, $50.00). This edition is bound in red velvet and comes with lock and key. Also, if you order now, you get a special numbered copy signed by Pauline Tabor that becomes your own personal edition.

There is only one Pauline Tabor and *this is her life! Pauline's* was a feature attraction not only in Bowling Green, Kentucky, but to "visiting firemen" from throughout the United States. It was a classy cathouse and its madam became the leading lady of them all. In *Pauline's*, she reveals the true story of the girls and the johns who work within and who patronize houses of prostitution.

MINOTAUR SOCIETY
Dept. EE, Suite 2700, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen: Please reserve my copy of *PAULINE'S* at the special price of $25.00. My check [ ] money order [ ] is enclosed.

NAME

STREET AND NO.

CITY

STATE ZIP

For sale to U.S. residents only over age 18. N.Y. residents add 7% sales tax. MS/3/73

Start someone on a pipe today

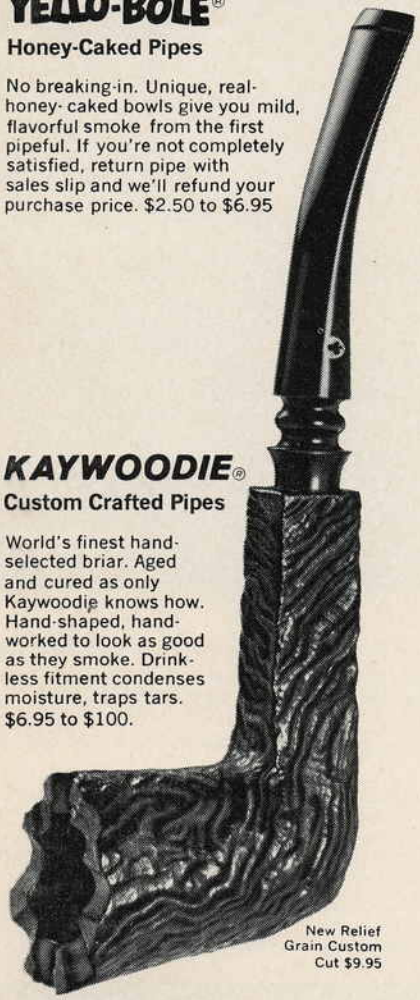
(Why not yourself)

Imperial
$4.95

YELLO-BOLE®

Honey-Caked Pipes

No breaking-in. Unique, real-honey-caked bowls give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first pipeful. If you're not completely satisfied, return pipe with sales slip and we'll refund your purchase price. $2.50 to $6.95



KAYWOODIE®

Custom Crafted Pipes

World's finest hand-selected briar. Aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. Hand-shaped, hand-worked to look as good as they smoke. Drink-less fitment condenses moisture, traps tars. $6.95 to $100.

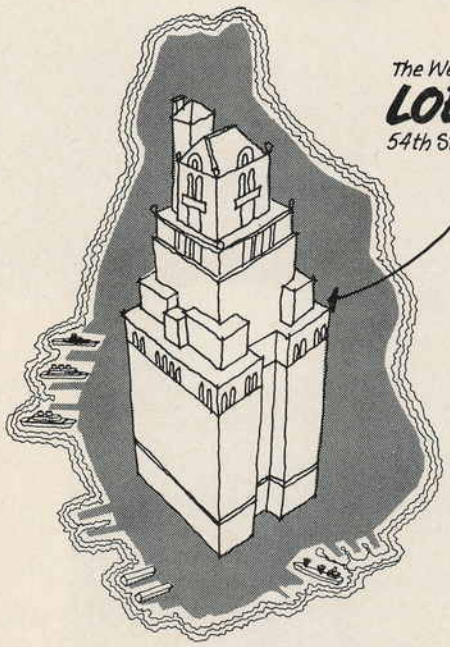
New Relief
Grain Custom
Cut $9.95

For free folders and pipe smoking tips write
S. M. Frank & Co., Inc., N. Y. N. Y. 10022 Dept. N

by her death, and kept photographs of her for the rest of his life. Eva Braun, a typical dizzy German blonde with blue eyes and a round face, was a shop-girl with aspirations, who inveigled herself into Hitler's company, and in 1932, at the age of 21, attempted to kill herself as a proof of her devotion. Hitler, anxious to avoid such a scandal only a year after Geli's suicide, thereafter drew her into his intimate circle as his *chère amie*. Heinrich Hoffmann, a friend of Hitler's, reported later: "At first there was . . . no liaison between them in the accepted sense of the word. That Eva became his mistress some time or other before the end is certain, but when—I cannot say. Not at any time was there any perceptible change in his attitude to her which might have pointed to the assumption of more intimate relations between them."

homosexuality: Sexual activity or desire between members of the same sex (though female homosexuality is usually called lesbianism, *q.v.*). The term was coined in 1869 by the Hungarian physician Benkert. Kinsey (*q.v.*) and others have estimated that between 5% and 6% of Western males are exclusively homosexual; Kinsey also adds that 37% of males have had at least one overt homosexual experience. The causes of homosexuality are still not known. Anal intercourse or sodomy (*q.v.*) is not the commonest form of male homosexual activity, as is often supposed (Magnus Hirschfeld estimated that only 8% of homosexuals use it); mutual masturbation and fellatio are far more widespread. Another alternative is simulated intercourse where one partner assumes the female role, sometimes wearing a pseudo-vagina, while his partner ejaculates into the opening between the scrotum and thighs. Homosexuality appears to have been found among all cultures and in all periods, but attitudes towards it have varied considerably. In Ancient Greece male beauty was more revered than female, and pederasty was regarded as a desirable supplement to marriage. A naked boys' dance was an annual event in Sparta. In Crete it was considered shameful for a well-born boy *not* to have a lover, and in Boeotia men and boys actually went through a form of marriage. The "sacred band" of the Theban army was composed entirely of pairs of lovers, in the belief that they would fight to the death to save each other. The Romans were more cynical: Juvenal (*q.v.*) wrote that as women were untrustworthy, it was preferable to take a young boy as a lover. In England the attitude has until recently been one of official condemnation and unofficial condonation. During the Restoration Pepys noted the prevalence of homosexuality at court, and Lord Portland wrote: "Nothing is more ordinary in England than this unnatural vice". The Victorian attitude was exemplified by the case of Oscar Wilde (*q.v.*): after Wilde's conviction and imprisonment for homosexual offences his plays continued their successful West End runs, but the theatres were ordered to cover up his name on the billboards. Edmund Gosse, another prominent literary figure of the era, managed to keep his predilection secret until he was discovered browsing through pictures of male nudes during Robert Browning's memorial service at Westminster Abbey! Today, Gay Liberation agitates for acceptance, books deal openly with the subject (*e.g. Last Exit to Brooklyn,* and the works of Jean Genet) and plays and films based on homosexual language and behaviour like *The Boys in the Band* and *The Brig* play to packed audiences.

Another reason why some people call New York Loews Island.



The West Side's most convenient 37 stories

LOEWS WARWICK

54th Street and the Avenue of the Americas

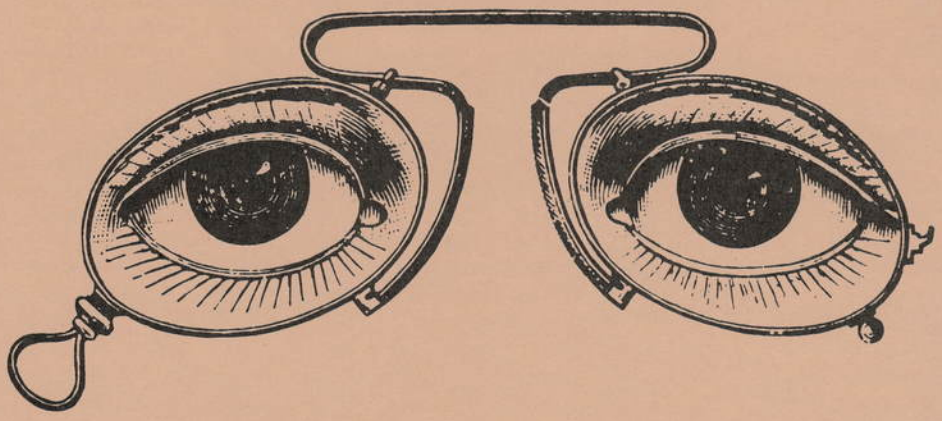
500 super-luxurious rooms surrounded by big business centers, exciting cultural meccas and everything great in midtown Manhattan. Health club and sauna. Sturdy dining in the Raleigh Room. Children under 14 free in same room with parents.

For immediate, confirmed reservations, see your travel agent or check the Yellow Pages and call Loews Reservations in your area, toll-free.

LOEWS HOTELS
One good stay deserves another.

OTHER GREAT HOTELS ON LOEWS ISLAND: LOEWS DRAKE, LOEWS SUMMIT, HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE, RAMADA INN.
OTHER GREAT LOEWS HOTELS: *IN NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS:* LOEWS PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS. *IN LONDON, ENGLAND:* LOEWS CHURCHILL.
OPENING IN THE SPRING OF 1973: *IN WASHINGTON, D.C.:* LOEWS L'ENFANT PLAZA. *IN HAMBURG, GERMANY:* LOEWS HAMBURG PLAZA.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



PRESSGANGING THE PRESS

James Madison may have been a lousy writer to begin with, or his work may simply have suffered from bad editing by fellow Congressmen. In 1789 he was assigned to write a series of amendments to the Constitution called the Bill Of Rights, to give the people more protection from their government. The first of these amendments, in final form, contained the words: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of . . . the press." Since then the courts and the Congress have had a helluva time figuring out exactly what he meant by that.

It's still a red hot issue today. Recent interpretations have tended to make the journalism trade more exciting than ever, and provided us with a number of fascinating "firsts".

In June 1971, for example, the famous *New York Times*-Pentagon Papers case provided the first instance of prior censorship of the press in our history. For two momentous weeks, from June 15 to June 30, the *Times* and other papers were enjoined by the courts not to run material obtained from a confidential source now known to have been Daniel Ellsberg. Then the Supreme Court ruled that under the First Amendment, regardless of the source, the papers had the right to print it.

One year later, the court issued another ruling on the First Amendment in the case of a *New York Times* reporter named Earl Caldwell among others. This time the question was not the paper's right to print a story but a reporter's right to keep his mouth shut about confidential sources when subpoenaed by a grand jury in a criminal investigation. The court ruled by five to four that, notwithstanding 181 years of legal precedent, the First Amendment guaranteed no such right.

Before the year was out, two reporters were jailed under that ruling. They were Peter Bridge of Newark, New Jersey, and William T. Farr of Los Angeles. At least half a dozen others faced the prospect of imprisonment, including Caldwell. And as if that were not enough, there was the jailing of the first scholar in our nation's history for refusal to turn in confidential sources: Professor Samuel L. Popkin was carted off in handcuffs and chains. Though the professor was not a newsman he was included in the package as one who gathers and prepares information for publication. He had refused to tell a grand jury about his research and whether it might incriminate anyone involved in the preparation and dissemination of—guess what? The Pentagon Papers!

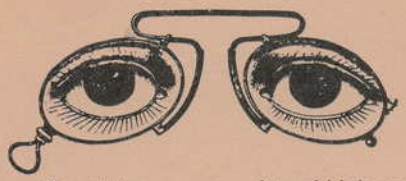
It began to look as if the government were using the courts to get even with the press for past embarrassments, and saving itself from future embarrassment by drying up newsmen's sources of information against it. Of course that view may reflect only a persecution complex. But, as the saying goes, just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you.

Granted, the Supreme Court said only that the First Amendment does not confer on the newsman any status as a special class of citizen with immunity from testifying in criminal cases. And it did add that Congress and the states, if they wished, could pass laws granting such immunity—as 19 states had already done and Congress was preparing to do. But neither does the Constitution say that newsmen can be employed against their will as investigators for the government to do the work the police and the FBI are paid to do, and without the protections they enjoy. Law enforcement officers, you know, are the most consistent users of confidential informants. And you seldom find them being forced by grand juries to choose between turning in their sources and going to jail.

The idea that a so-called "testimonial privilege" would make newsmen or scholars into special-class citizens as suggested by the court is hokum. Lawyers are not required to reveal what they are told in confidence by their clients. The same privilege is extended to the doctor-patient relationship, and that of clergyman-penitent even where confession of a crime is involved. Husbands and wives cannot be compelled to testify against each other in most jurisdictions. Not because lawyers, doctors, clergymen or spouses are considered "special people" but on the accepted theory that it is more important for society to preserve these confidential relationships than to have their testimony.

Sure there are some people who do enjoy special status. But they are mostly to be found in the upper echelons of government. As, for example, when the President invoked "executive privilege" to order White House aide Peter Flanigan not to testify in pre-trial hearings on the Watergate case.

The truth is, the vast majority of newsmen's



confidential sources consists of high government officials who speak to them "off the record" or in "background" briefings. Which means the newsman is pledged in advance not to reveal the name of his source to the public. He gets the information only on the *condition* that he will attribute it to anonymous "State Department officials" or "usually reliable sources". It's standard procedure. Presidents do it; high cabinet officers do it; even Henry Kissinger does it. They depend on the newsman's integrity to preserve *their* status as confidential sources. And they get angry when the "non-attribution" rule is violated.

You may recall the flap in December 1971, when Senator Barry Goldwater (not a newsman) had a transcript of Kissinger's backgrounder on the India-Pakistan war inserted in the Congressional Record. Shortly afterward, Kissinger held a "deep backgrounder" on a plane returning from the Nixon-Pompidou meeting in the Azores in which he dropped the suggestion that continued Soviet support for India might cause the President to reconsider his visit to Moscow. When the *Washington Post* identified the source of that remark by name, Presidential spokesman Ron Ziegler called the action "unacceptable to the White House"—meaning Mr Nixon was furious and the *Post* was in the doghouse.

Yet the President did not regard as unacceptable the Supreme Court ruling denying newsmen the right to respect the confidence of lesser sources. And he refused to support any of the bills in Congress to give them that right. Too bad. Not all newsmen are heroes like Bridge and Farr. And when some of the less discreet start opening their notebooks like Pandora's boxes rather than troop stoically to jail, who's to say what new plagues may leap out? Or how high?

And that might provide the next round of excitement in this business.—*Fred Darwin.*

ESPRIT DE CORPSE

"Prosecution Bases Case on Post-Mortem Statements of Woman he Killed."—Headline in *Scranton Republican.*

Obviously an irrefutable body of opinion.

UNLUCKY STRIKE

"We note with regret that Mrs J. H. Armfield is recuperating from an automobile accident."
—*Florida Baptist-Witness.*

It must have been the reporter's car she hit.

HAPPENINGS

SHIP OF FOOLS 11

On the evening of the last scheduled American space flight to the moon, an unusual ship lay anchored seven miles offshore from Cape Kennedy, but it was not the traditional Russian trawler-monitor. It was a luxury liner, Holland-America Line's *S.S. Statendam,* carrying a load of celebrated passengers who had cruised down from New York to discuss "the future of mankind in outer space", and to witness the Apollo 17 launching.

On board was a galaxy of science fiction writers such as Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, Frederic Pohl; a cluster of brilliant scientists, including renowned physicist Dr Robert Duncan-Enzmann; novelists Norman Mailer and Katherine Anne Porter; a brace of media people to film, tape, and pen the event; and two stowaways from the underground press.

One of them later explained: "Stowing away was easy enough. We merely walked on board and stayed on when the ship left its pier. Throughout the cruise we were always in the middle of the party, usually with drinks in hand, and many of the passengers were thrilled to be let in our little secret. At night we slept sumptuously in a splendid stateroom (there were plenty of empty ones) which happened to be right next to the Captain's, and, of course, we always ate well at the ship's buffet." At least their presence provided a much-needed sense of adventure on board.

Billed as "The Voyage Beyond Apollo", the cruise was expected to be a big money-maker for Holland-America, which had collaborated with the scientists to produce this floating symposium. Holland-America, however, floated into a Titanic quarter-million-dollar loss, as the ship was only one-third full, and two-thirds of those passengers were guests of Holland-America, not even counting the two stowaways. The minimum fare was $600 and only 40 passengers paid the additional $400 to attend the elaborate seminars.

For outer space buffs, it was a techno-freakout. At the lectures, speakers spun out astounding possibilities of orbiting mirrors as big as the state of New York to illuminate Earth at night. Another proposal was to establish huge computerized industrial plants on other planets which would exploit otherworldly raw materials and rocket back finished products to Mother Earth. Interplanetary travel was hypothesized, utilizing half-mile-long rocketships that would hold 2000 passengers eager to get away from Earth. A list of ecology rules was promulgated for any future planets we might colonize, though little mention was made of applying these rules to our own planet, which might be rapidly abandoned if the scientists' pipe-dreams are fulfilled.

Thankfully, there were a few dissenters. Norman Mailer complained that man's invasion of outer space constituted some indefinable threat to the "thanatosphere" (world of dead souls) which, according to Mailer, hovers just beyond Earth's atmosphere. He decried NASA for turning the "adventure of space exploration" into a "dull and depressing affair".

The sci-fi writers aboard were nonplussed. Isaac Asimov evoked visions of asteroid cities wandering through the universe. The venerable Robert Heinlein led a highly speculatory discussion of how water might be supplied on the moon. One idea was to shoot icebergs there in cannons. TV personality Hugh Downs moderated the seminars, and performed delicate footwork to keep the egos of Dr Enzmann and Robert Heinlein, among others, from colliding. One night the entire ship attended a special showing of Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey,* accented by heavy seas and (for some) marijuana.

But the last Apollo launch was the climax, so to speak, of the cruise. The enormous rocket penetrated the night sky with a roar and a flash that lit the sea like daylight. For most, the sight was nearly a religious experience, though the oohs and ahhhs and sobs from the crowd, particularly from the female observers, suggested a distinctly erotic aspect.

Despite all the hopeful discussions of the future, there was at least one contemporary contradiction in the trip. Late one night the ship's crew were seen flinging the daily garbage into the Caribbean under cover of darkness. An estimated one ton trail of refuse was left behind.

When the boat docked at St Thomas in the Virgin Islands, a number of the ship's celebrities seized this first opportunity to abandon ship. Eighty-two-year-old Katherine Anne Porter summed it up over a tumbler topped with bourbon: she named the cruise "Ship Of Fools II".—*Rex Weiner.*

THE NON-VOTE PARTY

The result of the presidential election may have seemed depressingly inevitable to some but it boosted the spirits of one small group, The Committee to Equalize the Vote. They felt that the electorate unknowingly confirmed their entire platform.

The Sarasota-based CEV organization campaigns for equal rights for *non-voters* and points out gleefully that 63 million Americans —almost 45% of the electorate—didn't vote this time round. "In actual fact", says CEV president J. Guy Harden, "most of these people's votes were negative ballots deliberately cast against two unwanted candidates and should be counted as such. Our aim is first to make the media honest—have them report what percentage of the *electorate* voted, a figure that is invariably downplayed until well after the election."

Supposing that more than 50% of the electorate didn't vote; what then? "Under the legislation we want to get passed," explains Harden, "such an election would then be

New lines in beachwear: *Juliet Mills goes for* déshabille *in* Avanti, *while Cybill Shepherd favors* le style sportif *in* Heartbreak Kid . . .

declared invalid and both candidates disqualified because of the electors' vote of no-confidence. The election would then be held again with more popular or representative choices."

Before next year's Congressional elections, CEV plans to open chapters in every one of the 50 states. At least it might make polling day more fun.—*John Wilcock.*

SHOWS

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

The Heartbreak Kid is one you'll be lining up to see in '73, a winner, this year's *Graduate.* The story, by Bruce Jay Friedman, adapted for the screen by Neil Simon, directed by Elaine May, centers round Lenny, a handsome schmuck who has divided the world into two types: fuckers and fuckees. Any new piece, apparently, will do. Lenny (Charles Grodin) spots Lila (Jeannie Berlin) in New York. She won't put out, so he quickly weds her and beds her and then, before they arrive in Miami Beach on their honeymoon, dreads her.

She overdoes the sun the first day at the pool, which suits Lenny just fine because this smashing, sassy blonde Kelly (Cybill Shepherd) has come up to him on the deserted beach and tells him he's lying on her spot. She wants *him*? Wow! So Lenny simply ignores Lila for the next 48 hours while he pursues Kelly and falls in love and asks her rich daddy (Edie Albert) for her hand in marriage—even though he just happens to be on his honeymoon with Lila. Daddy wants to murder him, but he rushes through an annulment and surprises Kelly and her daddy by showing up to woo her in Minneapolis.

At first, she couldn't care less. Then, such is the attraction of fools for fools, she takes him to a cabin in the woods and tests his virtue by stripping in front of him before a flickering fire. No touching allowed, of course. He doesn't touch her, passes the test. Daddy tries to buy him off for $25,000, he turns it down and she by God marries him.

The Heartbreak Kid's plot reads something like *The Graduate*, and its denouement is just as implausible. But its satiric focus—on the man of easy virtue—is much sharper and it is hard not to draw a moral from this tale about the disasters that lie ahead for Lenny and his kind.

Travels With My Aunt, however, celebrates an opposite theme: the lively life to be enjoyed by those who are not too vexed with virtue. A shy London banker, Henry Rulling (Alec McCowen) has seemed interested only in his dahlias until his Aunt Augusta (Maggie Smith playing a woman twice her age) plucks him from his sandy loam and fertilizer and drags him off on a series of comedic intrigues in London and Paris and the Costa Brava.

Aunt Augusta, a grande dame with hair of carrot red, has her own romantic quest—to save an old lover from the clutches of kidnappers demanding $100,000 ransom. But her adventures have another effect: the vitalization of Henry. Thus, Aunt Augusta (like Auntie Mame) exists in order to teach Henry about life—Henry who, she says, has lived so, uh, meagerly. Aunt Augusta says she gets out of life not what she puts into it but "what others are stupid enough to put into it". Her life is a "surrender to extravagance" because "poverty, like influenza, may strike suddenly".

Her manservant and discreetly occasional lover, Wordsworth (Lou Gossett, who deserves a mini-Oscar at least for one of the most stylish performances of the year) also takes Henry in hand, bestowing Jamaican aphorisms upon him, lining up young ladies for his delectation and practicing various occult arts on his behalf. Slowly, Henry begins to open up until he becomes quite an unconventional middle-aged banker indeed. The story is from Graham Greene's novel, screenplay by Jay Presson Allen and Hugh Wheeler, and the long-lived George Cukor directs.

Avanti! is too unbelievable—and too believable, too. Billy Wilder (who produced, directed and, with the collaboration of I.A.L. Diamond, wrote this adaptation of Samuel Taylor's short-lived Broadway farce) makes his hero Wendell Armbruster (Jack Lemmon) a nitwit. Armbruster is an American tycoon come to Italy to take his deceased father back to the U.S. It takes him an unbelievably long time to realize the truth about the way his father spent his lone vacations in Italy, and when he finally does he cries: "You mean her mother and my father were shacked up together? Son of a bitch! She ought to be ashamed of herself!" This is uttered in such a wounded tone you can hardly believe it is 1973. Armbruster heads a corporation that employs 218,000 people and he comes on like the rector of a Dublin seminary. Furthermore, he's such a dumb cluck that he burns his hands under the hot water faucet. Unbelievable.

And with such an unbelievable hero, Wilder compensates: he has to make everything else in the picture a commonplace. So, as our tycoon finds Italy is "not a country but an emotion", he (and moviegoers who wander into this R-rated film under the mistaken notion that something sexy will happen) must be drowned in a pastina of clichés. We counted 26 of them in the first 45 minutes, then gave up.

What would you expect to see on a plane from Milan to Rome? A fat, frightened archbishop rolling his eyes and telling his beads? Right. The first shot of Rome by air? St Peter's, of course. And at Fiumicino Airport? A pompous officer (with mustache) at passport control. How does Lemmon travel from Naples to Ischia? On the motoscaffo. What are all the personnel in the Ischian hotel? Warm-hearted. What don't Italians do on Sunday? Work. What do popes do? Give dispensations. What do the 47 violins keep

playing on the movie sound-track? "Sensa Fine"—endlessly. And why is it the valet speaks such good English? Because he worked for a time in New York—for the Mafia, naturally.

Capisce?

Cesar and Rosalie—which is breaking all records in Europe—is formula fiction brought to the screen. Moreover it's an improbable formula, and it's peopled by types rather than flesh-and-blood characters. But oh what types!

Consider Cesar (Yves Montand). He's a rugged, big-time junk dealer who deals in Boeings, gambles, drives madly, and goes into tearing rages when Rosalie rejects his over-controlling ways. Consider Rosalie (Romy Schneider), who is one of those girls who look glamorous even in jeans, loves Cesar as he loves her, but has to keep running away from him to maintain some sense of herself. Consider David (Sami Frey), a husky, handsome cartoon artist who leads Rosalie without carrying her, who holds her without taking her, who loves her without wanting her.

The story is nothing, merely chronicles Rosalie's comings and comings. But it has beautiful camera work, beautiful French settings, and three beautiful actors. If you liked *Jules and Jim* and *A Man and a Woman*, you'll see this one several times. — *Robert Kaiser*

WORDS

NEED JUNK-ADDICTS DIE?

"Heroin has become *the* major killer of young people between the ages of 18 and 35." "Chronic excessive use of heroin produces *no physical damage at all.*"

With this paradox on the first page of *The American Heroin Empire: Power, Profits, and Politics* (Dodd, Mead, $5.95), Dr Richard Kunnes tears into his thesis that the heroin horror is no natural scourge, but the creation of death merchants who have built an empire based on the venality and indifference of the Establishment around the world.

The second and more surprising component of Kunnes' paradox is not simply his own conclusion, but a quote from Dr Joel Fort, former consultant on drug abuse to the World Health Organization. Kunnes explains that, "Addicts on quality heroin could function quite well, safely, and effectively, other than the hour or so they would be 'nodding' (i.e. dozing following the injection)."

If the drug itself—unlike tobacco or alcohol—is "relatively harmless" physically, as Kunnes says it is, how can it have caused the misery he so vehemently describes? The combination of its swift overpowering addictiveness and its illegality has created a situation in which the addict dies of such secondary complications as adulteration of the drug (even harmless adulterants can cause overdose because of variations in dose strength), infection from unsterile needles, and malnutrition (because of the cost of the stuff). The rest of society suffers from such side effects as crime (both organized and casual), infection from blood transfusions (from addicts who sell their blood to hospital suppliers), corruption of police and politics, and attendant evils in ever-widening circles.

For the international death merchants, heroin is the perfect product, an economist's dream. At retail it need be sold only once or twice, and from then on the buyer will crawl through a sewer to repurchase; most customers become salesmen, paid in goods; its scarcity at retail is assured by its illegality. Supply from the manufacturers is reasonably reliable, and the problems of illegal distribution are mitigated by the facts that the product is extremely light and compact, can be marked up indefinitely, and will keep in any climate.

Kunnes believes that laws against heroin, far from achieving their goal of limiting accessibility and thus the number of addicts, actually, by making possible astronomical profits, insure the expansion of the market.

Kunnes, a respected psychiatrist on the faculty of the University of Michigan, is nevertheless a maverick in the medical profession. He can't stand the idea of private profit when dealing with human misery. He took on the American Medical Association's money-mindedness in an earlier book whose title speaks for itself: *Your Money or Your Life: RX for the Medical Market Place;* and he was a founder of the Medical Liberation Front.

Thus his approach to the heroin problem is that of a social activist, and in this book he does battle on all fronts, hurling radical criticisms and offering bold proposals. He covers all the targets including our government's opium hanky-panky in Southeast Asia (more fully documented in *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* by Alfred W. McCoy), police corruption from heroin selling, and pushing dope in the ghetto.

His proposed solutions are well thought-out and deserve a reading rather than a summary. But the heart of them—that heroin must be provided free to addicts—will shock those who haven't been as close as he to the scene. He approves, with reservations, the English system as a stop-gap, but he sees a final solution only in far-reaching social changes such as enabled the Chinese to wipe out opium addiction in the most addicted country in history.

Romy Schneider, *however, relies on zee 'at*

A WHOLE NEW BOLL GAME

When German author Heinrich Böll was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature last fall, the chief reaction stateside was a murmured "Who he?" and a furtive scanning of the bookshelves. Now McGraw Hill have obliged nonplussed would-be pundits with a translation of Böll's latest novel *Group Portrait with a Lady* ($8.95) which, they assure us, European critics have acclaimed as his "crowning masterpiece, a summation of all his previous creations".

Even so, the book is hardly likely to top the bestseller lists. Böll comes out slow, fights his own fight, and doesn't play to the crowd. But he's unquestionably a champ. Not since Thomas Mann have we encountered his kind of in-depth character development, and he does it without even a story line as such. This is a portrait of Leni Pfeiffer, filled in slowly through interviews with the many people who have known her, conducted by an "author" who is very much present while remaining coolly objective.

What emerges is no less than a life, and the whole society in which it existed. Because Böll never lets his author character write from inside Leni's head, one constantly feels the essential aloneness of another person. Sometimes it becomes crushing to know so much about Leni and to be unable to share her inner existence. Finally one is forced to the conclusion that this *Group Portrait* may be more even than a life: it may be Life itself.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Good Life, Sexually Speaking by Sigmund Stephen Miller (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). This anti-manual stands out of the morass of sex manuals for its great good sense.

Stories of Five Decades by Hermann Hesse (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95). Excellently translated and selected collection.

Bucky: A Guided Tour of Buckminster Fuller by Hugh Kenner (Morrow, $7.95). Combining biographical information with clear and easy-going explanations of Fuller's ideas, this is a perfect introduction to a perfectly incredible man.—*Norman Hoss.*

SOUNDS

Strange and bitter crop

There never has been another blues singer like Billie Holiday and there probably never will be. Yet in one sense she was hardly a blues singer at all. The *songs* she sang were rarely blues: they were much more often high-grade Tin Pan Alley, like "Embraceable You", "I'll Get By", "He's Funny That Way" and "As Time Goes By". What she did was to take popular, trivial tunes and touch their core, probing the truths behind the clichés with her sexy sulphur-and-molasses voice tinged with metallic timbre. Miles Davis once described her style as "Singing way behind, and then she brings it up—hitting it right on the beat. What I like about Billie is the way she sings it just the way she hears it." And the way she heard it is the way most of us will remember those songs for ever more.

But her best-remembered song is poles away from Tin Pan Alley: it is about a lynching in the Deep South. The young poet Lewis Allen brought her his manuscript of "Strange Fruit" in 1939 when she was working at Cafe Society Downtown (NY's first integrated nightclub). Her pianist Sonny White set it to music but, Billie recalled, "I was never sure that I could get across to a plush nightclub the things that it meant to me." The harsh lyrics and her smouldering, intense delivery of course stunned listeners who recognized only too well "what it meant" to her. It seemed to sum up an almost unbelievably brutal childhood.

She was born Eleanora Fagan on April 7, 1915 in Baltimore, Maryland. Her autobiography *Lady Sings the Blues* (Lancer), begins: "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was 18, she was 16, and I was three." Her father, Clarence Holiday, had had his dreams of being a trumpet-player smashed when he was gassed in the trenches during World War I. He eventually landed a job with McKinley's Cotton Pickers as a guitarist and left home.

Her mother, out of work owing to the end of the war, went to look for domestic work up North and left Billie with a brutal relative who frequently beat her. When her mother returned she decided to take in roomers to help support them. Ten-year-old Billie was raped by one of them and then arrested along with the man(!). She was sent to a Catholic reformatory for girls where disciplinary measures included locking her in a room for 24 hours with a corpse.

Paroled at 13, she joined her mother in New York. In those days the best way for a black woman to make money was either as a maid or a whore and Billie failed miserably at both. In the middle of the Depression, with her mother too sick to work and dispossession imminent, Billie went around the Harlem speakeasies offering herself as a dancer. By chance, a piano player at Pod and Jerry's, a Harlem club, asked her if she could sing. She had been singing all her life, but had enjoyed it too much to think she might be any good at it. Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith were her earliest influences, having heard them in a whore-house where she used to do odd chores. She asked the piano player for "Travelling All Alone", and as she got into the song, she hypnotized the small audience, and was promptly offered a job. During her next engagement at a spot called the Log Cabin, she met probably the most important person in her career, John Hammond, then a Columbia Records promo man who had discovered Bessie Smith and Benny Goodman (whose band she was later to join).

Her recording career began at the age of 15, as a featured vocalist with Benny Goodman's band on "Your Mother's Son in Law" and "Riffin the Scotch". While her early success in some ways compensated for the miserable years of childhood, it brought new pains. In 1938 she joined Artie Shaw's band on the road, becoming the first black vocalist in a white band, only to find touring life tougher than expected. "It got to the point where I hardly ever ate, slept, or went to the bathroom without a major NAACP-type production," she said about this period. After a year and a half of constant strife she quit and returned to Harlem.

It was at this time that Lewis Allen brought her "Strange Fruit". Columbia Records, however, wanted no part of it, fearing boycotts in the South. The song was eventually recorded by an independent jazz label, Commodore, owned by her friend Milt Gabler.

No one knows when she started using heroin, and even in her autobiography she doesn't say. Drugs and drink might have softened some of the pain and humiliation in her past but they undoubtedly hastened her death. After a successful Carnegie Hall concert, a European tour and numerous bouts with the authorities (Talullah Bankhead once got her out of jail with an outraged phonecall to J. Edgar Hoover) she ended her life under arrest on a hospital bed surrounded by narcos.

Though every bit as beautiful as Lena Horne, Billie appeared in only two small sequences of film: *Symphony in Black*, a short with Duke Ellington, and *New Orleans*, a 1946 cheapie in which she plays a maid. Of the latter, she remarked dryly: "There's damn little of me in that movie". Now her life has been filmed by Paramount as *The Lady Sings the Blues* with Diana Ross in the lead. Though the screenplay takes liberties with her autobiography, the spirit's in the right place and hopefully there's quite a lot of Billie in this movie. See it, anyway, as a tribute.—*Dave Warren.*

Billie Holiday: *a 1944 broadcast*

Holiday Memorabilia

Lady Day (Columbia). Excellent—a group of letter-perfect early dates with Goodman, Wilson, and her own band. Includes her matchless version of Gershwin's "Summertime".

Billie Holiday: The Golden Years, Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia). Two excellent three-record sets of vintage material with an all-star line-up of sidemen including Bunny Berrigan, Artie Shaw, Count Basie, Benny Goodman and Lester Young. Both sets display her full range from pop standards such as "Pennies From Heaven" to blues like "Gloomy Sunday".

The Billie Holiday Story (Decca). Two-record set culled from *Lady Sings the Blues, The Blues Are Brewing* and *Lover Man*—three LPs which are now out of print. Includes "My Man" (the definitive version), "I Love You Porgy" and "God Bless the Children".

Billie Holiday's Greatest Hits (Columbia). Fine collection of her best early material including "God Bless the Child" and "I Cried for You".

Strange Fruit (Atlantic). Teddy Wilson-Big Sid Catlet sessions originally issued on Commodore, later issued on the Mainstream label. "Fine and Mellow" and "On the Sunny Side of the Street" as well as the immortal title song.

Lady in Satin (Columbia). Very good latter-day Holiday. Her voice had changed—it was huskier—but her gift for subtle phrasing had not deserted her. Backed by a Ray Ellis string ensemble that lends romance to her singing.

God Bless the Child (Columbia). Superb two-record set, beautifully produced by Chris Albertson, and comprising some of the best from her *Golden Years* LPs.

Gallant Lady (Monmouth-Evergreen). Good—a group of radio performances from the 1940s which includes the otherwise unreleased "Detour Ahead".

The Lady Lives (ESP). More good radio performances.

The Best of Billie Holiday (Verve). Some winners e.g. "When Your Lover Has Gone" and some losers e.g. "Strange Fruit" in an unusually lifeless version.

The Essential Billie Holiday (Verve). Good Carnegie Hall concert.

Billie Holiday's Greatest (Decca). More hits including "Lover Man", "I Love You Porgy" and "Good Morning, Heartache".

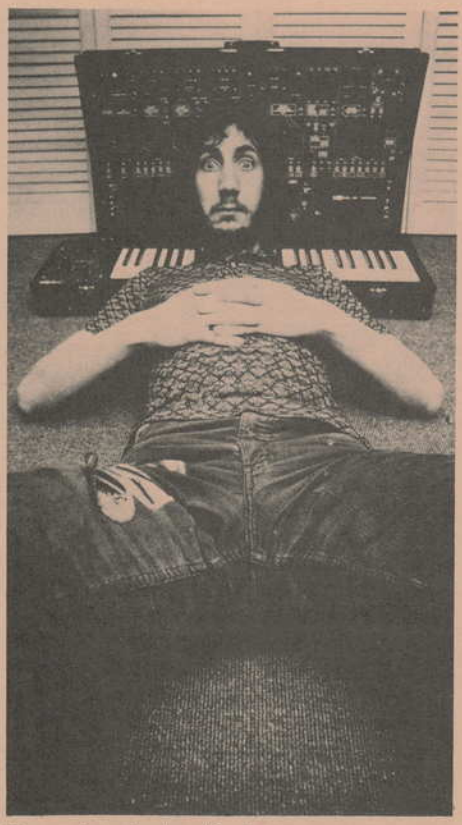
Lady Love (UA). Selections from her European tour in 1956. Her voice sounds unusually bright and cheerful though she was at the end of her career.—*Dave Warren.*

I Sing the Body Electric

Every era has its own tone, its own vibration. For the 20th century it has been the strident, eerie voice of electricity. Composers like Stockhausen, Edgar Varese, and Iannis Xenakis early recognized the electric voice of the century and traced its dissonant language in such works as Stockhausen's *Song of the Youths,* Xenakis' *Electro-Acoustic Music* and, most ambitious of all, Varese's *Poème Electronique,* created for the Brussels World's Fair where it was whirled around the pavilion from hundreds of phased (slightly out of sync) speakers.

Strictly speaking, though, these are not pure electronic works since they employ taped instruments, voices, etc. to create what is generally called *musique concrète.* Pure electronic works—i.e. using sound derived solely from electronic instruments—only really became possible in the 1950s with the invention of synthesizers. The most sophisticated of these, the Columbia-Princeton RCA Mark II, was a colossal monster. Few had access to it, and because of its size it had to remain in one place. This precluded any use in performances or experimentation by those most likely to relate to its sound, the children of the first space age. By the mid-'60s, more and more musicians were crying out for a compact instrument that could produce any sound anywhere. In accordance with the law of wish fulfillment, the first Moog synthesizer eventually appeared, the product of a collaboration between Walter Carlos and Robert Moog.

Ironically, the first use of the Moog was for a strictly un-modern theme: Carlos's arrangements of Bach in *Switched-on Bach,* which appeared in the fall of 1968. Still the most popular piece of electronic music ever recorded, and the best-selling classical album *ever,* it was quickly followed in 1969 by *The Well Tempered Synthesizer,* featuring more Bach plus some other 18th-century composers. More synthesized classics and a few pieces of his own recently comprised the chilling score of *A Clockwork Orange* and his own album, *Timesteps.* Carlos's taste has always been extremely popular (his favorite piece of music is Holst's *Planets*) and this accounts for his appeal. No knotty constructions or dissonant tonal farts, just pure entertainment. Even his most ambitious and "arty" undertaking to date, *Sonic Seasonings,* a two-record set devoted to the sounds of the four seasons, is a gentle if wheezy environmental record.



Townshend *takes his Arp to a party*

Carlos's electric eclectricisms (including the late lamentable *Switched on Bacharach*) are considered by some, needless to say, as little more than electronic Musak. Morton Subotnick, who has composed some of the most interesting electronic music to date—*Silver Apples of the Moon, The Wild Bull,* and *Sidewinder*—feels synthesizers were designed "to discover wholly new areas of musical sound and expression virtually impossible before their invention, *not* to reproduce old ones". The difference between Carlos's and Subotnick's approach is typified by the instruments they prefer. Carlos uses the keyboard-structured Moog, while Subotnick uses a Buchla, a theramin-like instrument based on a sort of touch and scan principle—one hand controls tone while the other controls loudness within the Buchla's scanning field.

The theramin itself is a relatively ancient instrument in the electronic timescale. Its spooky sound, created by moving the hand closer or farther away from a spindle, has always been popular with mediums, magicians and, believe it or not, foot doctors! A somewhat limited instrument—a sort of freak's steel-pedal guitar—it was nevertheless put to use brilliantly by Brian Wilson on "Good Vibrations" which is still the best use of electronic sound in rock. In the same year that the Beach Boys' hit came out, the Beatles also offered Stockhausen-ish effects on "D day in the Life" and the seagull-like cries on "Strawberry Fields"—actually speeded-up tape-loops of Paul laughing. The Byrds, the original space cowboys, used phasing and oscillators on "CTA-102" from *Younger Than Yesterday,* also released in 1967.

A favorite of English groups has been the mellotron, a keyboard instrument that uses tape loops and is capable of producing sounds of massed strings and brass. The Moody Blues eased us into this lush new sound subtly (the mellotron is capable of producing the Moody's Strauss-like orchestrations so effectively that listeners were convinced they were hearing a full string orchestra) while King Crimson and Emerson Lake and Palmer used it savagely. Such spectacular effects could be achieved by the mellotron onstage that Keith Emerson gained a reputation as a superhuman organist.

The principal use of electronic music in rock so far has been effects like Elton John's "Rocket Man", or Pink Floyd's scores for *Zabriski Point* and *More.* The most exciting use of a synthesizer lately was Stevie Wonder's *Music of My Mind,* most of which was composed on an Arp, the most refined synthesizer of all when it comes to live performance. Wonder used it in his appearances on the last Stones' tour. Townshend, Lennon, Jagger (who's already composed synthesized scores for *Performance* and for Kenneth Anger's *Invocation For My Demon Brother*), Swami Satchadananda, George Harrison (who made a disappointing Moog album *Electronics* for Apple) and Hugh Montenegro all have Arps, and it's only a matter of time before they find a way to sensualize the synthesizer.

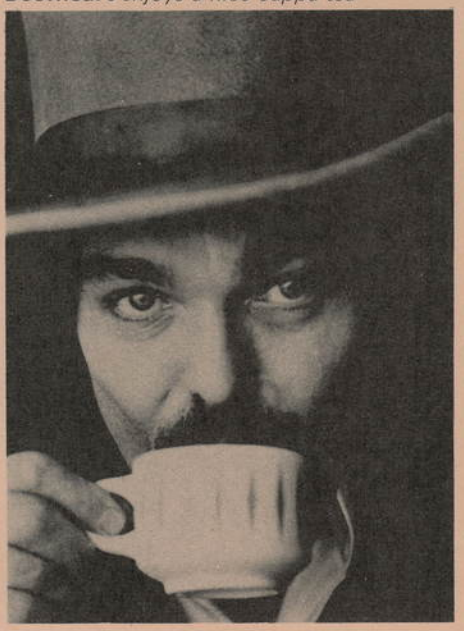
In the meantime, there are already a few electronic albums worth hearing. As a basic introduction, *The Nonesuch Guide To Electronic Music,* a two-record set with 16-page booklet by Beaver and Krause on its creation and history, is a pleasant mix of electronics, rock and jazz. Two other successful synthesisms are *Zero Time* by Tonto's Expanding Headband and Roger Powell's *Cosmic Furnace,* both filled with great "talking acid". But then, electronic music is so much *inside* your head that this could be quite a moog point.—*J. Marks.*

SHORT TAKES

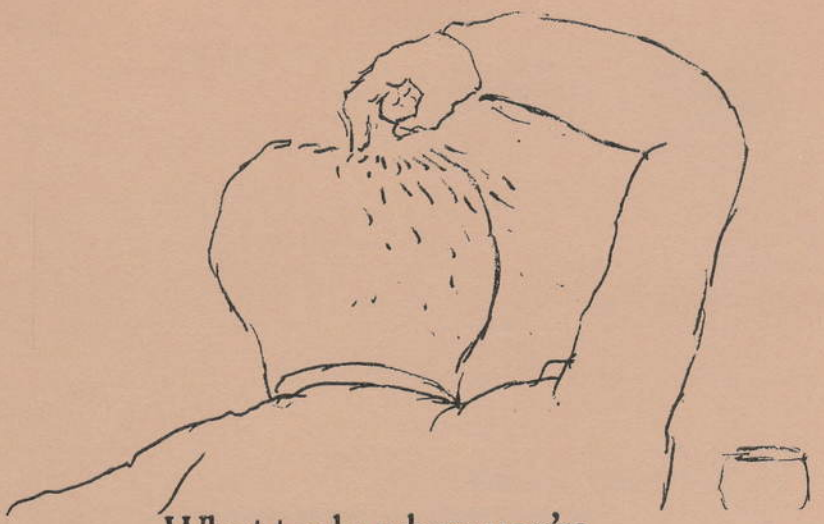
Stardancer/Tom Rapp (Blue Thumb BTS 44). The guiding light of Pearls Before Swine, Tom Rapp is one of the brightest and angriest post-protest folkrockers around. His songs vary from righteous fury to Randy-Newman-styled irony ("Summer of '55"), the best cuts being the declamatory ones. "Fourth Day Of July", which presents a horrifying vision of napalmed Vietnamese children storming the White House, is made especially haunting by Rapp's echoed, fuzz-toned vocal. "For The Dead In Space" has unusually striking lyrics revolving round the message: "My life's on fire." Rapp's vision is so serious and so "down" that some may find it repellent, but nevertheless it deserves attention.

Clear Spot/Captain Beefheart And His Magic Band (Reprise MS 2115). The best cuts on this rollicking album are down-home New Orleans boogie: raunchy, libidinous Big Bopper Funk. In previous outings, Beefheart has proven himself master of an Ornette Coleman-influenced jazz style that is most evident here in a scintillating sci-fi gross-out, "Big Eyed Beans From Venus". "Golden Birdies" is pure Dada and contains the immortal observation: "And that pantalooned duck/white goose neck/quacked, 'Webcor, Webcor.'" But what makes *Clear Spot* Beefheart's strongest album to date, one that could at last win him more than a cult following, is his joyous high-octane blues, exemplified in the title cut and in "Low Yo Yo Stuff". It's the real stuff, all right; it throbs and grins and has dirty feet.

Beefheart *enjoys a nice cuppa tea*



® "COLUMBIA," ℗ MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



What to do when you're
at the bar and find out she only drinks V.S.O.P.
and has brought along a snifter as big as a grapefruit.
Tell her about all the great new music
you've got at home, like:

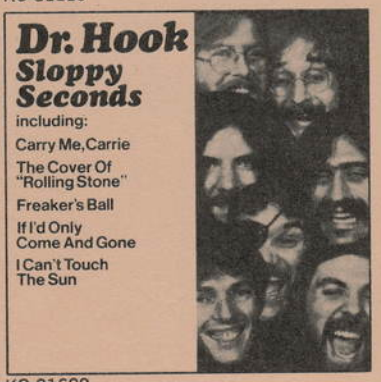
KC 31748

KC 31996

Shel Silverstein
FREAKIN' AT THE
FREAKERS BALL
including:
Stacy Brown Got Two
Don't Give A Dose To The One You Love Most
Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take
The Garbage Out
Masochistic Baby/Liberated Lady 1999

KC 31119

KC 31410



KC 31622

Loggins and Messina: The current hit, "Your Mama Don't Dance" is only the beginning. A whole album of powerful rock 'n roll.

Mahavishnu: The new album's got all the frontier-breaking strength of the first. She'll hear some more frontiers broken, too.

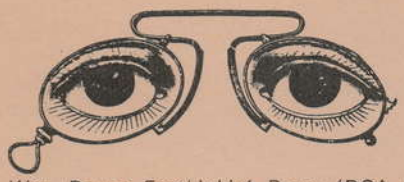
Shel Silverstein: 180 proof. Run the titles down to her. Then she'll just have to hear how much musical guts and humor Shel puts behind the words.

Laura Nyro: The best vintage of recent years. Laura's own original versions of her tremendously popular songs.

Dr. Hook: A real cocktail. After she's been totalled by the hit, "The Cover of 'Rolling Stone,'" she'll start doing the funky polka.

On Columbia Records ℗
and Tapes

Tune in the Grammy Awards Show Saturday, March 3, 10 PM on CBS.



Way Down East/Jukin' Bone (RCA LSP-4768). Jukin' Bone is a six-man band from upstate New York that lays down simple, super-high-voltage hard rock 'n' roll. Chief power sources are lead vocalist Joe Whiting, who shouts with the meanest of them, and lead guitarist Mark Doyle. Given the right breaks, Jukin' Bone could emerge as the American counterpart to England's beloved Slade.

Talking Book/Stevie Wonder (Tamla T319L). Wonder's last record, *Music Of My Mind*, was the finest soul album of '72 and the apotheosis of the most prodigious talent to come out of Motown. Arriving less than a year after *Music, Talking Book* is quite different: its musical texture is denser, more than ever organized around the synthesizer. Wonder's songs are introspective, many of them examining love from different perspectives. Though the music of *Talking Book* is neither as melodic nor as energetic as one might have hoped, the album has two standout rockers: "Superstition" and "Maybe Your Baby". "Big Brother" is a bitter page of black consciousness—one that might well be the preface for Wonder's next "talking book".

Boomer's Story/Ry Cooder (Warner Brothers MS 2117). Ace session-man turned soloist, Ry Cooder sings and plays tough-tender variations on rural music, much of it Depression-oriented. The songs range from adaptations of traditional material (the title cut), to contemporary Americana (Sleepy John Estes' "Ax Sweet Mama" and "President Kennedy"). Though Cooder is self-consciously exploring roots in a way somewhat similar to The Band, his excavations are fruitful and evocative. Cooder's weary-hobo voice is marvelously right for the material he unearths, and the excellence of his guitar work, as well as the contributions of some very distinguished sidemen, cannot be disputed.

One Man Dog/James Taylor (Warner Brothers BS 2660). Aided by a battery of illustrious friends and relations, and given impeccable support by The Section—an excellent studio group that just released its own first album—*One Man Dog* should have been a blockbuster. The reason it isn't is lack of substantial material: nothing here is as memorable as the best songs on Taylor's previous two albums. The overall spirit of *Dog,* however, is at least pleasant, and Taylor's relaxed singing is as ingratiating as ever.

It's Not Love (But It's Not Bad)/Merle Haggard and The Strangers (Capitol ST-11127). Because Country-and-Western is the only indigenous American music whose character has not drastically altered in the past two decades, too often we ignore its finest products in favor of urban trendiness. Hopefully, Merle Haggard will help end this inverse parochialism. A C&W superstar who has rapidly attained lengendary status Haggard is still best-known outside the C&W world for an uncharacteristic political song, "Okie From Muskogee", which made a hit in '69. This is a shame, since most of Haggard's songs eschew "issues" to express rock-bottom sentiments with unusual grace and clarity. A gifted stylist, with a fine deep voice, he is capable of projecting a wide range of emotions with extraordinary conviction. For those who are unfamiliar with his work, *It's Not Love* is as good an introduction as any.

Who Came First/Pete Townshend (Decca DL 79189). Produced, engineered, and mixed by Townshend, who also plays all the instruments and does all the vocals, *Who Came First* is a towering tribute to the late guru, Meher Baba. From start to finish, it is deeply engrossing. As a demonstration of one man's musical and engineering virtuosity it is unexcelled, but even more impressive is Townshend's success in communicating the passionate serenity of his spiritual faith. Especially magnificent cuts are "Parvardigar" (Townshend's adaptation of Meher Baba's Universal Prayer); "Pure And Easy", the album's lovely opener; and "Nothing Is Everything (Let's See Action)", an uplifitng rocker that is as great as the greatest Who.

Glorified Magnified/Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Polydor PD 5031). The latest incarnation of Manfred Mann—the same who gave us "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" in '64 and who made Dylan's "Mighty Quinn" a hit in '68—is Manfred Mann's Earth Band, an ultra-sophisticated four-man ensemble which has Mick Rogers and Manfred as vocalists, Colin Pattenden on bass, Chris Slade on drums, and Manfred as essential keyboard magician. Truly a virtuoso grouping, the Earth Band can do just about everything and do it well. Their first album, a masterpiece of inventive rock eclecticism, was one of the most impressive releases of '72. Though *Glorified Magnified* is more "difficult", it is no less dynamic. The emphasis here is more toward jazz, featuring Mann's fantastic mastery of the synthesizer, but there are also some good electric blues cuts, and a version of Dylan's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue" that stands up with the best of them.

Rural Space/Brewer & Shipley (Kama Sutra 0598). The folks who gave us the engaging "One Toke Over The Line" and a nifty little album called *Tarkio Road* have here another package of lightweight good-timey music. As songwriters, Brewer & Shipley produce catchy lyrics but weak tunes. The best B & S original here is "Fly Fly Fly (This Seat Is Occupado)", an amusing catalogue of the mundane hazards of air travel (such as having an ugly stewardess). The very best cut, however, is Jesse Winchester's classic "Yankee Lady", a beautiful song to which they do ample justice.—*Stephen Holden.*

New face: *Ry Cooder*

New format: *Manfred Mann's Earth Band*

Yes, it's expensive...

AKAI's remarkable new GX-370D Stereo Tape Deck is in a class by itself.

Naturally, it costs more. Like in the neighborhood of $700.00. Which is a high-class neighborhood.

But then, this is a high-class tape recorder. With everything you want. Or need. And more.

We engineered the GX-370D with 3 GX (Glass and Crystal Ferrite) Heads. For distortion-proof recording. And wear-free performance.

Then we added some *really* professional features.

Like Compute-O-Matic for automatic recording level control . . . Automatic and Manual Reverse Recording and Playback . . . Automatic Stop and Shut-Off . . . Direct Function Change Control System . . . 3 Motors—including a direct capstan drive Servo-Control Motor . . . and a Tape Selector Switch. To name a few.

What's more, you get an unlimited variety of recording techniques. Because the GX-370D is complete with Sound-On-Sound, Sound-With-Sound, and Mic/Line Mixing.

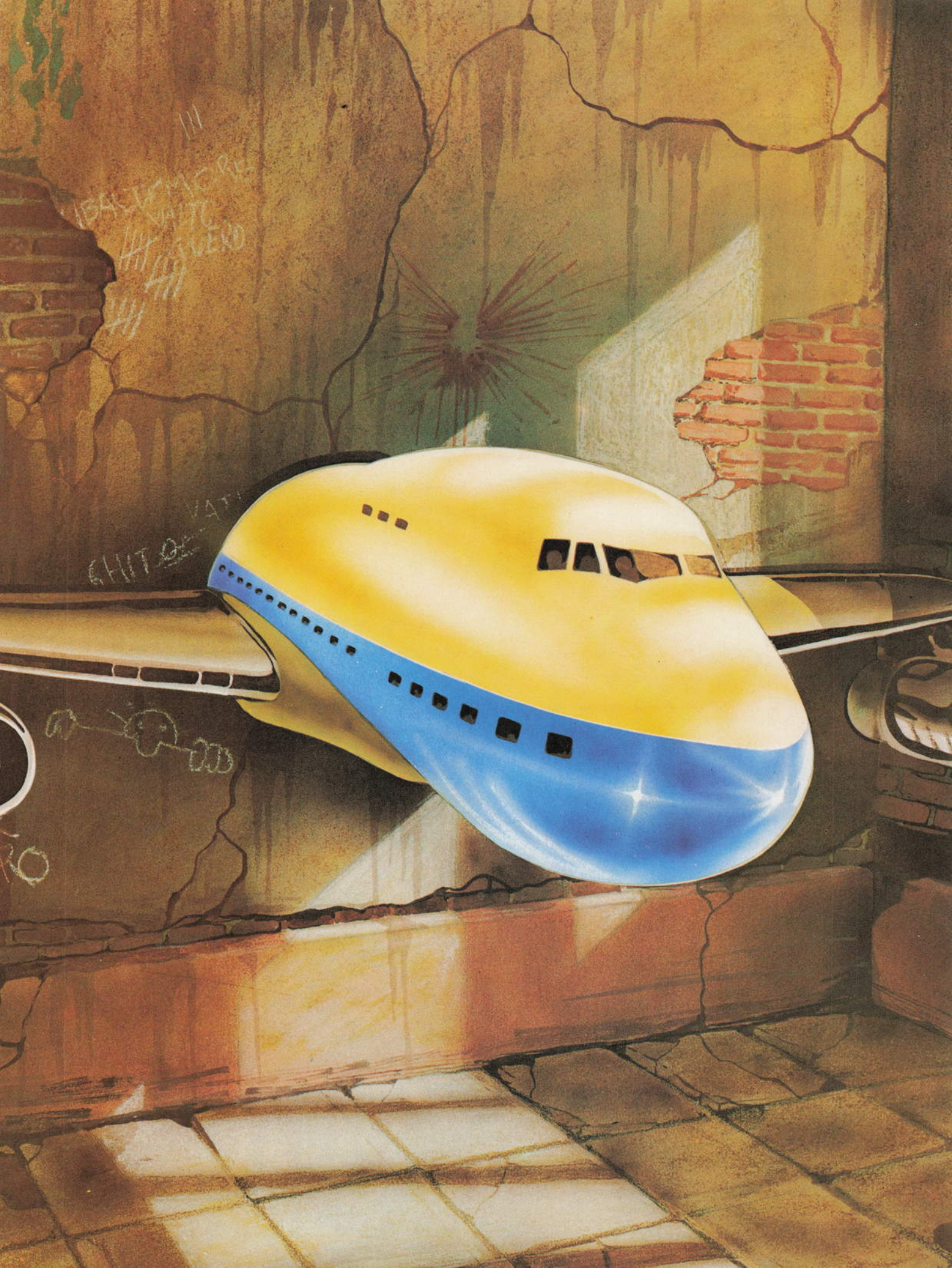
Which all adds up to the fact that the GX-370D isn't for the average guy.

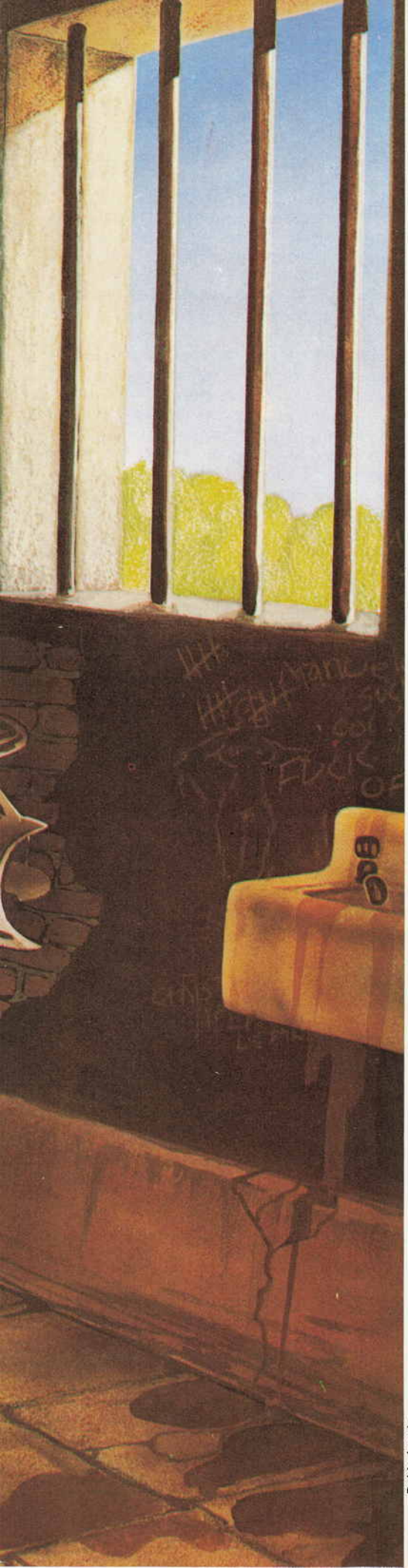
But who wants to be average?

AKAI ™

1917

AKAI America, Ltd./P.O. Box 55055, Los Angeles, California 90055





Robin Laurie

PENTHOUSE EXCLUSIVE: FIRST INTERVIEWS WITH EXILED AIR PIRATES

"Miss, excuse me but this plane is going to Cairo!" Richard Duwayne Witt had begun the most daring act of his 19 years. He remembered, months later, the stewardess's response. "She told me to sit down."

But Witt gave the stewardess a better look at his baby hammerless .22 revolver. That worked. The pilot came back to explain that the plane could not make it to Cairo. They compromised. On September 18 1970, instead of terminating in Philadelphia, Allegheny Airlines' regular 727 night run from Pittsburgh landed in Havana.

"I had a bomb—really it was a lot of matches and some gasoline," recalled Farland Jesus Grant. "I thought it would blow a hole in the window. But I wouldn't want to hurt innocent people. I said to the stewardess, 'I want to go to Algeria.' And I talked over the mike to the pilot and all. The pilot came out and said we couldn't get across the Atlantic." On January 22 1971, instead of stopping in Detroit, the Northwest Airlines 727 jet from Milwaukee landed in Havana.

"I told the pilot: 'Now we change course to Havana, Cuba; I am a Russian spy and don't make any mistake,' " said Hungarian-American Gabor Louis Babler. "And he told me—I pointed a gun on him—'Okay, okay, you have no problem, we go to Havana.' Two interceptors from Key West were coming and I told the pilot to tell the two interceptors if I see them one more minute, I will shoot him and myself. They told on the radio the pilots what was my message and within seconds the two interceptors from Key West, Florida, left." On November 20 1967, instead of touching down in Bermuda, the chartered Piper Apache from Miami landed in Havana.

American hijackers, in a rueful report from Cuba, tell of the desperate act that changed their lives and how, instead of a hero's welcome, they found

UNHAPPY LANDINGS

by Martin Schram & John Wallach

It is midafternoon and drizzling slightly as two hijackers and a journalist huddle in a doorway along the Malecon. Before the Revolution this was Havana's grandest thoroughfare, bordered on one side by brightly colored buildings and on the other by the clear, ultra-blue bay. Now the buildings are frayed and peeling; the only thing that does not need repainting is the water itself.

The Malecon is surprisingly empty. A workman walks past and the two hijackers fall silent; a student passes and the pair slouch against the dirty alcove wall, staring at their shoe tops. A policeman approaches—he glances curiously into the alcove, but keeps on walking.

"Oh mother!" Richard Duwayne Witt says softly. "I want to be anywhere in the U.S.—even in jail—as long as I get out of here."

Farland Jesus Grant agrees. "I'm ready to face the music in the United States. Whatever the court decides. I'd rather be in a federal prison than in this place."

They are an unmatched pair. Witt is small and wiry; Grant is tall, at least six feet. Witt speaks rapidly, eager to get his story across; Grant speaks slowly, when he speaks at all.

They are black Americans, aged 19 and 20. They wear faded denim and t-shirts. Their hair is cut in moderate Afros. Grant wears a heavy link chain around his neck and a crown-like medallion dangles from its lowest link. A rolled-up magazine protrudes from the pocket of his blue jeans. It is a Cuban film publication, *Cine Cubano*. Although he cannot read the Spanish magazine, Grant brought it along because something in it made him mad: a photograph of Tarzan.

"Tarzan!" Grant says in disgust. "That's what they think of black people—people running around with bones in their heads." Witt approves of his friend's outburst and sticks his right hand out, palm up. Grant breaks into a grin, slaps his palm on top of Witt's, and says: "Right On!"

Witt and Grant consider themselves

revolutionaries. Black American revolutionaries. They had fled the United States because they felt life there was stacked against them.

No sooner had Witt's plane rolled to a stop than the young hijacker began to realize that his new home would be no paradise. "When the plane arrived (at Havana's Jose Marti public airport) there were these dudes with AK-47's," said Witt. "One dude came on the plane with a gun. So he takes you down the stairs. . . . Then they take you into a room. They make you strip. They check your rectum."

As Witt was telling his story, Grant stood by silently, smiling and nodding. He too had encountered Cuba's traditional welcome for hijackers. First come the soldiers with guns. Next come the government photographs. Then comes the humiliating search designed to discover whether a stark naked hijacker could still be smuggling something into Fidel Castro's Cuba.

The story of American hijackers in Cuba is the story of Witt and Grant, who told of bleak life under armed guard in the light-blue halfway house of hijackers in Havana's suburban Siboney.

It is also the story of Gabor Louis Babler, who told of midnight terror rides, numbing injections, beatings by guards and discipline by gunfire during the five years he spent in Havana prisons.

It is the story of Hank Baron and Jeff Shorr, hijackers who committed suicide in Cuba. And of John Peabody and others who have attempted to do the same.

The hijackers told the stories of their lives in Cuba in secret meetings in doorways along Havana's potholed streets, in a deserted park after midnight, and at a crowded bus stop outside the old Havana Hilton hotel.

Cuban officials had warned against any attempt to contact the hijackers. But acting through intermediaries, the meetings were arranged. One of them was a midnight session with Babler. At 8 p.m. a reporter left the faded lobby of the Havana Libre hotel, eager to leave himself plenty of time to make the connection. The Prado was filled with shoppers and as he looked over his shoulder, anyone of them could have been following him. Aware of this, he ducked in and out of several alleys finally hiding for 45 minutes inside an abandoned garage.

When he heard nearby church bells strike 12, the reporter walked briskly to the park and waited quietly on a bench. A few minutes later, his contact arrived accompanied by the hijackers. The meeting between an American journalist and American hijackers in Cuba was underway. It was remarkably relaxed and free of tension considering the risks that all of them were taking.

Babler began by describing his arrival. He too had expected a hero's welcome.

"I was thinking, oh, they'll put the gun back in my pocket, pat my shoulder, and say, 'Come on, we're friends. Let's go see Havana,'" Babler recalled. "When we landed there was—I mean, before we landed I see on an airport (Havana's Suda Libertad military field) 50 or 60 guns pointed at our airplane. Four or five or maybe more jeeps and cars with uniformed soldiers with rifles surrounded the airplane. Immediately they took us separately in two different cars jammed with soldiers—without one word without any welcome, without any handshake. . . . They take me to prison, shut me in a cell, and for three days I don't see nobody."

It is possible for a reporter to find out more about hijackers during one month-long visit to Cuba than all of the agencies of the United States government have been able to learn in years of investigation. Federal Aviation Administration records show that 85 American planes have been hijacked to Cuba since 1961. Beyond that, the files of the FAA and FBI are woefully inadequate. These agencies know the real names of only a fraction of the successful hijackers; if a man hijacked a plane to Cuba under an assumed name and left no fingerprints on the craft when he disembarked, chances are the federal investigators do not know who he is.

Moreover, U.S. officials have been unable to keep track of the whereabouts of American hijackers after their arrival in Cuba. In early years, some hijackers found ways of moving on to other countries, where they live today.

But Cuban authorities interviewed in Havana said that there are at least 60 American hijackers in Cuba today. The hijackers range in age from 17 (a student from Chicago) to 68 (a Mexican-American from the Bronx).

Cuban officials would not discuss how many American hijackers are now in prison; but the hijackers themselves put the figure at no fewer than 20. A Cuban Foreign Ministry official did confirm that "seven or eight" American hijackers are in Cuban mental hospitals.

Still another 20 live in the light blue, two-story dwelling in Siboney that is called "La Casa de los Transitos" ("The Hijackers' House").

Finally, there are a handful of American hijackers whom the Cubans have judged to be deeply motivated, pro-Castro revolutionaries who arrived in Havana without a criminal past. One of them is living in Havana's most modern hotel, the Havana Libre (formerly the Hilton), and teaching psychology at the University of Havana. Another, a former instructor at the University of California at Berkeley, is the guest of the Cuban government at Havana's once-exclusive Hotel Nacional.

The decision on which of these lives a hijacker will lead is, of course, the Cuban government's. When a hijacker lands, Cuban officials are on the lookout for three things: a CIA plant; criminal record; mental instability. Generally, those in trouble with the law in the U.S. wind up behind bars in Cuba.

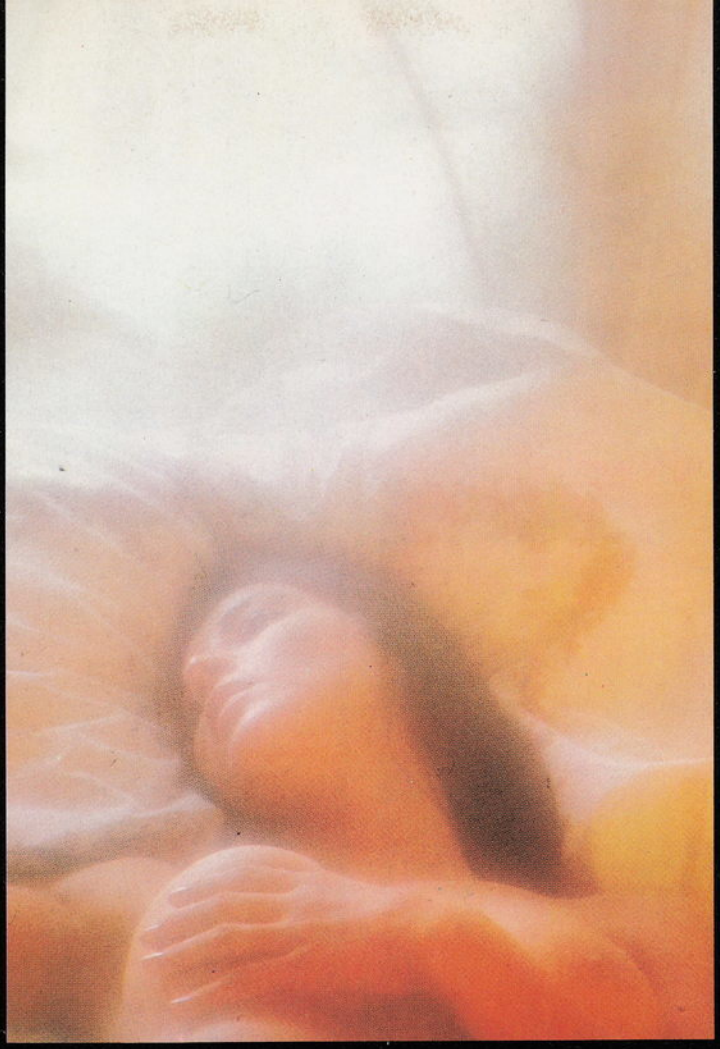
Witt and Grant are among the more fortunate members of Havana's hijacker community. They never had to undergo the long prison ordeal.

Grant, though the quieter of the two, was also the black power activist. He said he was a member of the Black Panthers and the United Black Revo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.



JOANNA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

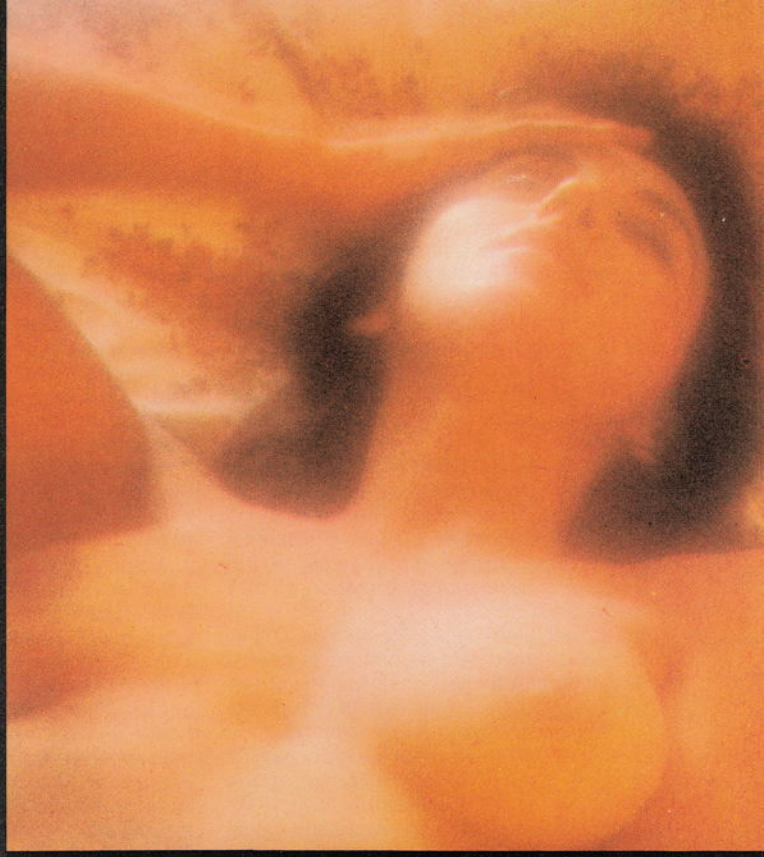
Less than a decade ago, if you slept with another man's wife, you knew you were running a risk. At the very best, you would have to explain your presence in another man's bed —at worst, you would sustain a hard punch on the nose and be cited as co-respondent. But now, with the introduction of that extraordinarily hyper-liberal concept the "open marriage", a man can seduce the voluptuous wife of his closest friend and receive not only thanks but a dry martini as well. Whichever way a man looks at it, that has to be progress. For Joanna Danielli, a 26-year-old would-be actress from California, open marriage is the only realistic answer. Since her husband led her 36-24-36 configuration to the altar last year, they have developed a sexual and emotional understanding that today extends as far as communal sex, and tomorrow—the world? However it develops,

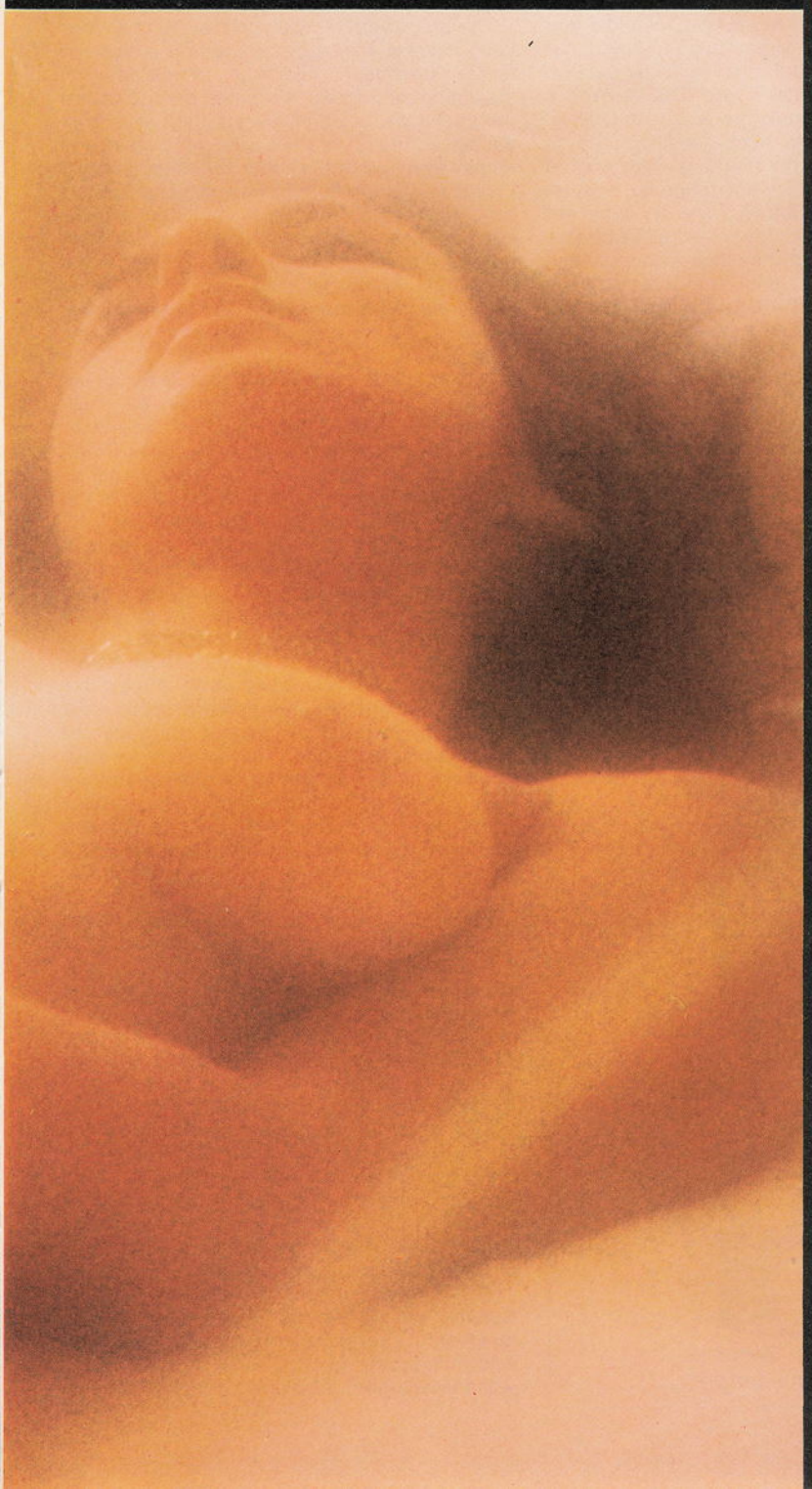
Mrs Danielli is more than happy about it. "We have a groovy life style," she avers. "I think it's because we are very sensitive people and are interested in each other as human beings and treat one another as individuals, as male and female and also as lovers who not only fulfil physical needs but can relate on other levels." Got that? She continues: "I guess I might sound prejudiced when I say Italian men are great lovers, but most of the men I've been with (before I was married) were Italian and great lovers." She does not say whether her extramarital activities are exclusively Italian-orientated, but she does nail her colors to the mast, free marriage-wise. "I think that sex out of marriage is something two people have to decide on and agree completely. I think that it is naive to think one person in life can be everything you want. There have to be other people who will encompass your

life at one time or another. I think you have to talk this over and if both people agree on having sexual relations either with the same sex or with the opposite sex outside of your marriage it can be good—as long as partners agree, and don't go out on the sly. I think you have to have a good relationship before you can have group sex or communal sex. I don't think this can save a marriage. It's like trying to save a marriage by having a baby. It doesn't work. I think people have to have more than just one special person in their life." Joanna agrees that her open marriage is a product of changing times. "Probably fiveyearsagoIwouldn't have posed in the nude. It has taken me a long time to shake the

Catholic upbringing I've had. I think it has been wasted because I feel it stifles people. Religion often makes sex seem dirty. It makes the human body seem like it should only be used for procreation. I think that nudity is art, if it's done well. I've changed my mind completely because I realize intellectually that the body is a beautiful thing." Mrs Danielli, raised to her present state of pulchritude from a small Italian family in an Eastern American city, speaks about her change in attitude with the authority of a psychology graduate. "I was brought up to think you were being used if you were having sex with anyone but the man you married," she says. "Now I think that sex can be a form of entertainment—a giving of yourself." Her giving, judging from this pictorial essay, seems undoubtedly to be worth receiving. As she points out further: "I feel a lot of marriages are broken by

inadequate sex. Experience is what my husband and I live by. My philosophy of life is to experience everything you can that is good without hurting anyone. My husband and I admit that we can be attracted by other people. We have an open marriage, I admit it, a kind of marriage of the '70s." Apart from the gathering of experience, Mrs Danielli's preoccupations are notably few. She likes sports (on a none-too-serious basis), reading, and she likes to be alone. "I love to sit in the bathtub and have nobody bother me for hours on end. I think about where am I, where am I going, kind of review my life and try not to get lost and run in different directions." It is this philosophical bent that probably will prevent Joanna from reaching the upper strata of acting stardom. "I do not have the drive or ego to really say I want to be a star," she confesses. "I would like to become a good actress, but as far as becoming a star—I'm not interested in it." In some ways, this lack of traditional showbusiness ambition is a disappointment. There must be those around who would have liked to take advantage of her easygoing marital views, and would like to swing on a star.





UNHAPPY LANDINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

lutionary Party in his hometown, Milwaukee, where he also earned a printer's certificate in a vocational school. He had gone to Chicago to work for black power, joining for a time the Prince of Peace Volunteers. He said the group helped clean up black neighborhoods. He had also spent some time with black activist brothers in Detroit and Minneapolis, working hard but never in the forefront. "I never liked to be a leader," he said.

Grant said he had been arrested about 20 times in the United States—"but only for demonstrations." One such "demonstration" bust, he said, was when "I was arrested for trying to blow up a railroad in Milwaukee. But the cops didn't have enough evidence, so they released me."

Grant's disclosure made Witt chuckle. Unlike his companion, Witt said he had never been a member of a black activist organization; but he had pitched in now and then to help groups like the Panthers in his hometown Pittsburgh.

As a teenager, Witt felt school was not exactly his thing. He quit and joined the Marines. (U.S. records show that Witt enlisted in April 1970, and was discharged "due to unsuitability" just two months later in June.) After his discharge, Witt said he had a new appreciation of the value of a high-school diploma. He returned to Gladstone High School near his home. In his spare time, he worked as an auto mechanic.

The two young men talked easily, willingly, about their lives in the United States and their lives in Cuba. But there was one point when they fell silent—when they were asked why they had decided to hijack airplanes.

Witt stubbed his toe into the concrete; Grant looked around, shrugged, and smiled sheepishly. It was an incredible scene. Here were two men who in single harsh acts had unalterably changed the course of their lives. They had—with careful premeditation—committed air piracy, a decidedly unpopular 20th-century crime. They had endangered dozens of lives. They had branded themselves forever as international criminals. And now, when asked why, they had no answer.

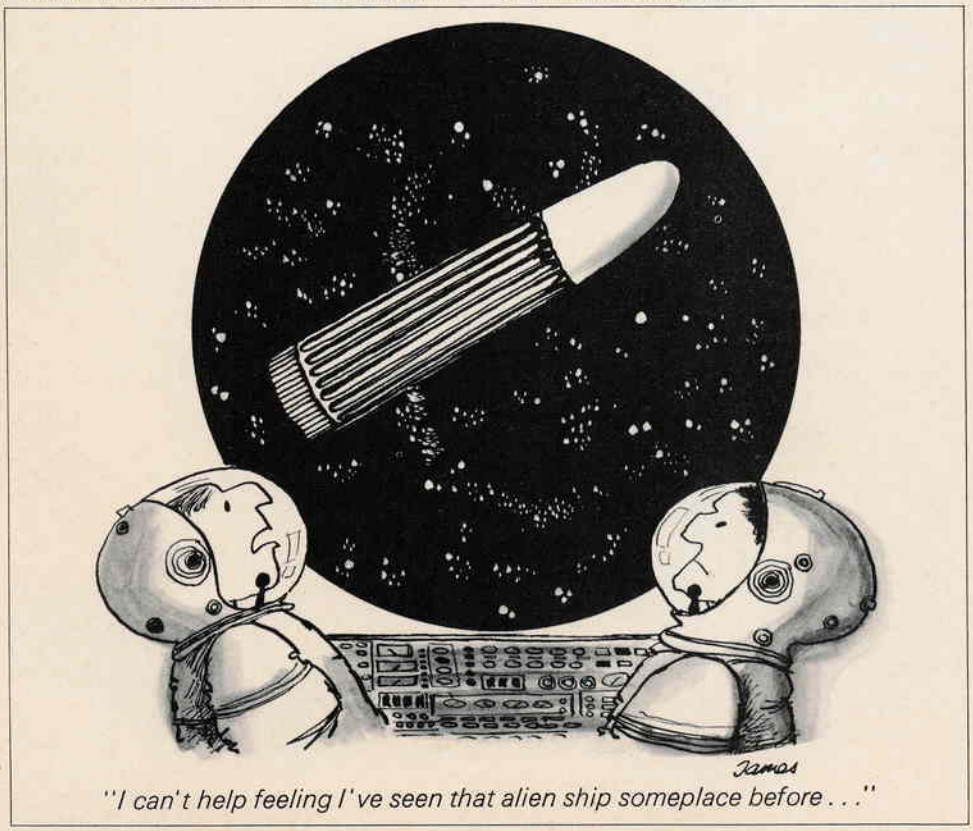
Characteristically, it was Witt who tried to answer the question first. He spoke in vague generalities about being fed up with life in America. He spoke of a desire to try life in black Africa instead.

"I guess it was that tension built up," Witt said. "Tension and adventure."

Grant thought for a minute after Witt had lapsed back into silence. "Tension—and I guess pressure," Grant said at last. "I just snapped. I'm an idiot. I admit it."

The question should not have caught the two young men off guard. They had been asked it before—in fact, just moments after their arrival at Jose Marti airport. Recalled Witt: "The first question they asked me was 'Why did you come here?' I said I wanted to go to Egypt, not Cuba. Then they said things like 'Why did you leave the United States?' and 'Did you rob a bank?' Then they took me to the hijackers' house in Siboney—to sleep—and then I was questioned again in the morning. They started asking me why did I want to go to another country instead of Cuba? They say why not marry here and settle down?—that Cuba is a good country. I brought clothes with me when I came. They took them all. And they took my American dollars and American cigarettes and American chewing gum. They said, 'Don't worry about the money, we'll give you some pesos.' Later they said, 'We can't find your clothes, so we'll give you Cuban clothes.'"

Once the home of a wealthy industrialist, the Casa de los Transitos looks much like any house on the block. It is set well back from the sidewalk; its grass is overgrown; its blue paint peeling. Two Army guards in standard olive fatigues—one with a rifle over his shoulder—have retreated out of the hot sun into the shade of the large front porch.



"I can't help feeling I've seen that alien ship someplace before . . ."

But life in the house at Siboney lacks the comforts of suburbia. Cubans now live on a limited variety of food, due to strict rationing; and the hijackers at Siboney do not care for the shortages in their adopted country. Breakfast, they say, is milk and bread. Lunch is fish, rice, and sometimes soup. Dinner is about the same, only with bread and maybe a piece of cake.

There are some at the Hijackers' House who eat well. Recalled one hijacker: "When I looked in the kitchen, the police—the big revolutionaries—were eating steak and some very tasty pudding, they call it flan with chocolate on the top. And I mean they had a whole hide of meat—beef meat—in the refrigerator. Coincidentally, I asked one of the other hijackers, 'Did you eat pudding today?' He said, 'I haven't seen pudding for two months. Nor milk, and no meat.' Meat and milk arrive every day, more than five gallons of milk—cow milk—comes here every day."

The black youths also complained that their Latin hijacker colleagues in the house received favored treatment. "Like when we sit down in the dining room to eat, we can sit down first and the Latins last—but it's always the Latins who get served first. And the Latins get clothes and money from the Cubans that we often can't."

Witt and Grant complained that the Cubans have fought their efforts to maintain a black identity. "Like, man, we'd put up African posters—maybe of Guinea and the Congo—and the Latins would get mad," said Witt. "They would say we should put up Latin posters instead. Like pictures of Che. And we'd say, 'Why? We're not Latins.'"

Cuban efforts to help Witt and Grant adjust to life in Cuba also failed to impress the black hijackers. "They said they are going to put us in a Spanish school to learn Spanish," said Grant. "So I said I'd rather learn to talk Swahili or Arabic. And they got pissed off. But even in the U.S. now they're teaching African history."

While residents of the Hijackers' House are at times permitted to travel about the city on their own during the daytime, Witt and Grant often found this freedom hazardous. Things would happen to them. Like getting arrested.

"I was arrested about 12 or 13 times here," said Grant. "For nonsense stuff—things like wearing an Afro. Another time my shoes were hurting my feet and so I took a razor and cut them [the shoes]. And I was arrested for that. I've been held overnight in jail often. And then they find out who you are and let you go back to the house. One time I had an Afro haircut and was wearing a dashiki and they thought I was a Cuban trying to go back to Africa, and so they arrested me."

Witt said he'd been picked up by Cuban police 15 or 20 times. "Every week we get arrested for one thing or another," he said.

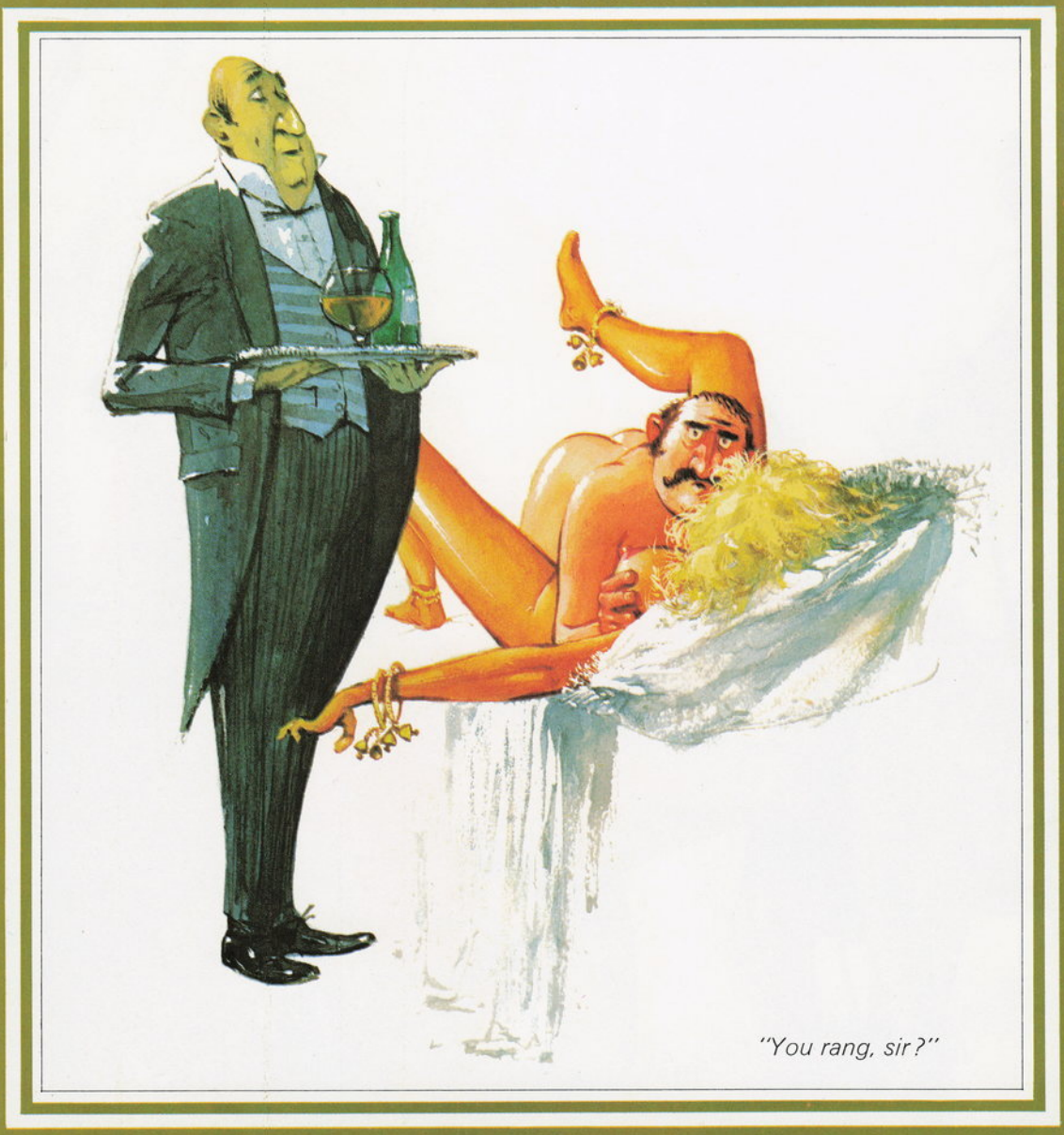
Cuban officials have periodically cracked down throughout the island on youthful tendencies to adopt the long hair and mod dress patterns of their Western neighbors. But to Witt and Grant the harassment arrests for wearing Afros and dashikis meant racism.

Said Witt: "After what I saw in Cuba, the States looks like a dream world. Prejudice? In the U.S. it's there but everyone knows it. Cuba has it too, but they don't admit it. They call us monkeys because we have Afros. They told me either cut the Afro or go to jail. They want me to dress like the masses of people."

Witt and Grant also complained that the Cubans would not let them work at any meaningful jobs for which they are trained. Witt said his request to work as an auto mechanic was turned down. And Grant added: "I have a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

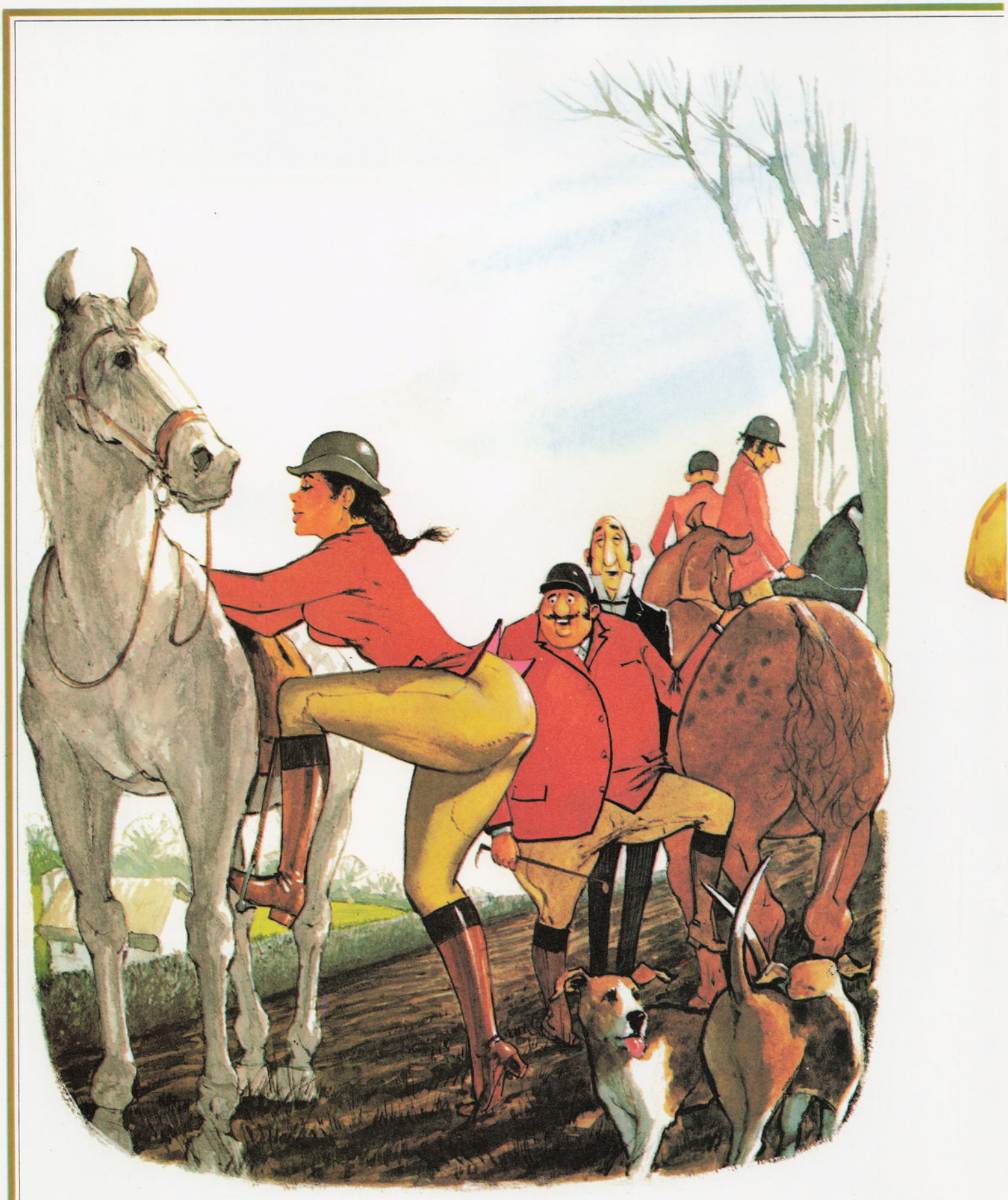
CARTOONS BY **BRIAN FORBES**



"You rang, sir?"

VALET OF THE DOLLS

Even in such
a personal matter as
sex, they also serve who
only stand and wait



"This filly stands at least two hands higher than most, m'lord."

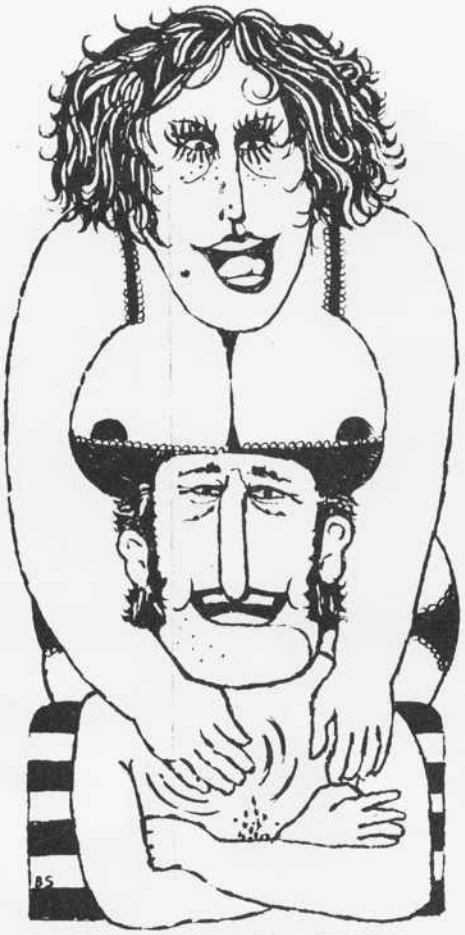
". . . and for the last two years, in a very demanding position under the late Lord Longstream . . ."
"The French horn, m'lord?"

"How dare you, Jones! You know it's against the rules to have women in the club!"

"It's a '44, m'lord . . . firm and rounded with a matchless colour and texture, velvet smooth, and renowned for the promise of its hidden depths."

"If I may make so bold, m'lord, perhaps a foot or two to your right?"

HENRY MORGAN



STEP INTO MY PARLOR

Toronto, that little old peaceful quiet outpost of the Empire, now has more massage parlors than any city on the North American continent. Well, there are no figures for Mexico City . . . but they must have them too. It figures. New York has a few but, when populations are compared, Toronto is showing her heels (and a lot of other stuff) to the world.

Nobody seems to know how long this has been going on, either. Years ago when someone said "Swedish massage" a few of the more daring young men would roll their eyes and slap their thighs. Or the other way round. The most showy of the guys would sit back, light up a Cubeb, and allow as how there weren't no flies on him, or whatever it was young men said back whenever the hell it was.

The Toronto police department, one of the best in the world, doesn't know quite what's expected of it. The citizenry has been very quiet. But it's the kind of quiet that used to make characters in British novels say things like: "They're quiet out there. Too quiet. I'm worried."

Not to worry. A massage parlor these days is a store, a room, any kind of usable indoor space. It is "staffed", if that's the word, by amiable young ladies who are there to give massages. Since this kind of work can be quite taxing, the ladies are naked to the waist. Or, sometimes, to the floor. They have what are advertised as "exotic oils" which they are supposedly about to rub on the male customer while he watches some other ladies do what are described as "exotic" dances.

The customers for these establishments are usually under 85 years of age and many of them are probably kept awake by the goings-on. More than somewhat.

It is to be supposed that when an exotic broad rubs an exotic oil on a male torso while another exotic number performs an exotic dance, the owner of the torso would possibly have a problem in trying to remember the wife and kids.

Well, the Toronto police have laid, among other things, some charges. These have been laid against the owners of the parlors, a strange breed of folk who may most accurately be described as greaseballs. Not one of those arrested so far (for running a bawdy house, dear) has owned so much as a mail-order diploma in Naturopathy. In other words, these places are run, not for the health of the customer, but for that of the owners.

One man *was* called "professor", but it turned out that it was a courtesy title dating from the time when he turned out the best $20 bills in the Commonwealth.

It was when the police examined the garbage that they began reasoning the parlors were not giving enough massages. Too few bottles of exotic oil were thrown away to account for the number of massages booked. Obviously, you can't drain the oil off one guy and use it on another.

Then plain clothesmen were sent in to take their plain clothes off—to get the lay of the land, as it were. They were told to ask for massages and not to kid around. "My back hurts," they were supposed to say, "Just give me a plain old backrub."

Constable Arrum Schoop reported that the moment he dropped his pants a tape recorder started to play "Song of India". Two all-but-naked ladies came out on a little platform and started to rub oil on *each other*. He said they did it very slowly and seemed to be having a good time. The two girls then approached him, he reported, and started to rub him in what he described to the court as "an erotic manner". The court seemed to understand exactly what this meant.

His Lordship's reply was guessed by one observer to have been "I see", but the observer claimed that the judge was drooling pretty badly at the time and his words were indistinct. "Wha'appen then?" His Lordship asked, his face a beet red, his breath coming and going in the well-known short pants.

"Why the tape recorder switched to 'The Sheik of Araby', the girls switched tempos, I lost me luggage, paid the $20, put me pants on and left."

"Six months," the court muttered through a fine froth of saliva.

An employee of the force testified that when he went into another place and asked for a massage, they shoved a camera into his hand and told him he had 10 minutes in which to take pictures of Rubber Rhoda. If he liked her first five poses, she would then do "the real stuff' for another 20 bucks. This officer left the cap on the camera unfortunately, and had to go back to Post One. He testified that he blew two hours and 100 dollars. Rubber Rhoda returned the courtesy.

On a third occasion, Constable McDuff entered "Exotic Edith's" and was actually given a spinal massage. The girl who did this to him was called Sandra The Snake Girl. She massaged his spinal column with *her* spinal column. She then offered to do his other side with her other side. Bang! went another 20 dollars and Bang! went McDuff.

At a place called "Clara's Court" an officer said he was approached by Clara and asked if he wanted to spend a few minutes with Katie The Kangaroo. The claim here was that if the officer would remove his outer garments, Katie, from a standing start 10 feet away, would have him done for in under five minutes. "She did, too," he said.

Constable Kupke said that when he went to "Mary Jane's" he looked around for a massage table but didn't see one. "I thought you gave massages here," he said to one of the young ladies in attendance. "Oh we do, we do," she said. "But it's such a small part of your body, relatively speaking, that we don't use tables. Just sit down."

Another six months.

Perhaps the courts are being a bit hasty. After all, traditionally "parlor" is a room for the entertainment of guests, and surely that's what's happening in all these cases? There's no double talk. After all, you can't entertain *everybody* with parcheesi.

Some bright boy will come along and turn this whole thing into a million dollars. He'll open a massage parlor and give real honest-to-goodness massages. Perhaps even to Marshall McLuhan. The police will never bother him. Even though he calls his chain of parlors "Bawdy Houses". O-

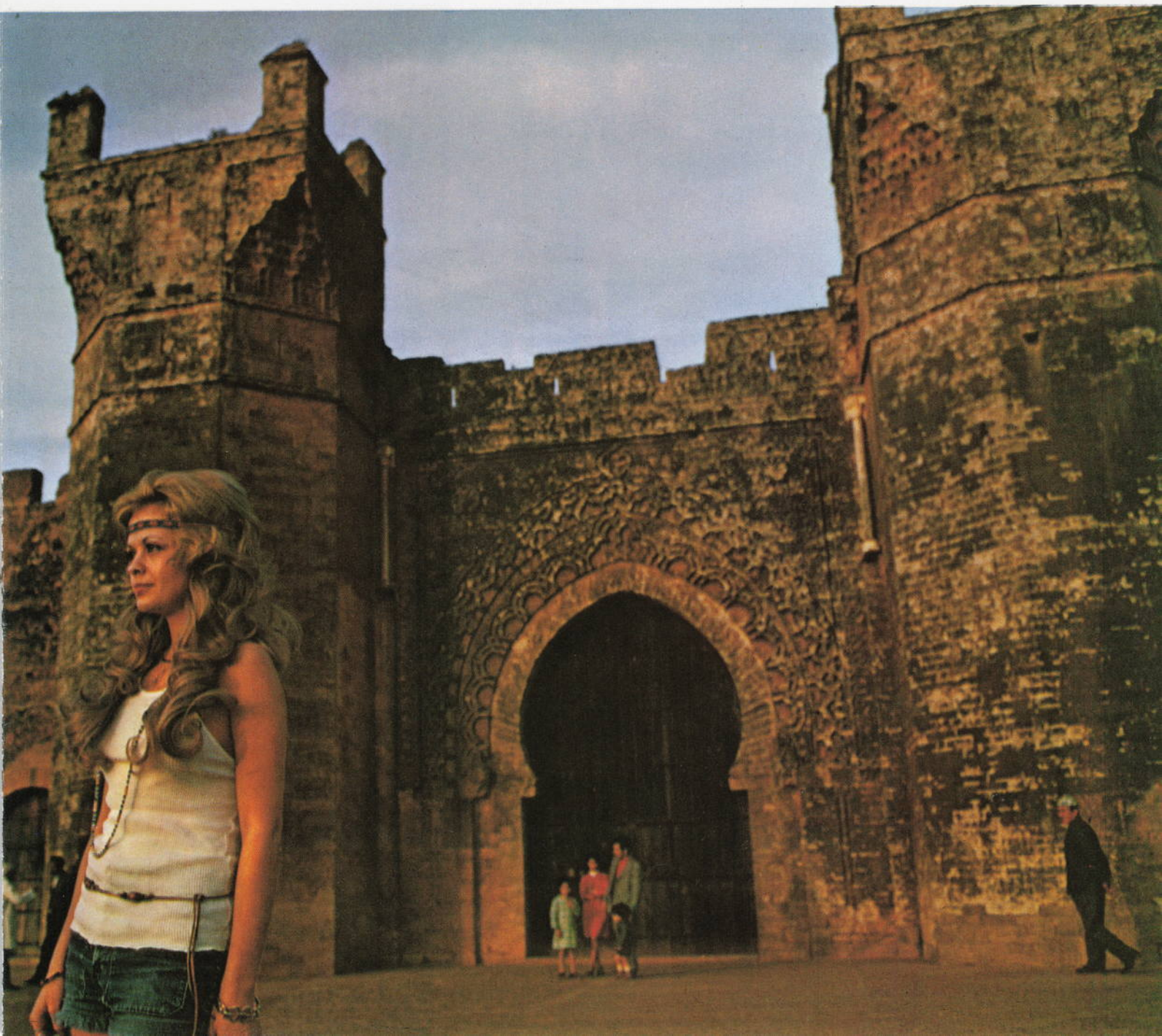
LESLIE

"We're taking too many freedoms too soon. This is sad, because when we grow up, we won't have anything left to experience."

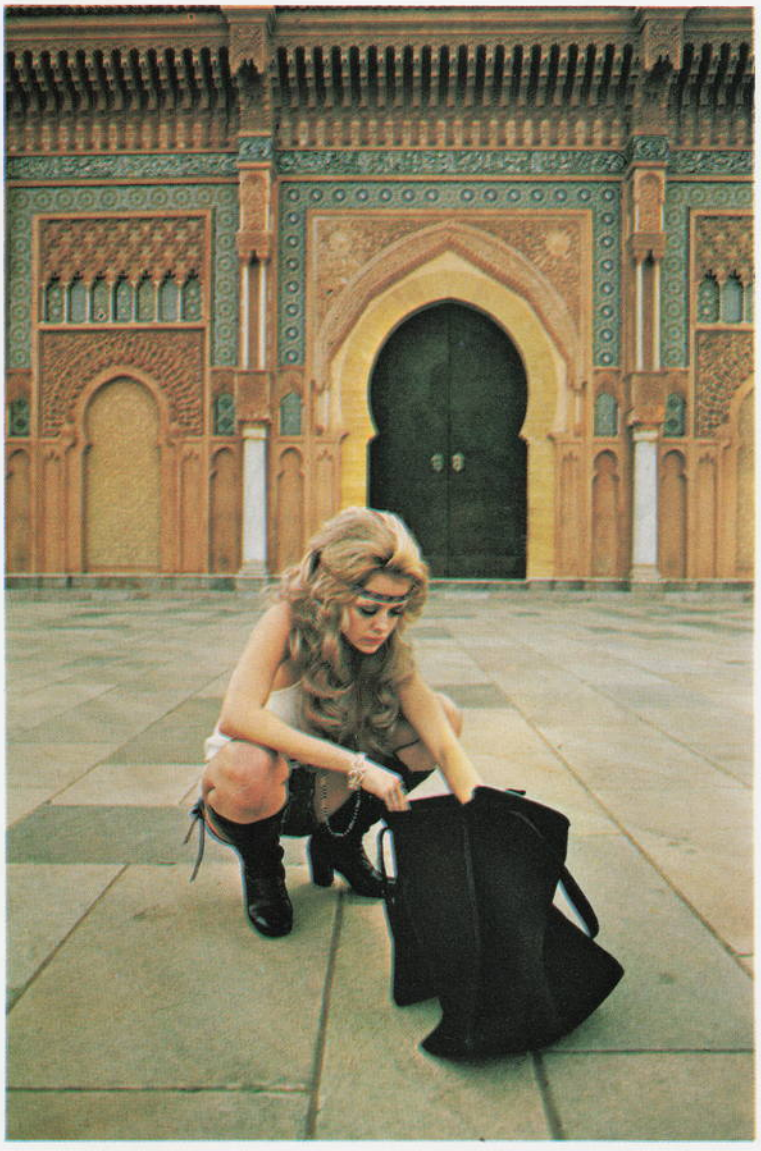
NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

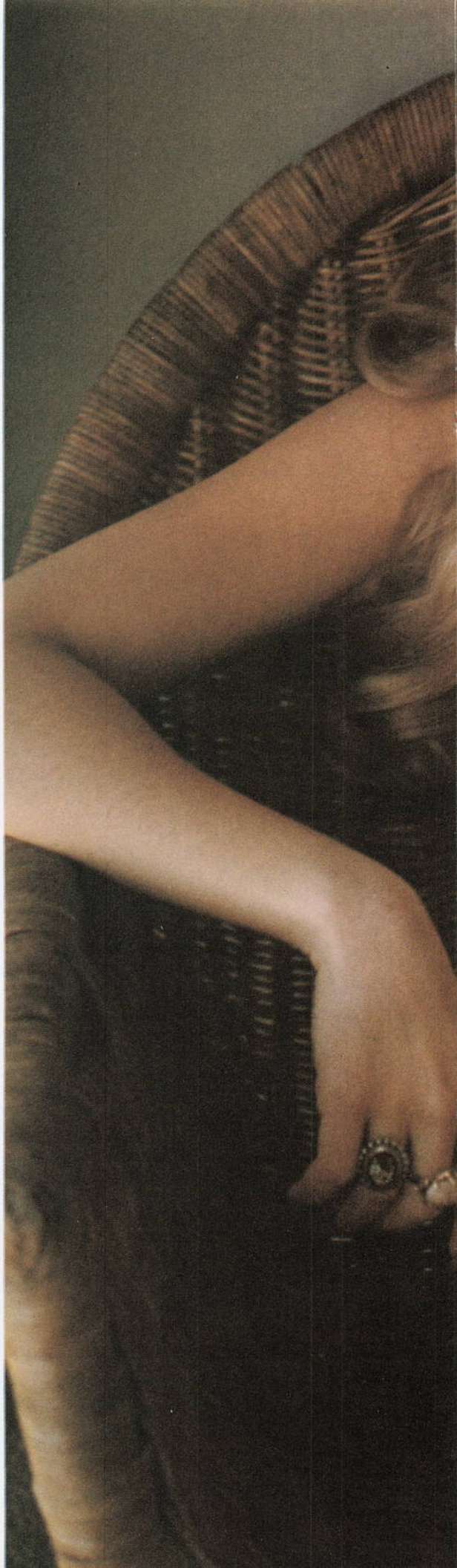
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Neptune's daughter was Venus, the sexual ideal, and sexual idealism rates high with 21-year-old Leslie Leah Burrow, a daughter of Neptune, New Jersey. Compact (5ft 1ins) and eyecatching (35-23-35), she has unwavering opinions about the perfect relationship and the perfect man, two cardinal subjects to which she brings the virtues of reason and reasonable experience. "I know what I want today because I lost my virginity when I was 17," she attests. "It was a zero occasion, and it made me wonder what all the fuss was about, but the guy had a motorcycle, and that made it pretty groovy." Despite the flip sophistication, Miss L.L. Burrow's soft tones are those of sensuality rather than licentiousness, and when she talks about her "considerable love life," her pragmatism is sheathed in complete feminine tenderness. "Ideally, I'd like to make love every day. I'm very romantic, but I'm still capable of having sex for its own sake, providing it's with someone I really dig. I don't have to be in love, not the way I think about being

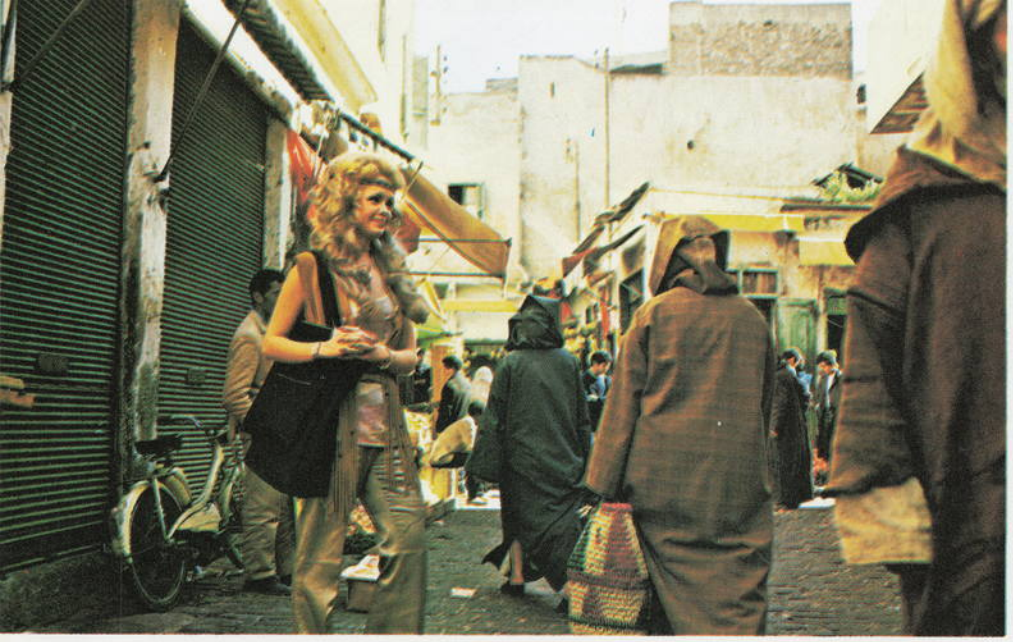


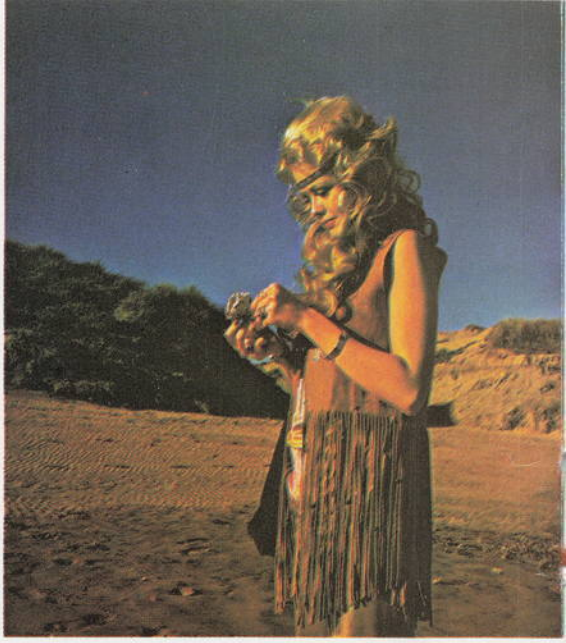
in love. Sex is just a more forceful form of friendship." What manner of friend does she want to express herself to? "Well, what really turns me on is someone who really makes it obvious that they want to make love to me. I'm very particular about men, I suppose. I've never had a sexual experience with a girl, because I don't get along too well with them, whereas I find men are much better company. I like a guy to be average height (because I'm so small) and slim. I hate fat men. I don't like the athletic type either, they bore me, they're so into themselves. I'm afraid I don't like redheaded men, because I always think about them as having freckles and glasses, and being too studious. Very expressive eyes are important, you can tell what a man's like by his eyes. I also look for a sensuous mouth, because I like to neck. Sounds old-fashioned, doesn't it? But I really like kissing." What other characteristics does she seek out in her friends-cum-lovers? "The man must be very sexy—of course—and have a good sense of humor. I don't mind if he has other girls on the side as long as he tells me about them—but I do expect to have the same privilege. I don't think I could be faithful to one man for ever, but to my generation that is really not so vitally important. In a lot of ways that's sad. Young people are taking too many freedoms too soon, because when

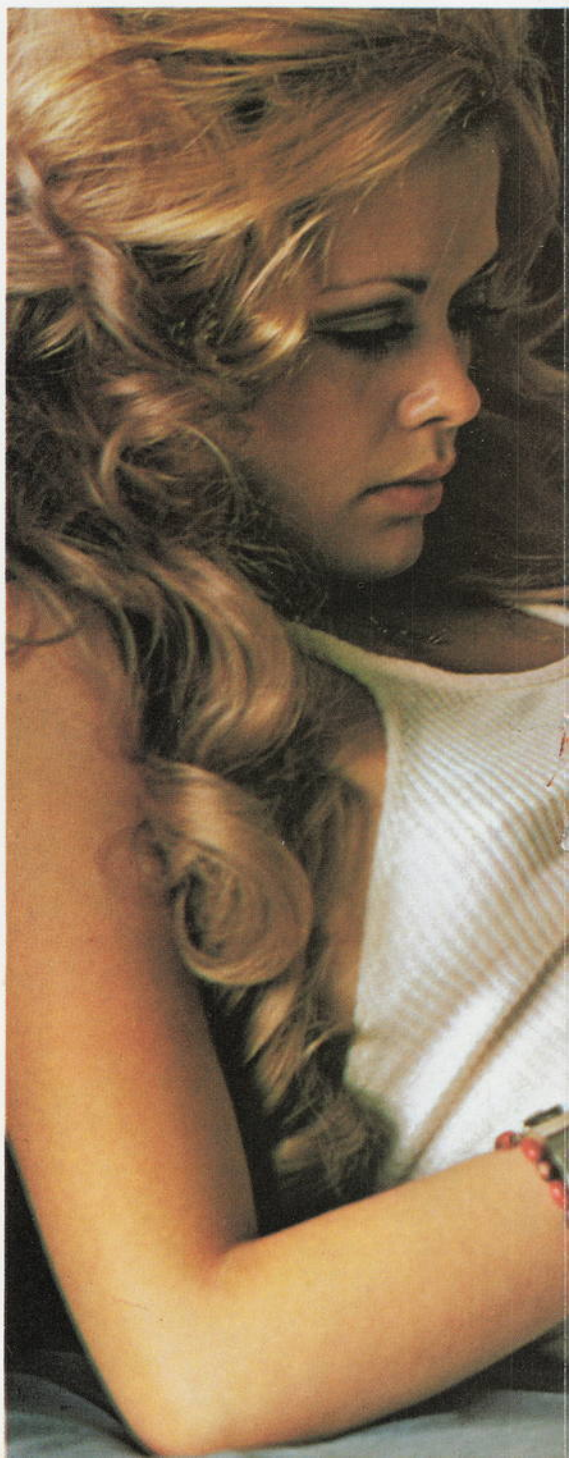




we grow up, we won't have anything left to experience. But we have standards just as much as our parents did, even though they're more wide-ranging. For instance, I like a man to be clean, intelligent and a gentleman. I like him to have money, but I resent it if the money's gone to his head. That's why I prefer older men. They have more 'couth'. Young guys are more unsettled, and don't know how to treat a woman so well." Much of Leslie Leah's taste and opinion can be traced back to her artistic upbringing. Her father is an artist and painter and works as an art director for the U.S. government at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Her mother also paints. Schooled at Ocean Township, NJ, and now a resident of Redbank, Leslie devotes her spare time to painting, sculpting, horseback riding and gourmet cooking. "One day I'd like to get into a film or acting career," she avers, "but don't think I'm not happy now, because I am." Among her more





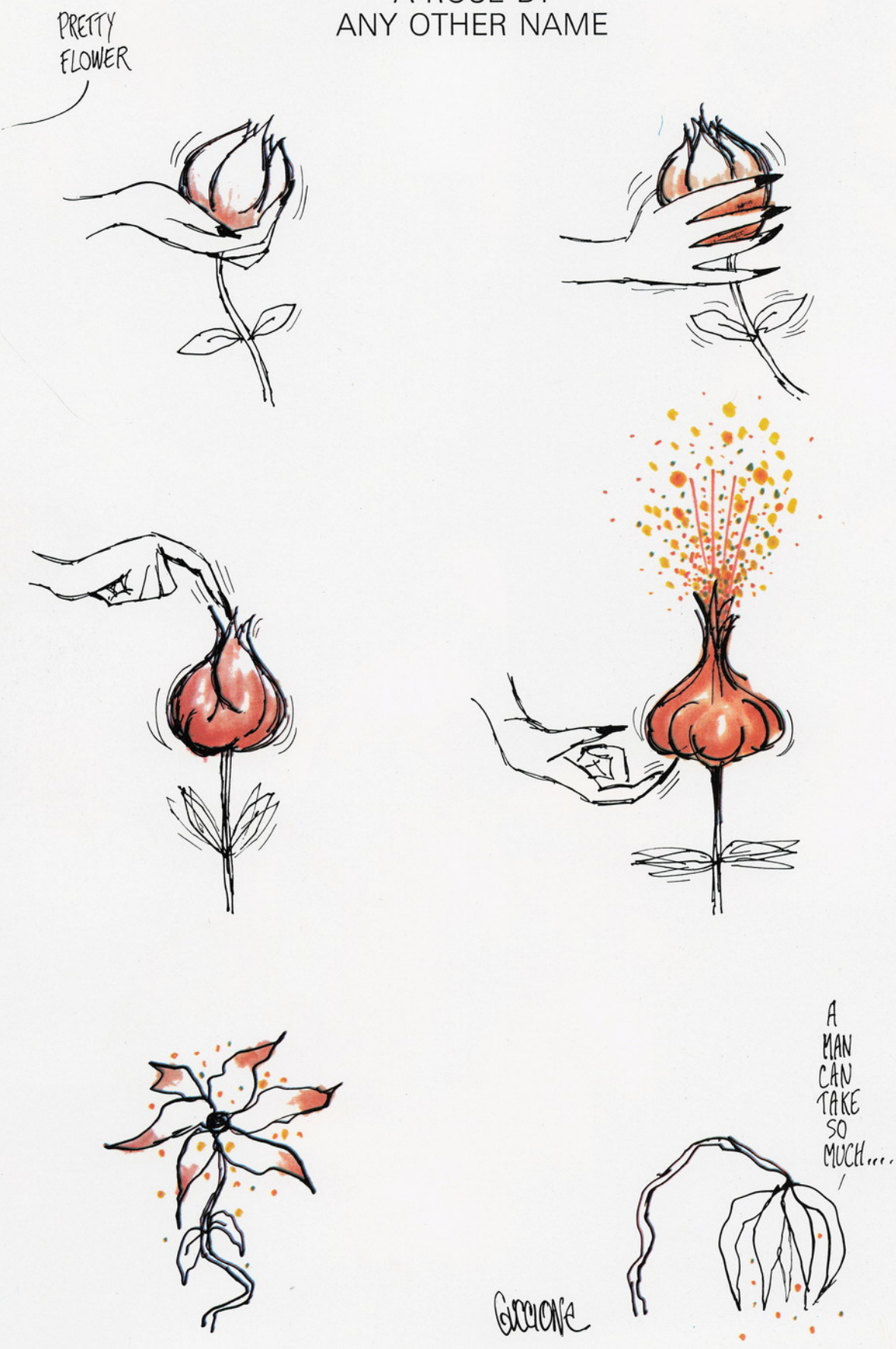


esoteric views, she opines that "Li'l Abner" cartoonist Al Capp, a Penthouse contributor, would make an excellent President, and that the Mafia would make a fine job of running the United States. "The only thing I wouldn't like would be all the red-and-green flags everywhere." She thinks that Women's Lib is nothing less than "an ugly club." As she says: "What other possible reason could they have for behaving as they do, except to compensate for their personal lack of attractiveness?" In less political spheres, she exhibits an almost sensual liking for animals. "I hate bugs and reptiles, but I'm a real cat fanatic. If there's one animal I'd like to own, it's an ocelot. I think ocelots are the sexiest animals there are. The way an ocelot moves, that's the kind of woman I'd like to be." Her idealism, therefore, extends to herself as well as to men and her relationships? "Of course. You see, I want a man, or men, who are good and considerate lovers, but that means nothing unless I'm the kind of girl who's able to appreciate them. This is the whole point about male and female that women's liberation seems to miss, that even though individually men and women are capable of some extraordinary things, they're so much better *together*. Anyway, women's liberation to me implies male suppression, and the kind of man who attracts me wouldn't ever let himself be suppressed." Partisan as we necessarily are on such crucial sexual issues, we tend to agree with whatever Venus infers.

MISS LESLIE LEAH BURROW /PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

GUCCIONE

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME



©1972 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'72.

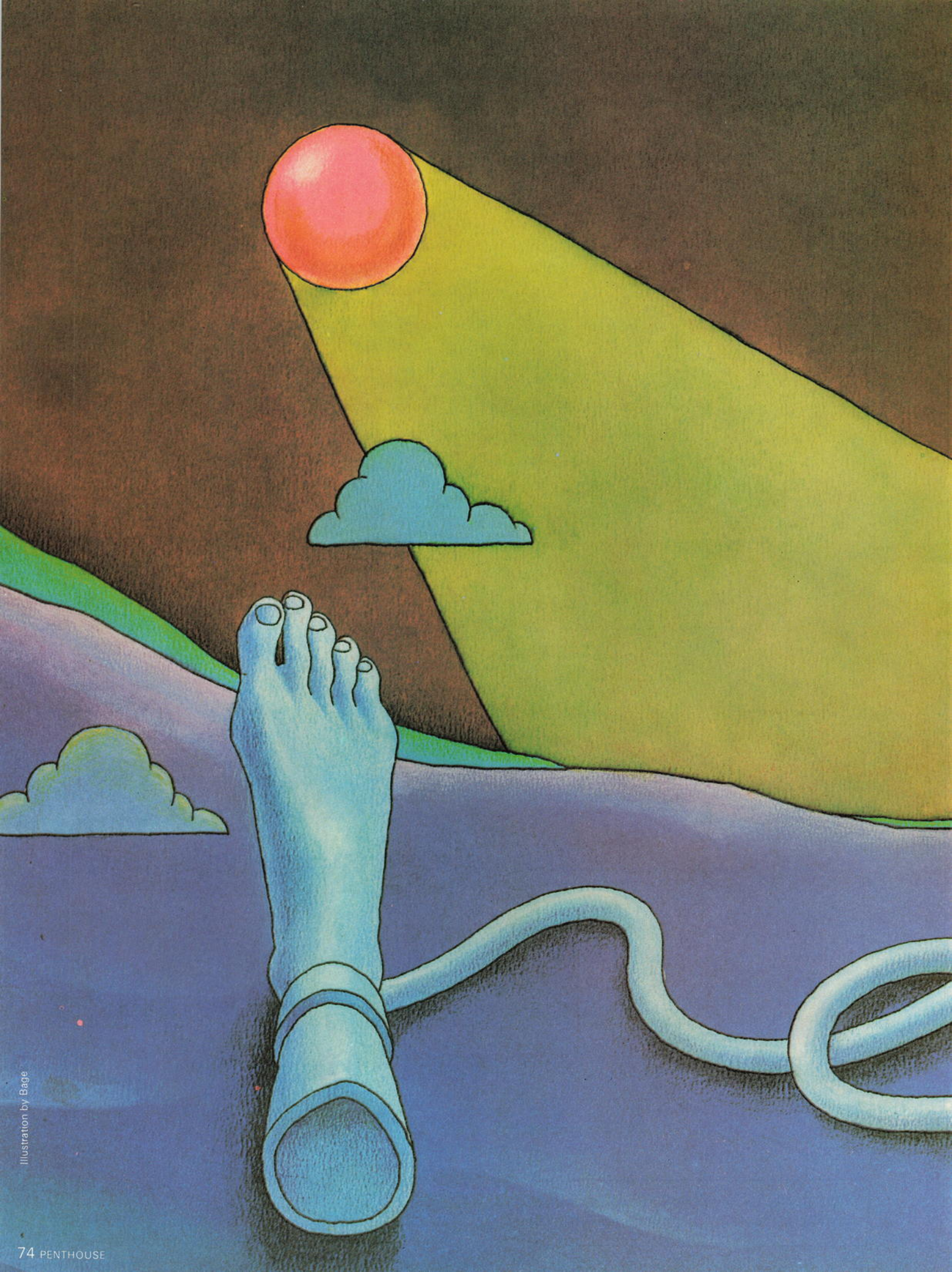
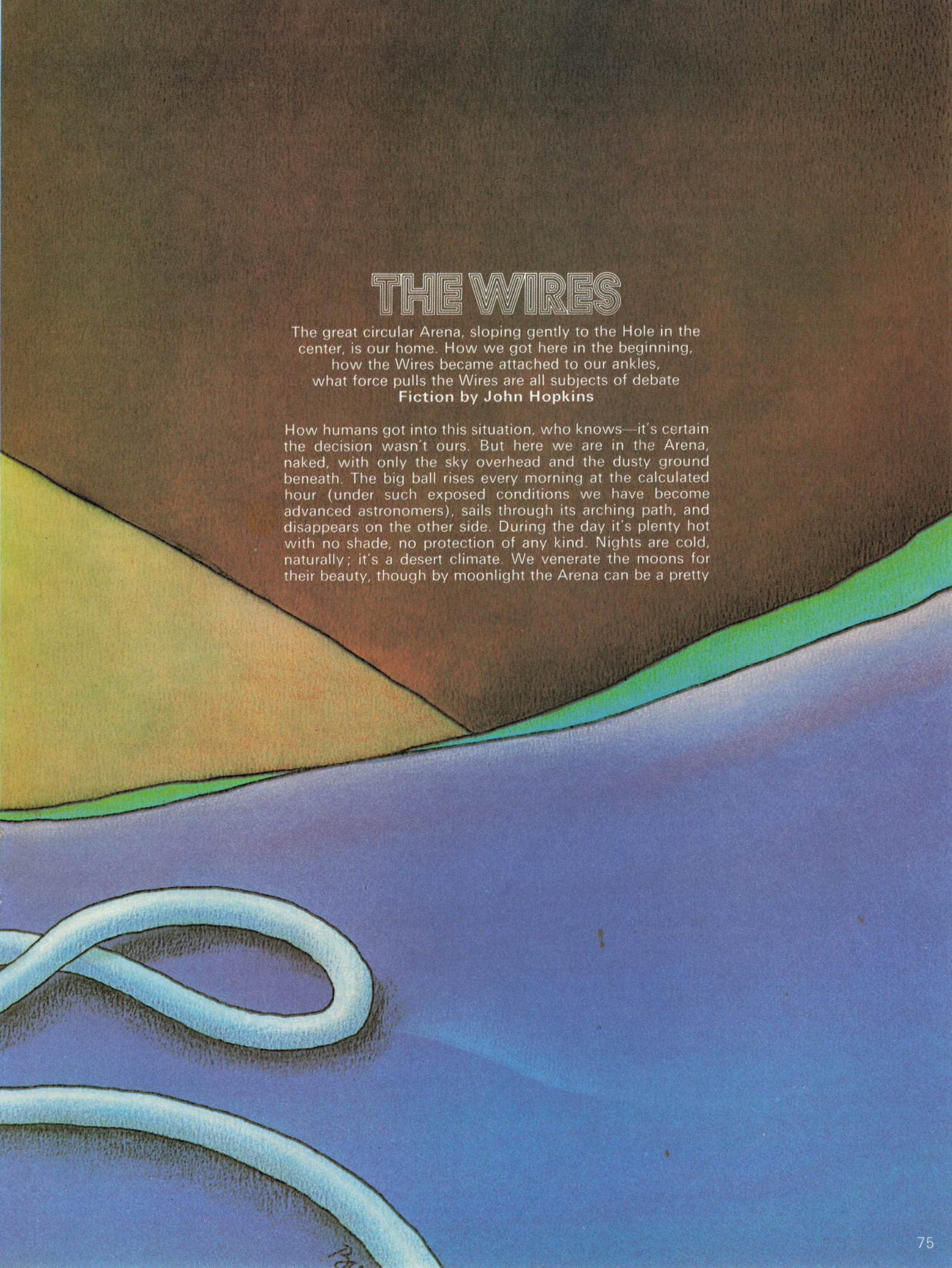


Illustration by Bage



THE WIRES

The great circular Arena, sloping gently to the Hole in the center, is our home. How we got here in the beginning, how the Wires became attached to our ankles, what force pulls the Wires are all subjects of debate

Fiction by John Hopkins

How humans got into this situation, who knows—it's certain the decision wasn't ours. But here we are in the Arena, naked, with only the sky overhead and the dusty ground beneath. The big ball rises every morning at the calculated hour (under such exposed conditions we have become advanced astronomers), sails through its arching path, and disappears on the other side. During the day it's plenty hot with no shade, no protection of any kind. Nights are cold, naturally; it's a desert climate. We venerate the moons for their beauty, though by moonlight the Arena can be a pretty

ghostly place, what with thousands of bodies strewn about, and thousands of gleaming Wires leading to the Hole.

From solar events we reckon Time. There are experts among us, mostly old men with low Wire Speeds, who observe the movements of the stars and compute astronomically how long they've been in the Arena and how long they have to the Hole. This is just a mind game; anybody can mark the ground on two successive days, see how far the Wire has pulled him, and calibrate this increment against the estimated distance to the Hole. The resulting discussions are interminable; you'd think people would grow bored with tedious measurements. Not at all. It's a Time game, and the eggheads, who associate their destinies with the stars, disdain the Ground Markers, who choose to scratch the dust every morning with a finger. Many pretend to spurn all reckonings, whether by star or by ground, and to deride the humdrum discussion. What difference which instant in Time the Hole takes you? they ask. What's the point of precision when all is inevitable? But this is just another form of the same dialogue which preoccupies us all. Boredom is the price we pay for our knowledge.

Each of us, from the oldest stargazer to the youngest child making his first Ground Marks, knows just how long it will take his Wire to draw him to the Hole at the center of the Arena. The basic principle of the Arena is that each Wire pulls with constant unvarying speed. This must be one of the first realizations of a new-born child. Even as it emerges from between the mother's legs, impelled by the first tug from the Hole, calculations are probably beginning. Indeed, the latest theory is that they originate in the womb.

The phenomenon of birth is a clear demonstration of the Hole's authority. A woman of the Arena easily determines when she's pregnant, for almost immediately after conception, a dark line appears in her leg, extending from the clamp which binds the Wire to her ankle right into her vagina. (How many sighs do I hear in the morning, as the women awake and make the discovery after a night of love?) By degrees the line will grow thicker and darker as it rises to the skin. Later, a strand separates from the woman's Wire and penetrates the ankle to join the line. No man has ever seen it happen (the women choose to keep this mystery well-guarded) but one day the expectant mother will find that the Wire between the Hole and her fetus is complete. In the last days before birth the line (there may be more than one, indicating twins, triplets etc.) bulges under the skin like a blood vessel. Protected only by a transparent membrane, it will tear quickly and easily loose to achieve its own tension. This Umbilical Wire actually delivers the child, for at the first pang of labor it frees itself of the woman and begins to pull on the fetus.

Out the baby comes, with its little clamp and fine Wire. (We're all breech babies here in the Arena.) The great anxiety at birth, of course, is to see how quickly the Wire will draw the baby away from the mother. An abnormal infant bound for the Hole is wrenched from the mother's arms, and there is nothing she can do. Nothing, that is, except follow her child. Any voluntary movement in the direction of the Hole produces Slack, and the Hole immediately takes up all Slack. Slack in fact has never existed. Womenfolk who have assisted in the birth will attempt to restrain the desperate mother from following the squalling child as it is towed off, but I've seen more than one frantic woman free herself of their clutches and pursue the moribund child and disappear, embracing it, into the Hole.The commotion this causes is considerable. Often I've been woken from a deep slumber by a bloody naked infant being dragged by me and the wretched mother scrambling to keep up. I for one do not object to infant mortality, as it keeps down population, but we all try to discourage this excessive female behavior. Natural as a mother's grief may be, to move voluntarily toward the Hole offends the law of the Wire. This upsets everybody, so we don't like to see it happen. People are worried enough already; they don't need further cause for anxiety.

On the other hand, however, it's a source for delight and satisfaction for all concerned to see that the new-born infant is not moving away from the mother. This is the healthy child, who will remain close to its mother as it grows up. Nevertheless, as no two Wires move at the same speed, we are all condemned to eventual separation. Thus, a mother and her child must one day part.

This is the painful moment; when two people who have been together Lose Touch. Instead of embracing they can only talk; they end up shouting as one or the other is hauled away more quickly to the Hole. It happens to all of us—fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends. The Wires direct our Time, and it is strongly advised that acquaintances be formed with people whose Wire Speeds approximate one's own. This usually happens, because any relationship involving drastically different Wire Speeds, no matter how strong the initial attraction may have been, soon becomes unendurable. So many romantic lovers have been tugged apart after the first taste of passion, or stubbornly cling together, one lover sacrificing his Wire Speed to that of his partner.

The reason that voluntary alteration of Wire Speed is looked on with disfavor is simple: though some claim not to be, each of us is primarily concerned with his speed to the Hole. We cherish Time and fear Speed. Speed means the Hole. Not that we're terrified of the Hole; we just don't know enough about it. The Arena is our familiar territory, and the most revered among us are the graybeards with practically imperceptible Wire Speeds. They've been here a long time, they've seen a great deal of the Arena, and in most cases their experience has made them wise. Time is wisdom. For what other reason is there to be in the Arena, if not to spend as much Time as possible?

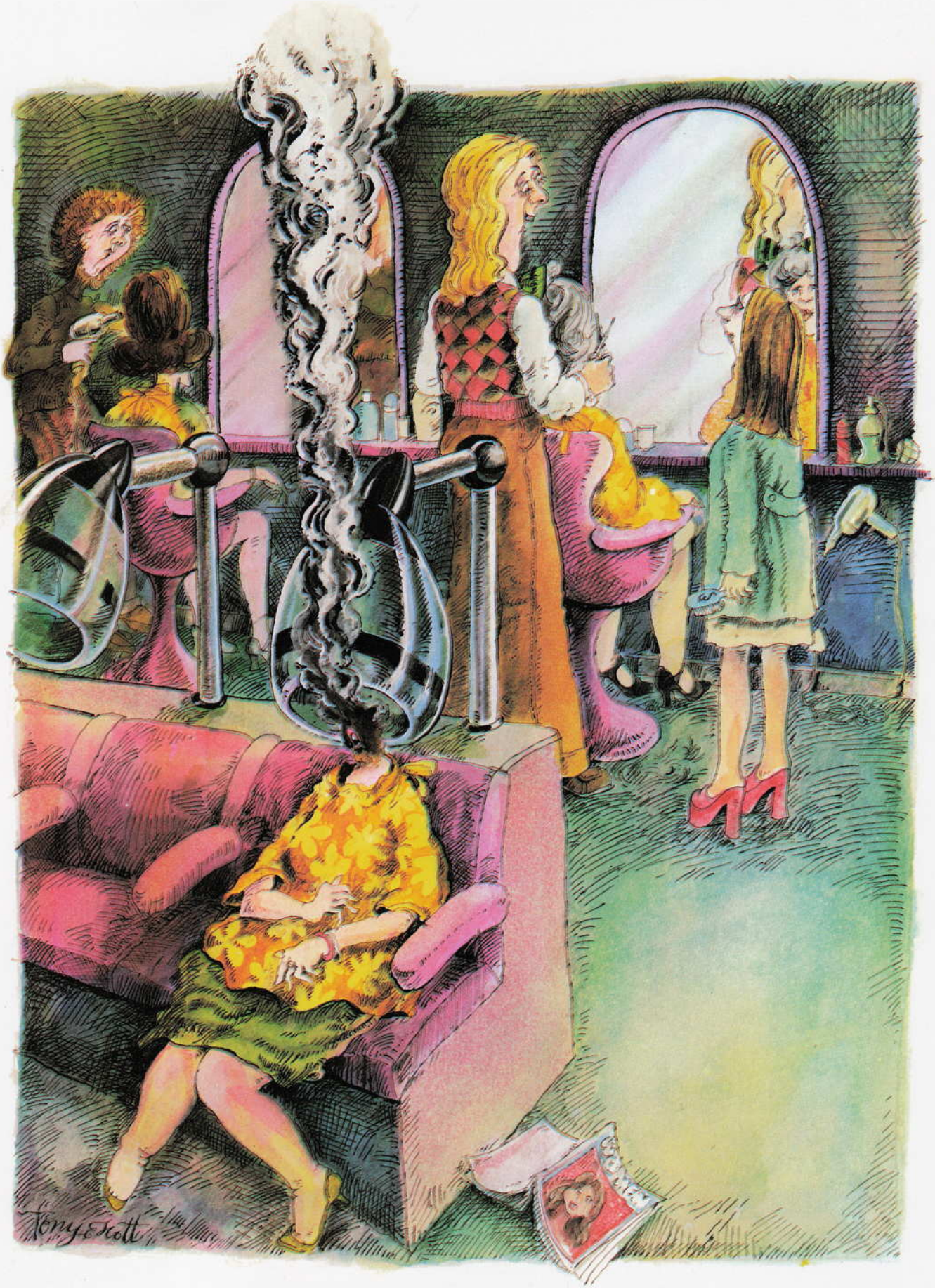
As nobody has ever climbed out, all we can ascertain of the Hole is its finality. Therefore the most highly respected value in the Arena is low Wire Speed. Not that Time in the Arena is all that pleasant. The sun flares relentlessly, and nights are freezing. As I've already mentioned, we're stark naked, and there's no cover from the sky.

Our first notion of Time is that we're moving; the second is that we're incapable of arresting ourselves. We have absolutely nothing to hold on to; no grip of a mother or lover can resist the tug of the Wire; and if you still wish to fight, your fingers will groove the sunbaked soil. Each of us has been allotted a portion of Time, nothing more. Is it difficult to understand, therefore, why we honor Time, and even swear by it? Voluntary alteration of Wire Speed is a form of suicide, a repudiation of Time. We don't presume to inhabit the best of all possible Arenas, but it's the only one we know, so we might as well make the best of it.

The great circular Arena, sloping gently to the Hole in the center, is our home. How we got here in the beginning, how the Wires became attached to our ankles, what force pulls the Wires, and what conceivably might happen to us when we enter the Hole are all subjects of debate. This is our privilege, I suppose, to debate. Indeed, Time consists of these discussions. We're masters at it even though we don't have the facts. Though some are of the opinion that discussion is facts, this cannot be true. The only fact we know is the Wires. Our only possession is Time.

My first childhood memory was the vision of my father on the Lip of the Hole. I never knew him for when I was born he had been long Out of Touch. He was long, dark and handsome to be sure—everyone agreed on that—but he remained a stranger to all, even to my mother. A man with such high Wire Speed as his is literally towed feet first through the Arena, with no Time for anything but brief affairs and acquaintances with those who happen to lie in his path. How he and my mother came together is still somewhat of a mystery; for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

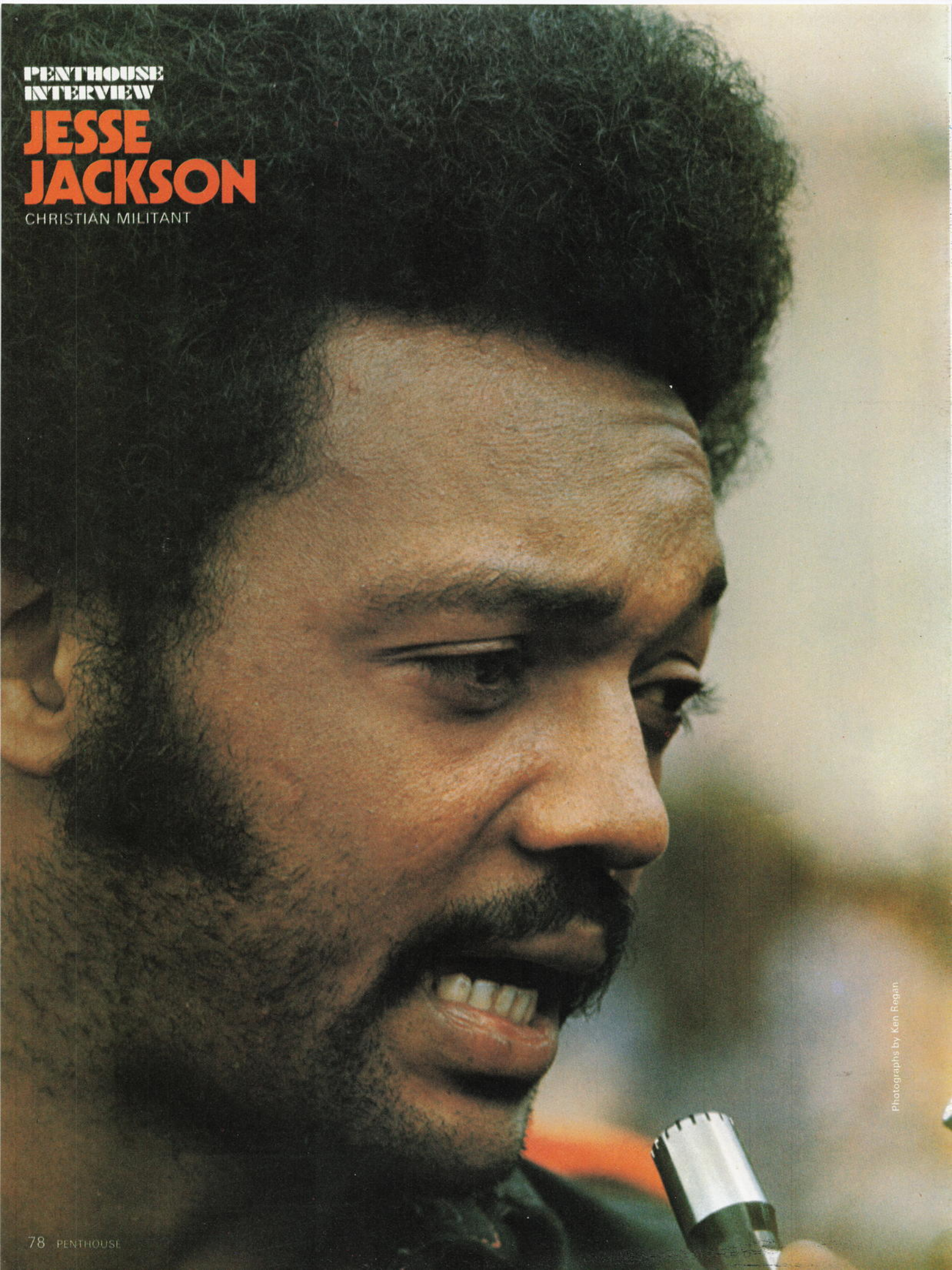


"I think madam should be ready for combing out now, Yvonne."

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JESSE JACKSON

CHRISTIAN MILITANT



Photographs by Ken Regan

Black leaders don't have the power to save our people. You look at war or peace, bad housing, slums, federal misappropriations, bad foreign policy—all these are problems of white leadership. They make the decisions

The Reverend Jesse Jackson is the biggest frog in Chicago's black pond. It is his burning desire to become the biggest frog in all of Black America and there is a growing body of opinion which believes he may become just that. What irks him is that so many people keep mistaking this brilliant articulate frog for a handsome prince. Small wonder. He is six feet two and weighs 200 pounds and is outrageously handsome. He has Afro hair, a neat mustache and a Martin Luther King medallion around his neck. He often wears tight pants. He looks every inch a mod prince, the crown prince, the possible heir apparent to Dr King, who was his hero and mentor. When Jackson strides on stage to conduct the Saturday-morning meetings of PUSH (People United To Save Humanity) people get excited. He involves them. He uplifts them. "I am . . ." shouts Jackson. "SOMEBODY!" roars the crowd. "I may be poor but I am . . ." "SOMEBODY!" "I may be unskilled, uneducated but I am . . ." "SOMEBODY!" Powerful stuff. It's enough to drive a reporter to describe him as charismatic. And they all do. And it drives Jackson wild because he can't stand the word. He feels it is an attempt to discount his intelligence by crediting him with nothing more than a freakish mystical appeal similar to that wielded by witch doctors and carnival barkers.

For the past six years this former poor boy from South Carolina has been waging economic war against the white business community in Chicago and, to a limited extent, in a dozen or more other cities. He has been winning jobs for black people and he has been forcing white companies to give their business to black contractors, public relations firms, banks and other black enterprises. He boycotts. He pickets. He orates. And most of the time his opponents, like the A. & P. stores, wind up "crawling on their bellies like reptiles". Jackson first came to the attention of Dr King when he joined King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference in 1966. Within a year he rose to head SCLC's economic arm, "Operation Breadbasket". After King's murder in Memphis in 1968, Jackson began to attract national attention. He soon became the undisputed leader of Chicago's huge black population, which numbers close to 1,500,000. His success made him impatient and it made the SCLC leaders in Atlanta slightly nervous. In a sense Jackson and his Operation Breadbasket were the big dog being wagged by the little tail in Atlanta headquarters. The break came following the 1971 Black Expo, which was an exposition for black business held in Chicago. It was a success but Dr Ralph Abernathy, who had succeeded King as leader of the SCLC, was unhappy about Jackson's methods. On December 3rd Jackson, accused of "violating organization policy and discipline", was suspended, without pay, for two months. There were rumors of financial mismanagement but an Internal Revenue investigation revealed nothing. Within a week Jackson resigned. On Christmas Day 1971 he formed PUSH. Virtually all of the "Operation Breadbasket" staff went with him. That signaled the collapse of SCLC in Chicago and the organization was reduced to a small decaying group in Atlanta.

Jackson still smolders over the way the story broke. He is particularly unhappy with a young black female reporter who, he says, posed as a friend and then printed the confidential information she obtained while a guest in his home. Though he is one of the most skilled "news managers" in the country, Jackson is an unrelenting critic of the white press. He also attacks black reporters who do not give their first allegiance to the black community and who are concerned with notions of journalistic ethics. He feels some of these ethics are an invention of the white press and are not applied equally when important white people or organizations are in danger of having unsavory news exposed. Who can argue with him on that point? In turn, some black reporters point out that Jackson has fooled the white press into handing him the laurels as *the* black leader for all America while his power, outside of Chicago, is still limited. They also note that Jackson's appeal seems to be directed primarily to the lower and upper classes. The black middle class is relatively untouched by him. Jackson denies this. Some black businessmen have said privately that they express support for Jackson simply to keep him off their backs. Politically, Jackson was involved with the black caucus held in Gary, Indiana, last year when an attempt was made to launch a black political party. But he was also up to his knees in the successful effort to unseat Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's delegates and to win Democratic convention seats for the pro-McGovern faction in Illinois.

Jackson was born in Greenville, South Carolina, on October 8th, 1941. He was the eldest of two sons. His father was a shoeshine boy and later a janitor. Young Jesse was a good student and even a Boy Scout. He was also a fine athlete and won a football scholarship to the University of Illinois. After a year he switched to North Carolina Agricultural & Technical College where he was the star quarterback, an honor student and president of practically everything. He then attended Chicago Theological Seminary and became a Baptist minister. His wife, Jacqueline, was his college sweetheart. They have a daughter and two sons. This Penthouse interview was conducted by **Russ Ewing,** an NBC news correspondent in Chicago, over several sessions in Jackson's busy office in the PUSH headquarters building in Chicago.

Penthouse: You have been called a gadfly. Do you accept that description?

Jackson: The job of a doctor is to show up where sick people are. The job of a concerned person is to show up where desperate people are. Jesus was once challenged by a group of people who said he couldn't be a righteous man because he hung around whores, and various other unsavory characters. He argued that a doctor *should* be around sick people. So when the people of Cook County are in trouble, I go. They call. And sometimes when they don't call, I still go because many times people are in trouble and do not realize it. Congressman George Collins did not call and ask for us to help him get reslated. But we knew that we needed a black congressman from the West Side of Chicago rather than a white man. A lot of people who want to join the struggle are not abreast of the critical issues. They don't know where to show up or when. If black people concerned about change knew the ramifications of last year's Democratic Central Committee meeting there would have been 1000 people there. But most people did not know that that was a critical place to be. I shall never forget when we were fighting to keep McGovern's hunger commission alive. It was the Senate Select Committee On Malnutrition & Human Needs. Well, in this instance, Senator Charles Percy had made a speech for the Congressional Record, that he could *not* support that committee again. Many of us felt that he had been under pressure from other Republicans and Southern Democrats to help destroy McGovern's commission. We took five people and flew to Washington to ask Percy whether he was indeed going to drop his support. In a confrontation he *had* to say he would support the committee because the major newspapers and wire services were there. They had heard him say *before* that he would support it. So he again took the *public* position that he

would support it and he took two other people with him—and *that* kept that committee alive. What does that say about the role of the gadfly? The gadfly has to know *where* to be and *when* to be there and *why* he is there and he has to be on strong moral grounds.

Penthouse: Do you agree that since the death of Martin Luther King, as is often said, the black leadership has been fragmented, and that this is why blacks don't make more progress?

Jackson: None of our problems is the result of the lack of black leadership. It's the lack of white leadership. Black leaders don't have the power to save our people. By and large black leaders can only raise hope so as to keep our people from giving up. White leaders have the power of the budget. They have the military, the judges. They make the decisions. We don't have the power to put anybody in jail who is doing wrong. We have to fight to keep people *out* of jail who are doing right. You look at war or peace, bad housing, slums, overcrowded cities, misappropriations in the federal budget, bad foreign policy. All these are problems of white leadership. The second point is that a guy like myself is always compared with white leaders who are 60 or 70 years old. They won't compare me, at 30, with Mayor Daley's *son*, who is my peer. They compare me with his daddy, who is 70. They give his daddy an edge of 40 years plus whiteness. They won't even compare me and Ted Kennedy. They compare me and *his* daddy. It's the same with other black leaders. Whitney Young should have been president. Roy Wilkins was as great a statesman as any *two* American ambassadors. Vernon Jordan of the Urban League should be a cabinet member. They look at a guy like myself and they throw William Buckley at me and I debate him. Then they throw a bunch of other simpletons and I run through them. Then rather than deal with my intelligence they dig for money scandals, trying to destroy my integrity, and they can't find anything. They challenge whether I'm related to the people. But they see thousands of people gathered around me and they can't challenge that. So, since they can't hit my intelligence, my integrity, the sincerity of my involvement, or my sense of "somebodiness" they start asking by "what authority" I raise certain questions or put down certain challenges. Rather than say that I am an average black man who raises profound questions, they try to make me an exception. When whites were attacking black kids at Gage Park High School here in Chicago the police were in their cars playing with white girls. Blacks were going unprotected. So we sent 200 black men just to stand there and the presence of those 200 black men made the white police come out of their cars. In the process the black students were protected, the whites were on their jobs to watch the black men and protect white girls. Now that was the result of military—Napoleonic thinking. I understood what the reaction was going to be because I am an intelligent experienced man—even at my age. But rather than say I am intelligent they say I am charismatic.

Penthouse: You don't like that word, do you?

Jackson: You have to watch "charismatic". It's a religious term. It is rooted in Old Testament religion. It is a spiritual concept whereby some people have an extraordinary appeal.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the people who say you are charismatic are saying it to put you down?

Jackson: I have been characterized as charismatic and therefore you can put me in a charismatic category and rob me of my commonness and my humanity and my ordinariness. That means I don't represent black people, I represent a freakish, unusual situation. I called the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and I asked him why he didn't cover the story at Gage Park High School. He asked who was out there. I told him 200 black men. And he said: "Well anybody other than PUSH people." Other than PUSH people? PUSH people are ordinary people. I said: "Why don't you come to our meeting on Saturday when we have 2–3000 people here." I got the same answer—they're PUSH people. In other words, they set us aside as something freakish or individual. Now, if any other group in this town or in the whole nation could pull 2–3000 people a *month*, they would be considered a leading group.

Penthouse: Your current organization is PUSH—People United To Save Humanity. How did that name come about?

Jackson: We had several names. One was HELP which stood for Humane Economic Liberation Plan. We were trying to find a name that had something to do with economics. We wanted to call attention to the fact that we are in an economic phase. Also we first tried to get a name with "Black" in it. But then we came to see that though we are concerned for the blacks, these economic issues spill out to involve all people. Then, too we were also concerned about war and about people learning to relate to one another in a civilized fashion. We wrestled with it until our executive director, Tom Todd, finally came up with "PUSH".

Penthouse: When you first announced PUSH the response from the black and white press was kind of left-handed, wasn't it? They said, "Well, Jesse has a new organization called PUSH. So what?"

Jackson: I really wasn't concerned with press acceptance at that time. I was concerned with continuing the substantial work we were already doing. You know, a testimony to my real concern is what our organization has been doing since Christmas of 1971 and the way people responded during January and February of 1972. We spent most of our time trying to get a grand jury to investigate the expenditure of funds in the educational system here in Chicago. Then we marched in the snow to save the workers at the Osteopathic Hospital who were trying to get unionized and get a livable wage. Also we were spreading to other cities in that same period. By March of last year we had that banquet—The Soul Food Family Affair. Ten thousand people came. It was a testimony and expression of the people's commitment to what we were about. Later we got involved in the Democratic primaries and we were able to unseat Mayor Richard Daley and his delegation at the Miami convention. In addition we worked on voter registration and the McGovern campaign and the defeating of Edward Hanrahan as state attorney for Cook County. We were also able to get Peggy Smith Martin elected. She was a relative unknown, a black woman who got 48,000 votes and won a state legislative seat. Politically we were really involved. Economically we were able to get two major contracts. One with Schlitz and one with General Foods, amounting to $105 million worth of new jobs for blacks. Also we were able to pull off our annual PUSH exposition again in 1972 involving about a half-million people. Beside all that our meeting every Saturday has become an international platform for people of our Third World nature who have great issues to raise. At the international level we've been able to raise the dual citizenship question with Liberia. And of course we were involved in organizing the black political convention in Gary, Indiana last year, as well as our own PUSH convention and the acquisition of our own building. Now I knew that if we had the press with us, and we did not have very substantive issues, we would lose out. But if we had the issues, the press would eventually catch up with us. Do you follow what I'm saying? I believe service is power. If you serve the people at the proper time you can later call on those people for support. When you look at our board of directors you find people who, at one level or another, at one time or another, we were able to help. Because of that we have internal strength. We have PUSH getting off the ground in Miami, New York, Cincinnati, Memphis, Los Angeles. There are also about 30 other cities which have requested PUSH operations. We have more than 25,000 card-carrying PUSH members. At that level, our acceptance has been good.

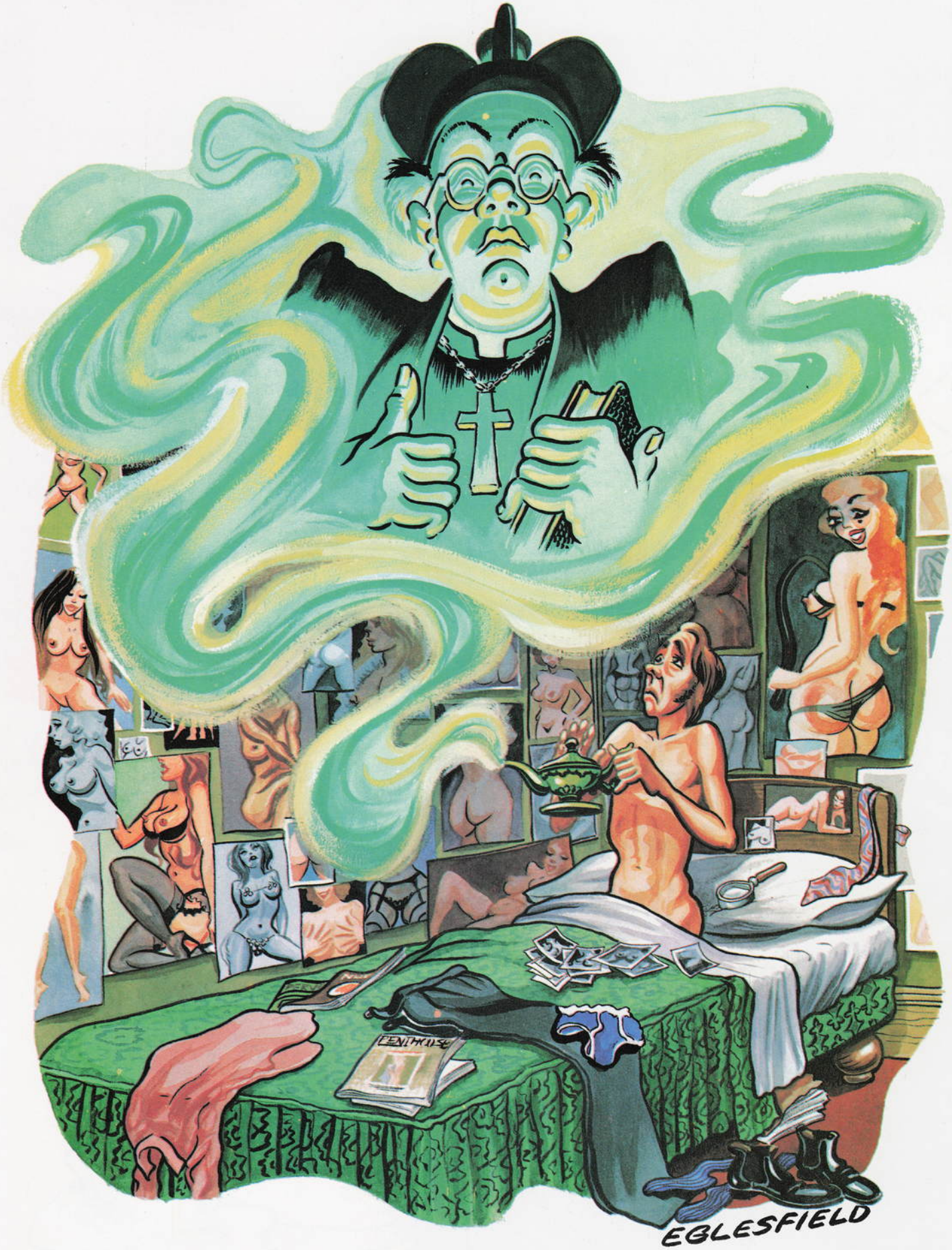
Penthouse: Does PUSH represent the black middle class? There has been criticism that it doesn't.

Jackson: PUSH clearly cuts across class lines. If we asked, on a given Saturday morning, for all the teachers in our group to stand up, more than 300 would stand. If we asked for principals, more than 20 would stand. Black businessmen, more than 100. Children under 15, more than 200. College-age kids, more than 100. We have a labor division, a political education division, a commercial division, a youth division, a teachers' division, a legal division and a welfare division. A Saturday-morning meeting is representative of all those people and more. We do not always speak for a group of people at their pleasure. But we try to speak in the best interests of people, whether at their pleasure or not. Many people who thought us to be displeasing to them found out in the long run that what they thought was displeasing was actually good for them. So we have won over a lot of people because they have seen that what we have said is actually true. We have tried to take a principled position. Some leaders take a poll to determine what position they should take. They try to be what I call "consensus leaders". I do not want the Harris Poll to make *my* basic decisions. I would rather be a molder of opinion, taking a sound position and often times making people go against us—but with fear and trembling. Once they find us to be right they learn to take the gadfly into account. Do you understand what I'm saying?

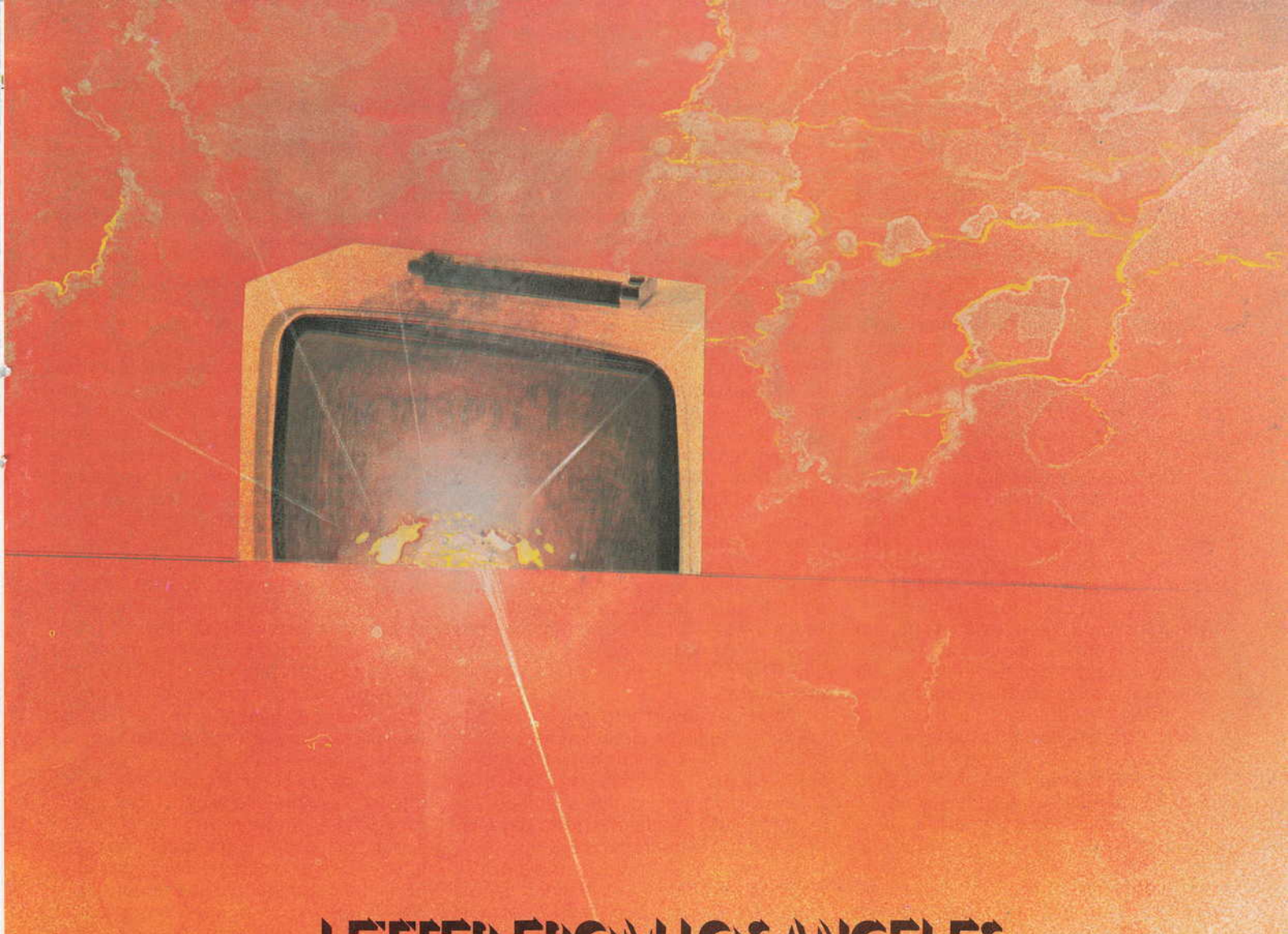
Penthouse: Would you say that some of the black people who turned away from both Operation Breadbasket and PUSH have walked in and gotten some of the jobs made available by your efforts?

Jackson: There's no doubt about it. And the good thing is that more and more people are willing to admit it. Most of the black store managers in the ghetto got their jobs in the last five years because the white owners could not afford *not* to have a black manager. I talked with a supervisor at County Hospital. More than a year ago we tried to sell PUSH cards there to people who got laid off. But they said it didn't make sense and they fell prey to the rumors that we were not credible and we would not survive. Today those people, in desperation over their jobs, are anxious to join. We recently met with a group of 200 people who had been swindled out of their money by some group that was going to sell them houses. They admitted that three months ago they thought PUSH was just something on the radio and that it couldn't affect them. Now here they are, trying to get PUSH to help them. Most black folks did not participate in the Selma, Alabama voting drive. But they're all beneficiaries of it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108


EGLESFIELD

Ralph Steadman
PHILIPS
PHILIPS
REVERSE N4480



LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES

In the age of electronics the city of the angels
is the city of the image. Its product is the national ego . . .

by Jules Siegel

On certain windy days, when the Los Angeles air has been whipped as clean as fresh laundry drying on an outdoor line on a sunny morning in the high desert, you can almost begin to imagine what it must have been like here before the invention of the automobile. There is no need to describe what it is usually like now. Smog has become routine, a national item.

Routine. That is the best way to describe life in L.A. today. The population boom is over for the time being. The movie industry is being fitted for a coffin. Rock 'n' roll no longer offers any surprises. Middle-aged couples are smoking pot—when they can get it, the supply being short. Swingers, surfers, hippies, Birchers and black nationalists ignore each other. Dull men dominate the political trip. Disneyland is no longer barring long hair. Sunset Strip is rated G and Hollywood has become a Grade B crime movie. Los Angeles is growing up.

This is not to say that the city—area, metropolis whatever this thing is—is not important any more. To the contrary, it is far more important than it ever was because this is where they manufacture the national ego. This is where they produce the party line. This is the American Vatican, the central headquarters for the propagation of the faith through television.

There is a massive solidity and stability behind the superficially changing television image. The shows may change. The stars may change. The themes may change. Even the rules may change. But the picture never changes. The furniture is always the same. The lighting is always the same. The rhythm of the dialogue is always the same. The total effect is Socialist Realism. The difference between Archie Bunker and *Mission Impossible* is merely a nuance. Picasso never existed.

This system can absorb any political revolution without even shivering. It is not concerned with philosophical, economic or social content in the usual sense. It does not really understand any of that. The only ideas it appreciates are those of format, perspective, and color. It converts every reality into its own version and then presents that version to the community. The most radical artist is easily defeated on TV without ever knowing that there was a contest. He becomes an object—and so does his art—to be translated into a special kind of image that has come to pass as the standard of reality.

Even the delicious fantasy of the television commercial, the magical effects of special camera work and animation are creatures of this special standard of reality. Their entertainment value depends upon it. The skill of the artist is measured by his ability to manipulate his images in an unreal way that looks real. The ultimate context of com-

parison is, I repeat, Socialist Realism. Here is thought control—telling you not *what* you should think, but *how*, censoring not the content but the form of your perceptions.

We have become so accustomed to this dictatorship that we hardly question it. For most people, it doesn't matter very much. They assume anything that looks different is either the work of imagination or insanity. The idea of a democracy comprised of different realities is something they are unable to appreciate.

Some people are unable to tune in to this popular setting, therefore those people must be insane. Instead of encouraging the rest of society to learn how to adjust as each situation requires, we try to force everyone to see what they are supposed to see—by shock treatment, psychotherapy, operant conditioning, tranquilizers, mood elevators and a whole range of techniques from annoying suggestions to brute force.

The most important reasons behind this madness are economic and political. That is one reason, not two. Politics and economics are different names for the same thing: control of the means of survival. You cannot program the masses unless you can communicate with them. The symbolic language of the soap opera is the same as the symbolic language of the soap commercial. *All in the Family* is a model of an American family. Manipulate the model and you manipulate the family. Every series on television uses the same basic model with slight variations. That model is the master commercial. The actual commercials are refinements of the model.

The master commercial sells a way of life. This life includes a house, appliances, furniture, clothing, books (one of the less important elements), food, cars, toys, telephones, cameras, pots, pans . . . the list goes on and on. It also sells activities: dating, getting married, holding a job, having children, going to a doctor, going to school. They are all elements in an interesting and attractive mosaic.

From this viewpoint, the most ordinary items are the most important. The more ordinary they become the more successful the master commercial. The idea is to convince the viewer that it is *ordinary* to own a car, *ordinary* to live in a split-level house, *ordinary* to have a washing machine. But from the world perspective, these activities may be quite unusual, even undesirable. Do you really need a car? Or did you just get used to having it?

Throughout western civilization this process began with printing and accelerated with the invention of photography, motion pictures, radio and, finally, television. Books, magazines and newspapers allowed the masses to look into the houses of the upper classes in a limited way. Movies widened the exposure and intensified its impact. Television reduced luxury to the ordinary.

A feedback cycle of information exchange, begun with printing, became more effective and more rapid with each advance in the technology of mass communication. As cars began appearing on the streets, they also began appearing in the media. For each automobile in existence there were many thousands of images and reflections of automobiles. The illusion became reality and the automobile became ordinary. The model and the reality merged in the public mind without conscious action. Yet there was a highly conscious intelligence directing it.

Cars did not always appear in movies merely because it seemed right to have them. The automobile companies actively promoted their use. Even today most of the cars that you see in movies and television shows are provided free by the manufacturers, frequently for keeps. That's why you sometimes see only one company's cars in a particular film. That's why so many of the cars are brand new.

Most big advertising agencies have product publicity departments whose sole function is to promote the use of their clients' products on television shows, in motion pictures and in the printed media. Industries form associations for the same purpose.

Do you remember Edward G. Robinson rolling a slovenly stogie around in his mouth? The image was repeated again and again and became a screenwriters' cliché, a symbol of arrogance and vulgarity. Cigar sales fell. Then industry began a public relations campaign to promote a more attractive picture of the cigar and the cigar smoker in the movies. Sales stabilized, then zoomed upwards when the cigarette cancer scare spread.

Of course the process that caused the proliferation of the automobile *could* be reversed. The car *could* be written out of the script. Ownership of an automobile *could* be used as a symbol of greed, selfishness and stupidity. Rapid transit systems *could* be depicted as smart, fashionable, sensible, convenient, comfortable, clean, safe and quick. In Mexico City, immaculate trains ride quietly on rubber tires and the stations are filled with handsome sculptures and archaeological displays. That *could* happen here. But the American economy is sitting, flat-assed, on the base provided by the big auto companies. Nothing short of Government decree or full-scale revolution is going to change that.

Yet the fundamental imagery of the television screen does not differ much from country to country no matter how greatly economic or political systems vary. In the United States, television is an organ of the assembly line. Programming is designed to encourage production and consumption of goods and services. A good show is a master commercial selling the basic axioms of a way of life in which personal identity, status and self-confidence are defined in the marketplace.

The actual commercial for a product begins the process of individuation. It's understood that every American family must have at least one car. The show, the master commercial, has conditioned the viewer to cars in general. With the commercials, the conditioning is narrowed to a particular brand and model designed to fit the personality of a carefully selected class of consumers. The theme and symbolism and ambience are the product of the psychologist, sociologist, artist, poet, composer, director and performer.

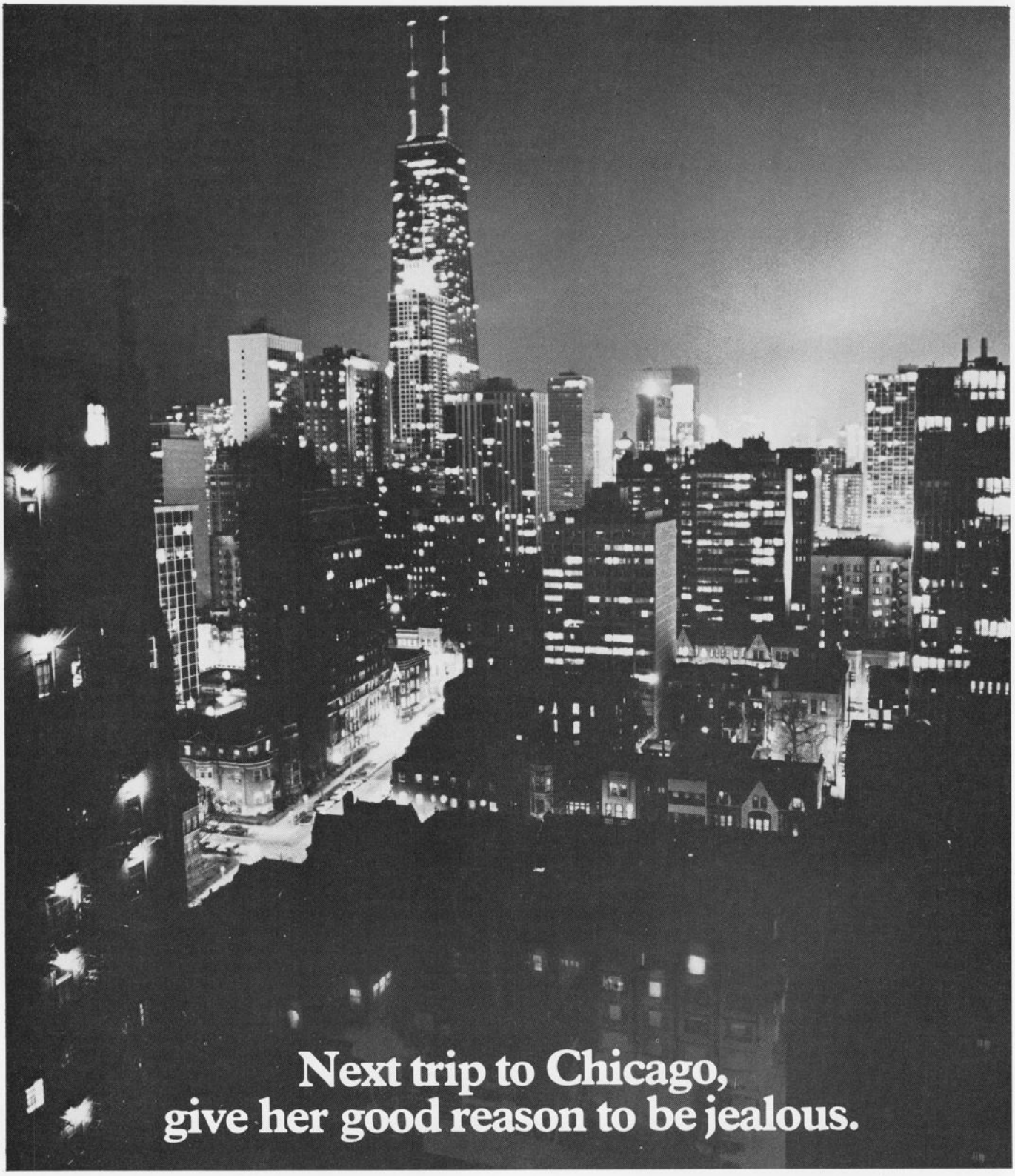
The television commercial is almost certainly one of the sublime art vehicles of all time. It is not unusual for an automobile spot to cost $1000 a second. The limits established by the nature of the product are clearly fixed. But within them, there is no restriction on creativity. The rules that bind the imagery of the television show are suspended. Impact is the only criterion.

The best commercials are short, intense, symbolic episodes that interrupt general programming with a kind of super-reality so demanding that the effect often resembles a vivid hallucination, striking deep into the unconscious and triggering responses imprinted by the endlessly repeated messages of a culture whose primary definitions of individuality are material rather than spiritual.

Most of the technical devices used in television commercials—the quick cut, for example—have long been known to makers of feature films. Until recently they were not used in general-release movies because it was thought that they were too difficult for the audience. The 30-second spot demanded absolute economy. The 10-second spot was even more rigorous. Editing, plot, imagery became surrealistically truncated and a new kind of logic emerged. The success of these commercials proved that there was a mass audience for radical departures from conventional filmmaking. More than that it trained the viewers' eyes and ears and minds to perceive at rates of speed once thought impossible.

Film men who specialize in television spots believe that young people, some of whom have been watching television from birth, perceive so rapidly and completely that no adult can truly understand what they experience when they see a film. They also believe that the kids have totally novel understandings of reality, imprinted in infancy by the special effects used in commercials.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



Ah the glamour of business travel. Or so your wife thinks. But one place she'd be right about. Chicago's Hotels Ambassador.

Here you enjoy the same regal treatment as the famous stars who visit us. From a staff that numbers over five hundred — almost one for every room.

Speaking of rooms, you can dine in the fabled Pump Room. Or sip a drink 200 years ago in the Prince of Wales. Or simply relax in your room. Which you'll find is much more than four walls and a bed.

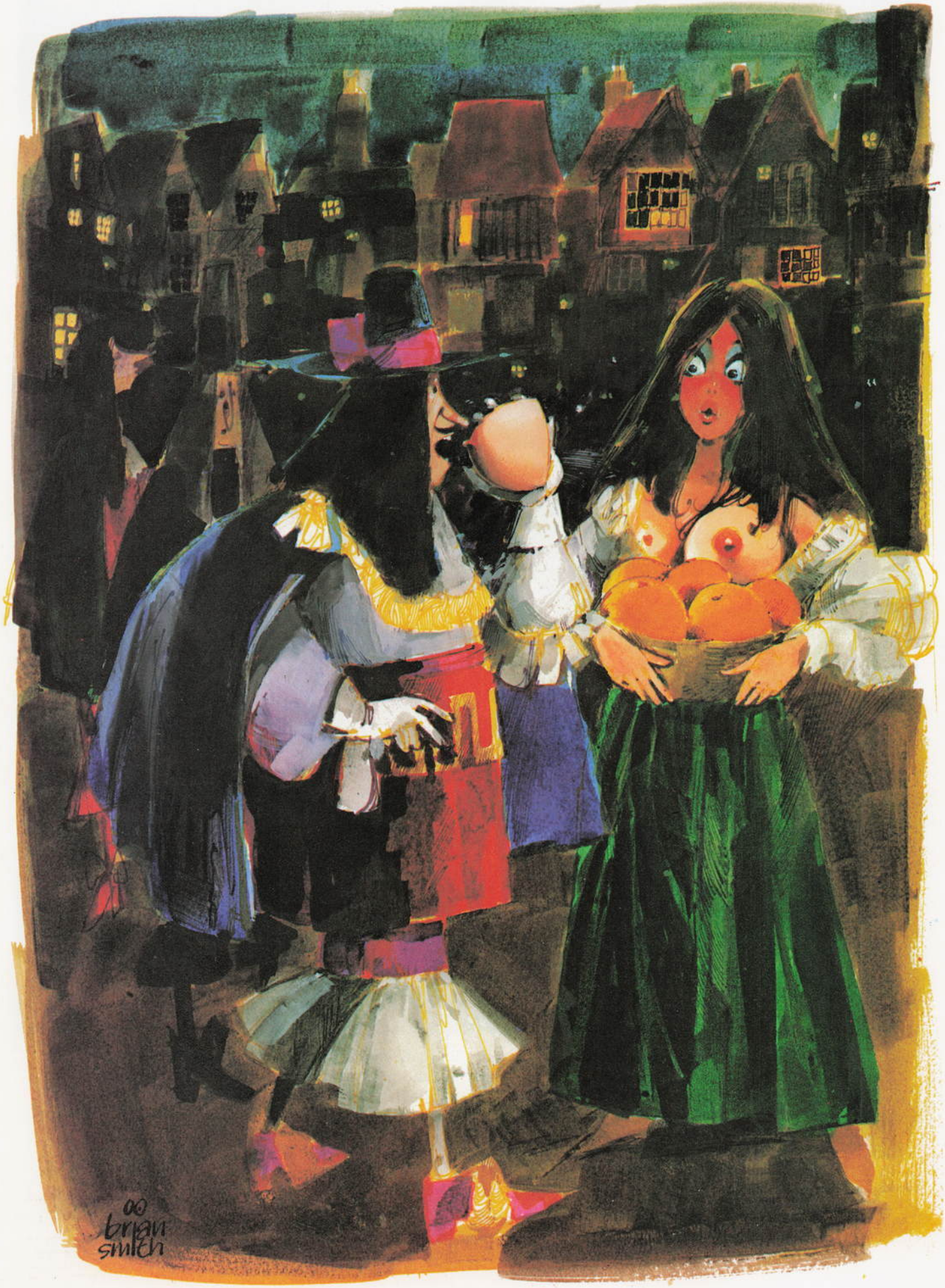
All for a price that's not a bit astronomical.

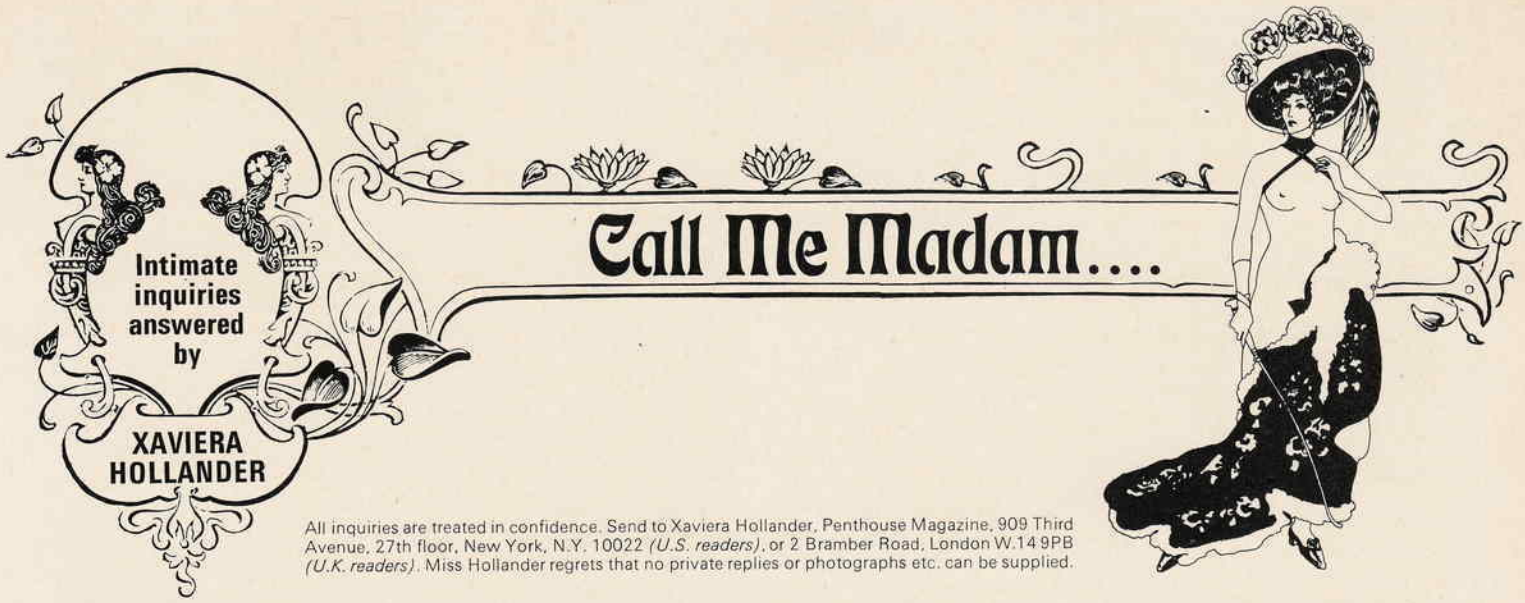
So next trip to Chicago, book with us. We're at 1300 North State Parkway, Chicago, Ill. 60610. Phone (312) 787-7200. Telex (312) 253-272.

But don't tell your wife about it. It could be the last business trip you take alone.

HOTELS *Ambassador*

The Star Treatment


oo
brian
smith



All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022 *(U.S. readers)*, or 2 Bramber Road, London W.14 9PB *(U.K. readers)*. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies or photographs etc. can be supplied.

COUNTING INCHES WHERE THEY COUNT

You once mentioned a little diary you kept concerning your clients. As I recall, some were classified as "supercocks". If this means what I think it does, what are the actual dimensions of such an organ? A little more information on this subject would certainly be enlightening to the big lovers of this world.—B.R.

In my terminology, "supercock" has two different meanings. Firstly, I use it to describe a man who knows what to do with his organ. He may not have a large one, but he's a superlover as far as techniques are concerned. Secondly, I use it to classify men who are built like real studs. I would say that a thickness of 2 ins diameter and a length of 11 ins would count as a supercock. There was once a man nicknamed Superman who lived in Havana, Cuba, and earned his name because he used to perform sex acts on stage for a live audience and show off his tremendous organ. Often women in the audience wanted to become his lover, but many of them were scared to death when they got a real closeup of his huge penis. Some men have a problem if they are very large, especially if their lovemaking technique is bad. They just slam-bam away, often hurting their partners. In such cases the woman must rely on lubricating jellies or oral foreplay to ensure that she is sufficiently moist for the man to enter her without causing pain. I myself enjoy a man with a big penis, especially if it has a thick head and strong firm balls to match. I don't think that length is all that important, but thickness certainly is. Still, the way a man uses his penis really is just as important as its size. When I was in Nassau a while ago I met a young man with small thin hands and a small thin cock. Yet he had the quickest tongue in town and a fantastic body movement once he had entered me. He managed to wriggle that little penis in such a manner that it felt three times its actual size. So don't worry about dimensions, concentrate on technique.

SHE ACHES—BUT IT'S NOT WITH YEARNING

My wife likes to perform fellatio on me occasionally, but because her mouth is very small it gives her cramps in the jawbone. These aches detract from our enjoyment and she becomes despondent. Though she can still bring me to climax, I wonder if you have any suggestions about possible techniques, positions or exercises that she could employ to remove this obstacle to our oral satisfaction?—Barry.

Are you sure your wife really enjoys oral sex with you? Or does she merely do it to please her husband? In my opinion this type of cramp not only takes the pleasure away for you but most certainly for your poor wife. Perhaps you have been a little selfish—there are other ways of making love! But the fact that you have written to me indicates that at least you are aware that something is wrong. Tell your wife that next time she sucks your penis she should put some Vaseline on her lips to lubricate them. Then, instead of trying to accommodate the entire length of your penis, she should put merely the top or head into her mouth. She can vary this with sucking and licking movements along the sides. She should remember to devote attention to the little knob where the head joins the shaft, as this is supposedly one of the most sensitive spots. Licking and even gentle biting of your balls and caressing of the bridge between your buttocks and scrotum can be just as pleasurable for you as a mechanical mouth going up and down your penis. It is the tongue movement that counts and gives far more excitement than the passive placing of a warm mouth around a penis. Tell your wife to relax and not get too excited or be in too much of a hurry to bring you to orgasm. Maybe if you perform *soixante-neuf* with her and satisfy her simultaneously she will enjoy it so much she will forget any pain. If this doesn't work I would advise her to see a doctor who might know of some jaw exercises—after all, there are breast, tongue and eye exercises, so why not some for the jaw?

HOW I SEE HUSTLING—FROM MY RETIREMENT

I'm completing a report on prostitution and would like to know where you draw the line. I don't understand how someone can be so free and bold in presenting herself as you are in The Happy Hooker. *Will your children accept the fact that their mother balled for money? Though I believe that prostitution should be legalized, I don't think it should be publicized in the manner you've adopted. I'd appreciate your views on legalizing prostitutes.—Elizabeth.*

In a way I sympathize with what you say. Maybe you feel I should have written the same book but never have announced the true me behind it. In other words, if my book had come out "by X", like *The Sensuous Woman* by J, you think it might have been more acceptable. Originally that is what I had in mind to do. Only because of the worldwide publicity I had over the Knapp Commission's hearings on police corruption in New York did my publishing company and my co-author Robin Moore (both commercially-minded) push me to come out of hiding. Revealing my true identity helped the sales tremendously, because I was able to go on talk shows and give lectures throughout the US. If I had remained Miss X, my book would have seemed like just another hooker book, some fiction maybe of a frustrated lady writer. Once it was out I had certain regrets, I must confess. There were not many secrets about me left any more, in particular those relating to my family life as a child. Those I should have omitted.

But then again, who would have thought that my first book would become so wellknown and get publicity as far apart as Greece, Japan, South Africa, Australia and Holland? Not me. I honestly was surprised. But once it was a success I turned out to be a bigger hustler hustling the book than when I really *was* a hustler. I laugh when I think of how many straight square women there are, respectably married, who do exactly the same things as I did, turning tricks on the side either to supplement their husbands' salaries or to get rid of their sexual frustrations! Anyway, I am The Happy Hooker no more, and after the book came out I never again advocated my old profession. But I still love sex and money and still love to please myself as well as others. I'm lucky to have a bestselling book behind me that will give me all the financial security I could dream of, and on top of that a gratifying and interesting job with Penthouse doing this column. Remember, many of your famous movie actresses started out as prostitutes in their youth, and the whole world knows about it. So what? Their children will find out as well, but that doesn't necessarily make them any the worse as mothers. I was a whore for three years; maybe if I had been one for 10 years it would have changed my personality, but as it is I don't feel a different person. It is what is *inside* that counts. I'm not exactly proud of my past life, but it has made me a riper and more understanding person (and mother in the future, I hope) than many a respectable housewife who still hasn't learnt how to make her marriage work. I am all for legalizing prostitution; the word "legalizing" should not even be necessary. Prostitution should be tolerated, as it is in Germany or my home country, Holland. After all, if practiced properly it is a victimless and complaint-free crime. It's like any other profession. The man who visits a hooker wants to spend money to get sexual relief, while the girl who sells her body performs a social service in exchange for his money. Only if she rolls his pocket or stabs him is there any cause for complaint, but this doesn't happen so often. However, as long as prostitution remains illegal prices will stay high, since most pros have to keep their business underground. As long as hookers can't advertise there will always be criminal elements—pimps, corrupt police, drug pushers—mixed up in the business, and street hookers will continue to annoy people who aren't interested. Finally, Elizabeth, I want to tell you something. Whenever I am recognized, whether it is in Nassau, Canada or anywhere else, it is always the *women* who insist on my posing for pictures with their horny husbands. You know why? Because every woman secretly envies me a tiny little bit, because I learned to do something that they could never quite manage to do—fascinate their men and hold them in my grip, arouse them and turn them on in a special manner that they in a 1000 years will never achieve.

STOCKINGS ARE TOPS—BUT WHO REMEMBERS?

I get really turned on by long nylon stockings, but my wife refuses to wear them when we make love. She says they're too hot, and she's come up with the idea that I'm trying to trap her somehow. I think that's bullshit, but what can I do about it?—Steve.

Did you ever tell your wife just how *much* nylon stockings turn you on, and just how unsexy those passion-killer pantyhoses are? Maybe you could show her some pictures of fashion models and actresses in sexy corselets with black nylon stockings, and tell her how much more attractive they look to a man than those plain top-to-toe pantyhoses. Tell her that they are far more feminine. You are not the only one who loves stockings and garter belts; many thousands of men have the same desire. Just as long hair is usually more attractive to men than short boyish hair, so a glimpse of naked thigh is often more arousing than an expanse of pantyhose. Too bad, you guys out there, that fashions have changed so much that it's difficult to purchase good nylon stockings any more, let alone sexy garter belts. You have to go to special lingerie stores usually frequented by prostitutes, who tend to be the only ones who wear them because many of their customers wish to see them dressed up like that. Tell your wife to be a little more of a whore in bed; if the stockings are too hot for her leave the window open, even if it is mid-winter, so that she will freeze enough to feel comfortable. Talk to her about your fetish—she might not even realize exactly why you want her to wear stockings. There are still some ignorant women around.

MAKING A SEXY EXHIBITION OF MYSELF . . .

I find it difficult to believe I'm writing to you about my problem. In eight years I have never discussed it with anyone, but I guess that desperation is getting the better of me. I am male, 24, and an exhibitionist. The act itself is most gratifying, but I'm finding more and more difficulty in getting along with myself. The anxiety of trying to find someone who appreciates my deviation is also becoming hard to take. Can you help me?—J.N.

I can only suggest that you get a job in a live sex show or, if you have any musical talent, maybe a musical like *Hair* or *Oh! Calcutta!* Then you might even make some money by showing yourself off, instead of giving it away for free. Exhibitionism is like many other fetishes not generally accepted by our society, and the only outlet in my opinion is a prostitute. I honestly cannot suggest anything else to help you, but perhaps my own experience may give you some ideas, because I am also an exhibitionist to some extent, as well as a voyeuse. I remember vividly about seven years ago I visited a Christmas party in Miami. The owner of a well-known private club was playing host in his beautiful penthouse apartment, where he had an indoor swimming pool. Once you were inside the pool the audience in the lounge could see everything that happened in the water through a glass wall. The people attending this party were extremely boring and uninteresting; all of a sudden I got that strange urge to do something different and become an exhibitionist. It was warm and humid, so I decided to give an underwater striptease. Since I wore little makeup I didn't have to worry about *that* coming off. I told the band to play a suitable tune, and exactly at midnight I did my thing. I dove into the pool and started a seductive striptease. The water made my movements light and elegant, and soon I had my summer dress stripped off my shoulders. I teased the audience, who were shocked and yet amused, by swimming close to the glass wall where they all had their noses pressed against the glass. Then I danced and swam back and forth until I had removed my bikini underpants and bra. It gave me a tremendous sexual kick. Once it was over I got dressed outside the pool, walked back to the crowd, and behaved as if nothing had happened. I was accepted, but take care if *you* decide to do the same thing some day.

IT TURNS HIM ON BUT NEVER HIS GIRLS

Congratulations on your series "Call me Madam". I get turned on by wearing, seeing or feeling rubber, which I suppose dates back to when as a little kid I would be cuddled by my mother while she was wearing a rubber apron. My little penis would touch the cool rubber and I'd get a hard. Later my aunt used to give me enemas while she was wearing a rubber apron and rubber gloves. After she'd given me the works she would introduce her hand into my rectum and actually pull my wire. I met many girls while I was in the army with whom I'd play the old rubber raincoat deal, ending up laying them on it just like old Sir Walter Raleigh. For some damn reason these English girls really liked it on a rubber sheet. I don't feel I'm a kook so long as rubber doesn't take the place of sex, and I wouldn't lay a rubber doll. Are a lot of women stimulated by rubber or are the ones I have had just playing along with me?—H.C.L.

I don't know of many girls who get turned on by sex in a rubber environment. It is a rather unusual fetish. In

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

THEY SWEAR WE DON'T EXIST

It's true. 10,000 retail stereo shops swear we don't exist. They don't want to admit that the Warehouse Sound Co. offers music systems and single components (of every major brand) at such remarkable savings. In fact, some retail stores think our price-discounting is downright shameful.

Well, we're now in our fourth year of non-existence, and the staff pictured above is ready to answer your phone call, letter, or request for a price quote – as well as send you our free catalog.

You might say our company is an alternative for those who are dissatisfied with the price, service or selection of local stereo outlets. Write or call: when you're ready for new sound equipment, you'll be happy to know that we DO exist.

send this coupon for a free catalog

WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

Railroad Square, San Luis Obispo, California 93401
Phone 805/543-2330

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

Counsellor Xaviera.

your case it probably goes back to primitive maternal memories. Most hangups do stem from an early childhood memory. Though there are obviously not many girls with a similar fetish you might well be able to turn them on to the idea once you have met them. One is never too old to learn and like something new; it breaks the monotony of screwing between crisp white linen sheets. For instance, some people dig black silk or satin sheets or the touch of leather. To each his own. You seem to have your senses together, since you jib at a rubber doll, so I wouldn't worry about your likes. By the way, what makes you think Sir Walter laid girls on a rubber raincoat? It was his cloak he spread on the ground, wasn't it? And he did it for the Queen to *walk* on.

HER AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC

If I really dig the chick, I have no problems making it with her. But I really *get turned on if I play a tape of Dooley Wilson playing and singing* As Time Goes By *from* Casablanca. *That damn song can make me go like hell all night. What would you think if your guy did the same sort of thing? Is it just a personal hangup?—R.B.*

I dig groovy music just as much as you do. It all depends what kind of mood I'm in when I make love. Something wild would be good for an orgy scene, and something psychedelic for young kids to freak out to. For your first night together, when you feel it's true love, you need something sentimental. Nothing the matter with screwing to music, R.B., as long as you don't go overboard and decide to mount speakers inside your girlfriend. Remember, the wires would get in the way.

BEDCHAMBER OF HORRORS—OR PLEASURE?

I love oral sex but, much as I'd like to, I can't stand having a climax that way. It's like a torture—I feel as if I am going to pass out. At the moment of truth I push the female's head away or grab my penis and fight like mad. I have tried putting both my hands behind my head and grabbing the bedpost, but it doesn't work; when I feel my orgasm coming I beg my partner to stop, or push her off. I can only remember a few times when I've had an oral climax, and this was when I had both my hands and legs tied in a spreadeagled position. Is there anything you can suggest to help me appreciate oral sex more fully?—Elliott.

You seem to have some masochistic slave tendencies in you, if you want the girl to tie you down and then you beg her to stop. She in turn teases you and continues the game until you cannot stand it any more. Unknown to you, you must love every minute of it, especially the struggle to fight her off. I'm not convinced that you really want to change anything. If you were my victim I would do the following: I would put you into some old medieval leg irons and heavy handcuffs, which I'd lock behind your back. Then I would fellate you until you almost went berserk, but without letting you come. Next I'd take a piece of surgical rubber and strap it around your erect penis and your balls. This would prevent you from climaxing and make your penis hard and numb—but *very* excited. Then it would be time to suck you again, and pull you round the bed by the rubber. You'd beg me to make you come, and you'd do whatever I told you to. The game wouldn't be over yet, though. I'd tease and caress you until you were my complete slave. I'd make you crawl, helpless and tied down, over the bed to reach me, and I'd make you go down on me for a change. I would really keep you at it. When you'd finished I'd sit on top of you and ride you like a racehorse—maybe a little whipping would not hurt. Remember, the surgical rubber still prevents you from climaxing. When I thought the time was ripe for your final explosion, I would release the string from the rubber and simultaneously fellate you like nobody ever did before. Don't worry about the end result; you'd love every minute of it. I bet you feel better already.

UNDERPRIVILEGED, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

I don't have full satisfaction when I have sex with girls. My penis is about 7½ ins long and about 5 ins round. Whenever I have sex I feel that I could give the girl 24-hour service if she is riding on top of me, and I get full satisfaction. But when I ride her I get tired easily after two hours and don't get satisfied. Can you help? I don't want to go to my doctor about this.—R.N.

Two hours! If you keep up the good work you're definitely going to have to visit a doctor, probably for a penis transplant. Carry on as you're going and you can bet your sweet bippy that you'll wear your joint down to the thickness of a pencil-lead!

MOTHER-TO-BE WHO FANCIES THREE

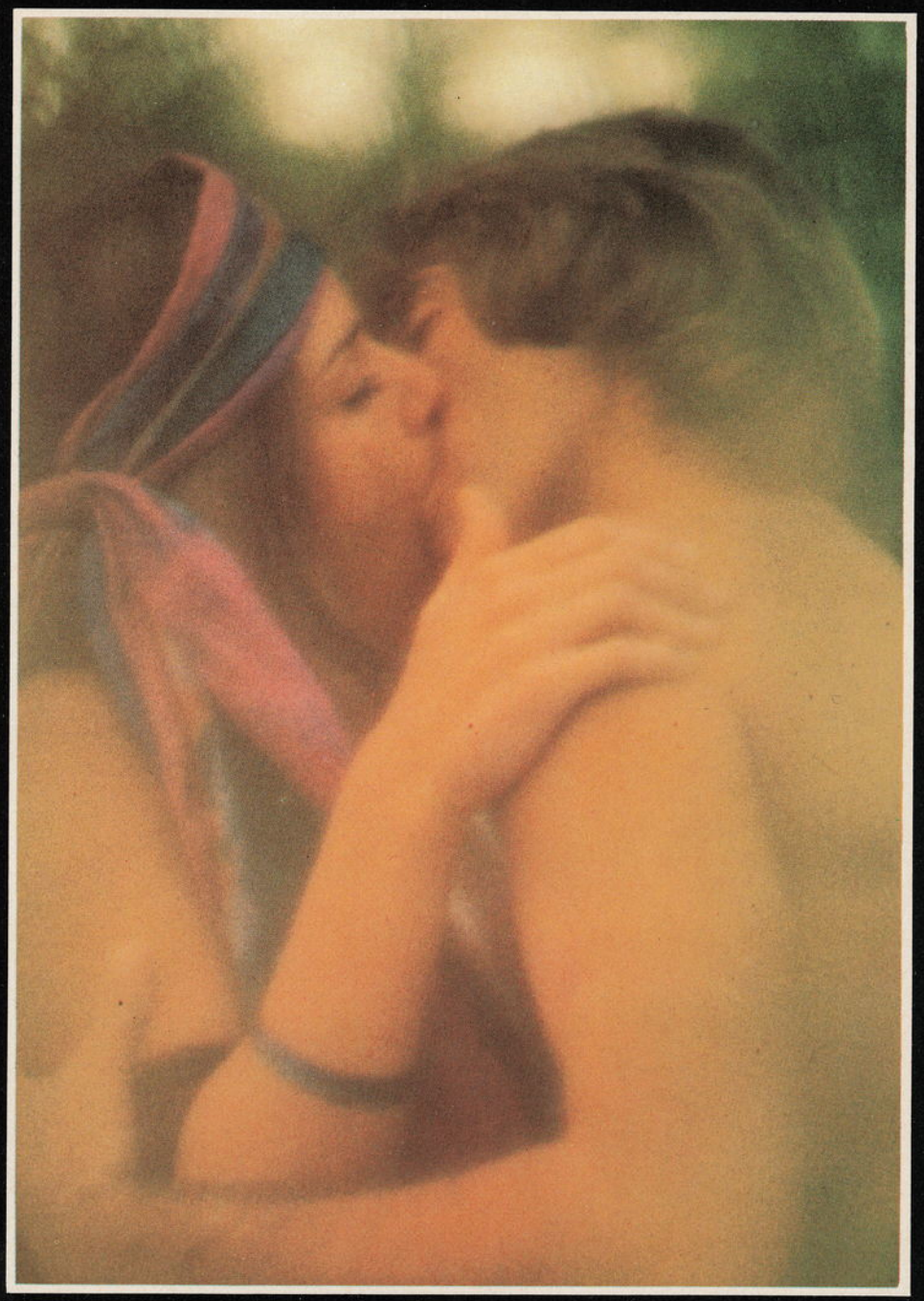
We're very happily married and I'm in my eighth month of pregnancy (and 14½ lbs heavier). My husband and I used to enjoy sex, but now I can't seem to get into the right mood. We'd like your opinion about whether we should get another girl in, to help around the apartment and get involved with us in a three-way scene. Do you think this would be wise?—Debbie.

By the time you read this answer I am sure you will have a lovely baby in the crib and your sex life will have long since picked up again. Meanwhile, for any future pregnancies it wouldn't be a bad idea to try and find a help. Make sure however that the girl knows beforehand what her duties will be. Even if you are not pregnant you might still enjoy a three-way scene. I myself really dig pregnant ladies—it's a hangup of mine—and I was lucky to meet a lovely woman who was three months pregnant when I was abroad recently. I often wish I was pregnant and I sure as hell want to have a beautiful baby within the next few years, whether I'm married or not. I want to have a baby and *still* enjoy my sex life. You are like my girlfriend, a healthy and sensuous woman and not one of those who constantly complain what a heavy task it is to be pregnant, or how sick it makes you feel. Is it the healthiest disease in the world or not? I cannot understand husbands who cheat on their wives because they find making love to a pregnant woman repulsive. "My wife is absolutely horrible to look at," someone once told me when he visited my brothel. I happened to know his wife and she was a stunning lady, who did not even carry heavy. I cannot understand how any man can talk about his own wife like that, especially if she is carrying his own product—supposedly made with love—inside her. You are very lucky to have such an obviously understanding husband, Debbie; by all means share your body and pleasure with both your husband and a lovely girl during your next pregnancy, so that all three of you can treasure what is growing inside you.

SELF-CENTERED AND NO SATISFACTION

My problem is I can't satisfy my girlfriend. I'm considered very good with my foreplay technique, but I'm lucky if I can achieve two orgasms in one night. Even with other chicks I have the same problem. I've always masturbated a lot, and now that I'm 18 I feel I shouldn't have to be doing it quite so much. Could this have some bearing on my problem? I'm in fairly good health and I get excited very easily. In this small community it's hard to get laid, and with my problem I keep having to rely on hand satisfaction. —Bob.

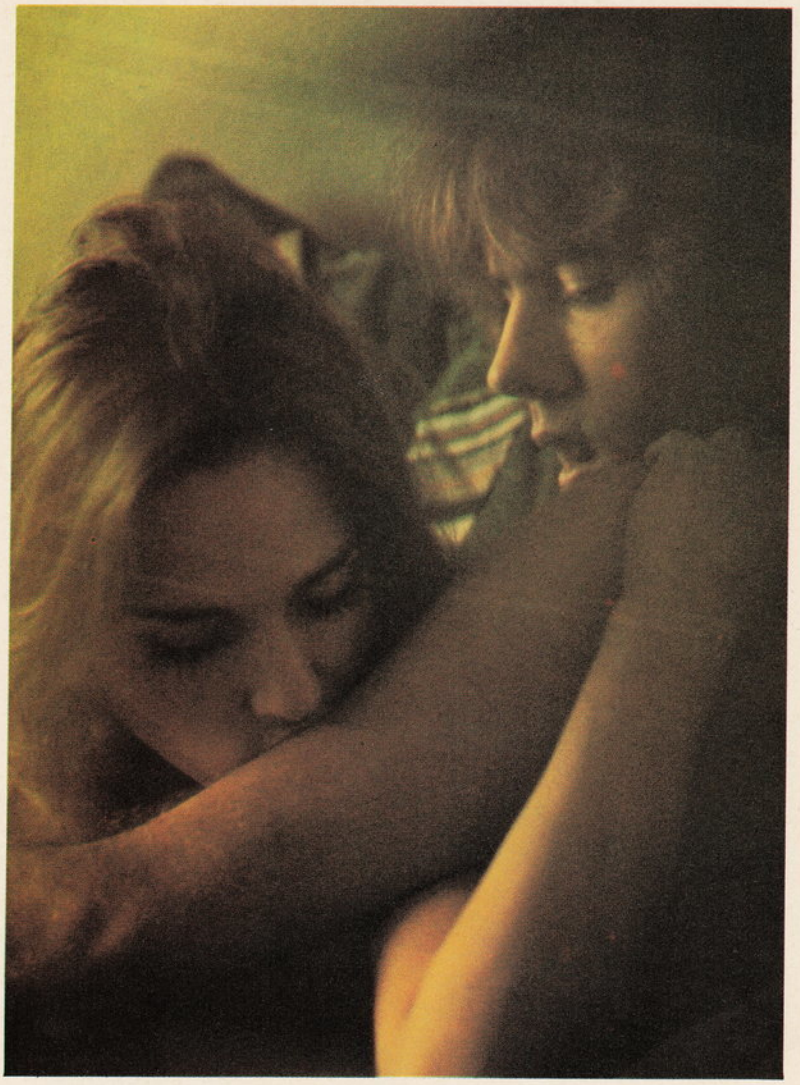
Two orgasms per night is not bad at all, but your masturbation may indeed have influenced your sex life. In my own experience of young men who masturbate a lot, I found that either they couldn't reach their final orgasm inside the woman because they were too used to their own handgrip (firmer than a woman's vagina) or it took them so long that they exhausted the woman. I suggest that you stop pounding the meat for a while, even if this drives you up the wall. I'm sure that your normal sex life will then improve.



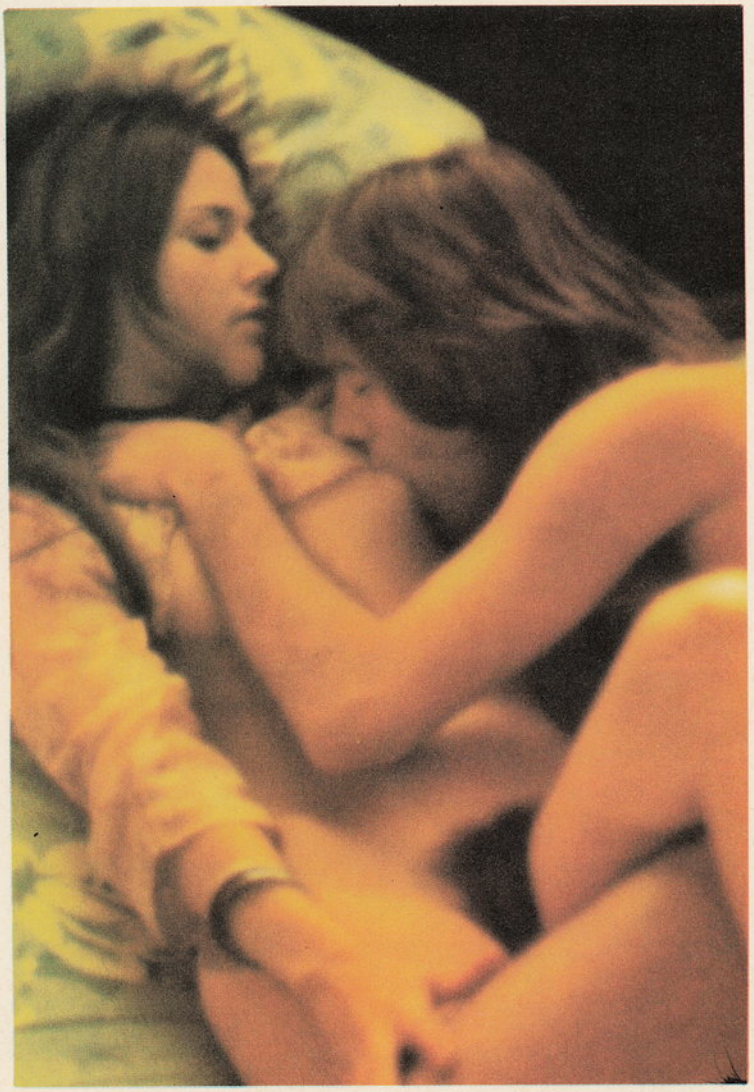
Out of the cliché that "we're just
good friends" comes
a pictorial insight into two
young people with
a sense of the occasional

PAIR PLAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

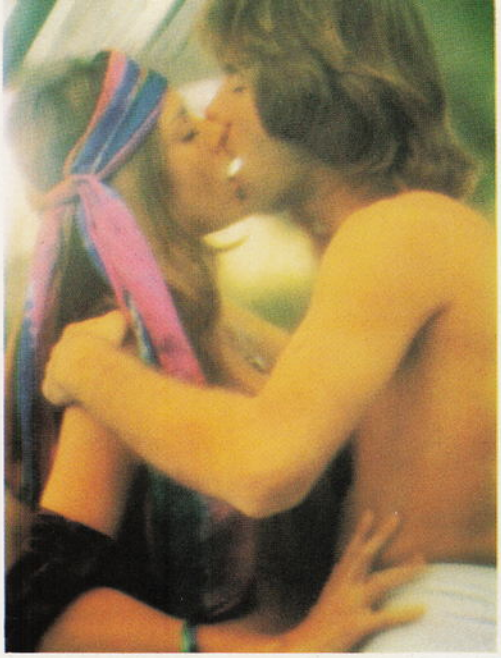


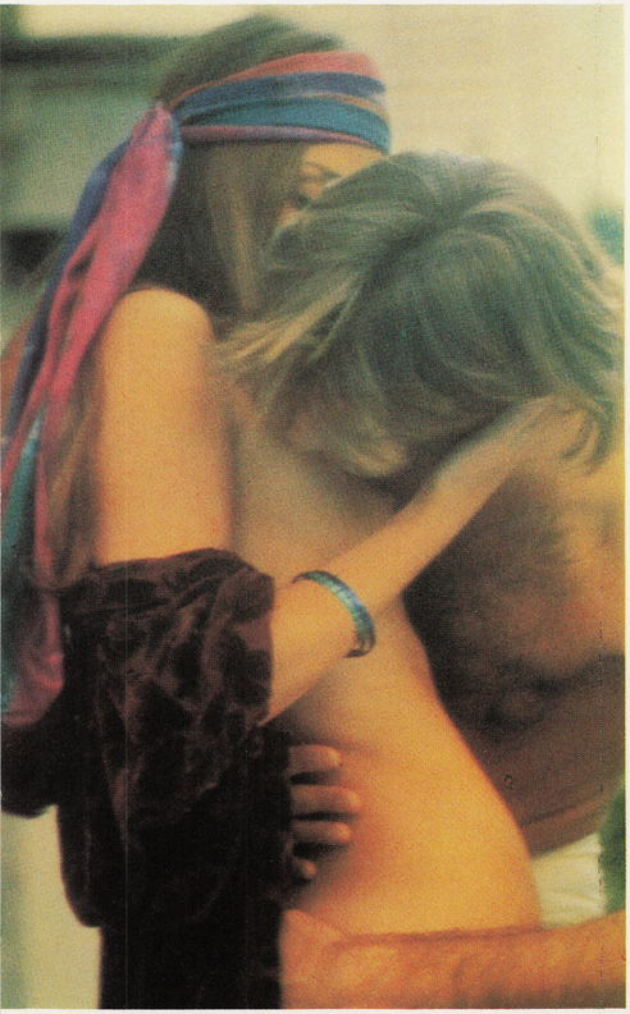
Friendship takes on many forms—from the true-grit comradeship of two men with a shared ambition, to the elusive love-hate relationship of mothers and sons. A rare entry in the human encyclopedia is the sensuous shifting partnership of Mike and Carole, who at 22 have a deep and varied communication that ranges from the sparse and cerebral to the richest of physical nirvanas. They met casually, when she was on vacation by the sea, and he was picking up extra money by parking cars. They went to bistros together, spent long evenings talking together, shared walks in the sun, and eventually, when it seemed as though they'd never be anything more than summertime buddies, they strayed into the fields and found something stirring between them that was both natural and intense. "Normally," said Carole, "you never even think about making love



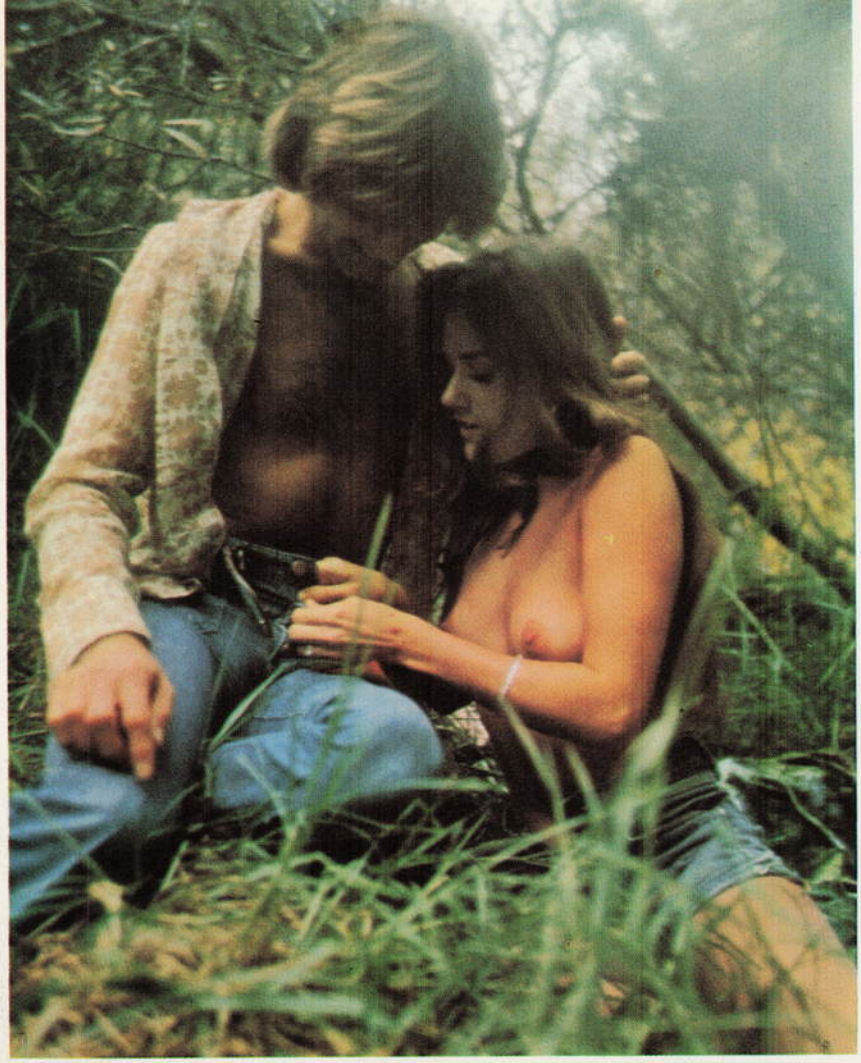
to your *pals*. You have fun with them and everything like that, but the thought of having sex with them is about as far from your mind as making love to your *brother* or something. I don't know why, but there's something kind of incestuous about it. But because of that, it's all the more arousing and erotic, if you can understand what I mean. It seems forbidden, more forbidden than making love to a guy who has made a play for you all along." Mike concurs. "I never even thought about making love to Carole before that day in the fields. The thought just never kind of entered my mind. Sure, she's very attractive, but we just hadn't had that kind of a thing going for

us. I was going around with some other girl when we first met, and so I wasn't kind of sexually hunting, if you see what I mean. So when we did get around to making love, it was really incredible. The first thing I said to Carole after it was all over was: 'I guess we ought to do this a little more often.' She said to me: 'It's

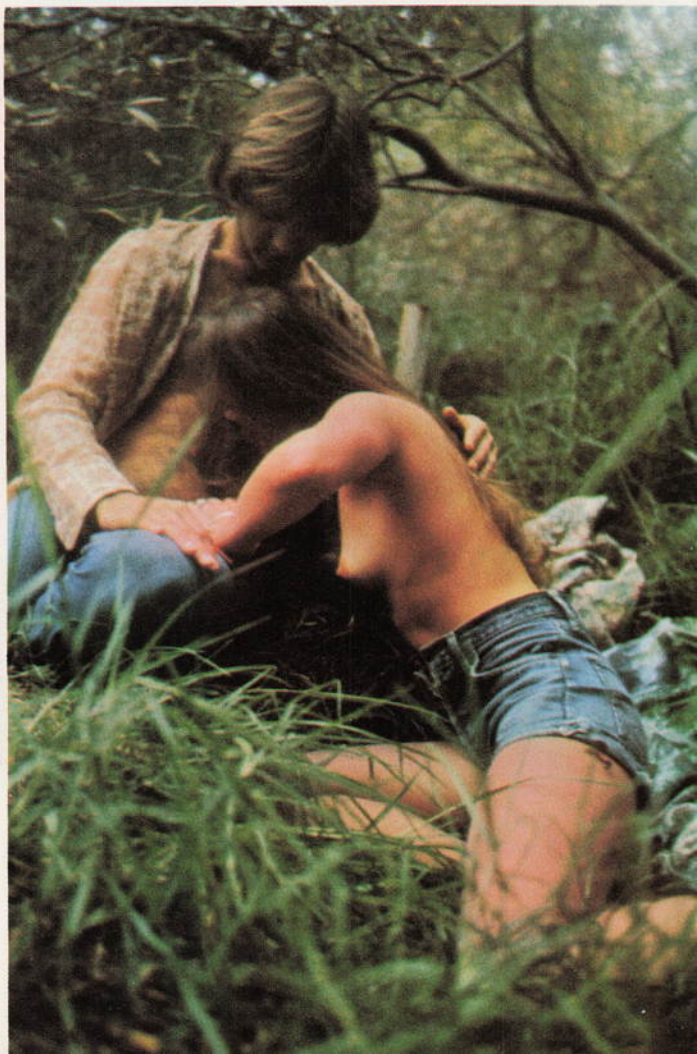




pretty friendly, isn't it?'." Despite their few excursions into sexual sharing, however, Mike and Carole have never launched themselves into a full-scale running affair. "To some people it might sound strange," said Carole, "but I really like the idea of having a man around as a constant friend who I can sleep with sometimes when I need the friendship and the solace that everybody looks for from time to time. You see, normally when you go to a friend for help after an affair's broken up or something like that, they can only console you on a non-physical level. Mike can go much deeper than that, and kind of soothe me where it really hurts—in those areas where I keep my sexual pride. After an affair is over, a girl can often feel that she isn't attractive any more. Mike reassures me that I am. What he does for me is more important than anything my parents or my girlfriends or anybody could do. He shows me I can still get a man turned on." How does Mike feel about his role as erogenous panacea? "I don't mind if



that's what Carole wants out of it. Personally I get something less emotional, more informally physical, out of our relationship. But that of course is the important thing—that's why it works. Neither of us get hung up about what the other's getting out of it." Does he think that their relationship will ever progress? "Not if I can help it," Mike remarked, confirming that these two involved will never get too involved.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Matthew Andrews, a novelist and screenwriter, once recalled an incident in which his son, Max, then seven, intently watched a soap commercial that had a little boy riding a flying platform:

"He knew that the soap was a shuck but he wanted that flying platform. There will soon come a time when he realizes that the platform is a trick. Yet somewhere down deep he will have that picture of a little boy riding a flying disk. To you and me, the concept will remain impossible. We know that there is no such machine. To Max it is already a reality. Therefore he will have no inhibitions about actually making one."

With the exception of a few shows, adult television programming has not yet begun to speak to this kind of sensibility. Tommy Smothers once said his main troubles did not come from the censors but rather from the technical people who refused to experiment with new visual perspectives. The situation is similar in the big movie studios where some lighting men still insist on a classically balanced lighting plan that gives perfect detail in every shadow. The customer is paying for the shadows as well as for the highlights and they want to give him his moneysworth.

That seems to be the kind of reasoning behind most of the lighting you see on your television screen. The variations are minute. Everything looks like everything else. Only the commercials are different. By the time you walk into that showroom you have been so bombarded and conditioned and selected that you fall in love at first sight. The salesman is there merely to take your order and load you up with accessories that make you believe you have married an absolutely unique piece of purring pussy.

America is a country that has carried individualism to its furthest limits, paradoxically creating a new form of slavery. As a consumer, you are hypnotized into believing that you must purchase your individual identity. Yet you are penalized if you become *too* individual because the programming cannot handle special cases. All this material abundance, the greatest output of adult and children's toys the world has ever seen, is the outcome of a mass production and mass distribution system that is unbelievably undiscriminating. It does not love the individual or his special needs.

You have the capacity for exquisitely fine tuning, perfect recall. There is no high fidelity system in the world that can fool you for long if your hearing is reasonably intact. The computer can work up a car on the assembly line that will be unique but the differences will be superficial rather than basic—mag wheels, special trim, details like that. It will not fool you unless you allow yourself to be fooled.

But most of us surrender to the illusion. We conform because it makes us feel better, finding the slot that fits pretty well, ignoring the places where the harness rubs, using alcohol or pills to make it all look right. And we dream. Manacled to the machine, we dream. As long as reality has a certain traditional look there is no anxiety. Security—that is the item the machine sells best. The tomatoes in the supermarket never taste anything like the ones that came out of that garden one dusty summer in childhood. But they are always there.

So we close our eyes here in Southern California, where all the work seems to be in defense plants, and we do not discuss politics. We do not remind ourselves that a child with a napalm face is paying for that split ranch at 122-3506 57th Road. And if the Los Angeles basin seems to be becoming a gas chamber, we try not to talk about that either. Then something very curious happens. They call it a lay-off. You are an individual, an independent human being with a precious and unique identity and now you are on your own, cut off from the corporation and the identity it gave you.

That has a certain maturing effect. Even hearing about it tends to stir odd thoughts. A middle-aged social worker and her dress manufacturer husband start talking about forming a commune with two other couples of about the same age. Parents whose children have been living in a communal house find their own attitudes changing subtly. Hostility begins to give way to curiosity, envy, a feeling of being left out of something important.

If you look at the way young people dress, you cannot fail to see that inspiration is coming from the country. The newest status symbol is a big vegetable garden. There are stores that sell used denims. Hand embroidery has become fashionable. Beverly Hills has a men's shop that features carefully bleached coats and pants. The effect will fool no-one, but it is a gesture with meaning.

You hear the word nigger more often, but it has a positive connotation. The niggers, among the kids, are the ones who do the work. It doesn't matter if they are white or black. It is good to be a nigger, to weed the garden, to wash dishes, to fix the septic tank, to work with your hands, to earn the respect of your friends. It's the work ethic minus the profit motive and the greed.

More people are talking about splitting. They are people you might not expect to talk that way. It's mostly fantasy, of course, yet some do manage to escape. Oregon, British Columbia, even Alaska, the Yucatan, Guatemala, Ecuador. Square doctors who do not smoke pot or take drugs are putting in time at free clinics. There are many free clinics in Los Angeles now. Soon the Free Clinic University will begin registering students.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

QUESTION ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION? Please include a Penthouse label to ensure prompt service when you write us.

Mail to: PENTHOUSE®
Subscription Service
155 Allen Boulevard
Farmingdale, New York 11735

ATTACH
MAGAZINE ADDRESS
LABEL HERE

Change of Address:
If you are moving please let us know five weeks **before** changing your address. Attach label above and include new address below. If you have a question about your subscription attach this form to your letter.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

To Subscribe: Mail this form with your payment and check. Payment must be received before subscription can begin.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Subscription Rates:
1 year $10; 2 years $18; 3 years $26. (U.S. and Canada only; APO and FPO addresses)

GOLDENHORN

ITALIAN GOOD LUCK CHARM

$7 earring size

$10 charm size

$25
Pendant size
Florentine gold

14K gold
Actual size

Allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery. NO C.O.D. Send check or money order to:
BEACH HOUSE ENTERPRISES
1062 Ocean Avenue, Sea Bright, N.J. 07760
Please add $1 for postage and handling.

THE BEST OF FORUM

is a provocative and stimulating selection from Forum the worlds most liberated magazine of sexual discussion

For your personal copy of this unique collection, send $1.50 to Best of Forum
909 Third Ave., 27th Floor
New York, N.Y. 10022

safe and not sorry

A contemporary quest for contraception without side-effects keeps colliding with old-fashioned male prejudice—as one lady tells it

by Holly Bower

Pauline Ellison

I am a 32-year-old woman who enjoys sexual relationships. I am also a woman whose consciousness had been raised before it became a popular item to talk about. I insist upon fulfilment in lovemaking, and I absolutely demand a sharing of responsibilities. It is this which led me to my ultimate decision.

The beginning of my sexual emancipation goes back to the '50s. As a teenager I asked the same questions as my female peers. Do I let him kiss me on the first date? Do I let him pet me by the eighth? In my late teens: do I go all the way before I'm pinned? Will he still think me a "nice" girl? And, in my early twenties: does he really want a virgin? Will he believe me when I tell him I was raped?

From lollypops to lipstick, spin-the-bottle to "soul" kissing, dirty saddle shoes to two-inch heels, personal research and experimentation taught me a hell of a lot.

My growing-up pains over, there was still one question which I would be stuck with for the rest of my active years: how, but how, do I keep myself from getting "knocked up"?

In high school there was one girl who bragged for months about the pleasures of going "all the way". We soon appreciated her honesty because she was taken out of school mid-term. Pregnancy, however, was rare and anyone caught was an immediate outcast. But while we talked in derogatory terms about the "fast" crowd, I am sure each of us dreamed of being politely forced by that year's track or football hero.

Petting was our popular indoor sport, and the "do you" or "don't you" was only discussed with your very best girlfriend. My ninth, 10th and 11th grades were spent adventurously exploring erotic zones between forehead and bellybutton with future Bohemians. In retrospect I must praise the inventiveness and control displayed by my childhood sweethearts.

At age 11 a foray into my parents' bedroom discovered among my mother's jewels an odd-looking case in which a circular, rubber-like "thing" rested quietly. I knew I had never seen her wear it, but I also had no conception of its intended use. Survival instinct warned me not to pursue my inquisitiveness further. Later on, girlfriends, with talkative older sisters, supplied most of the answers, for this was before Dr David Reuben.

The quarterback's tip

In my senior year Tommy, the crack quarterback, finally asked me to go steady. I was in ecstasy for he was in the popular clique, and I would now belong in the sexual scheme of things. My friends reminded me of the "dirty" things Tommy and The Three Musketeers did when their parents were in Europe. Just jealous, I thought, but I was soon to learn that gossip can be valid, for Tommy decided I should hurry up and purchase a diaphragm since "none of us guys can be bothered using rubbers." Thus, without my parents' knowledge or guidance, I took my monthly allowance and ventured out.

An intimate inspection

As I pushed against the bell outside the doctor's office, I wished that my mother had taken the time to educate me in the ways of the world. Unfortunately most mothers hoped their daughters would pick this up elsewhere. It was an embarrassing subject—one that was avoided at all costs. After being asked name, address and if I had smallpox, measles *et al*, I was brought into a waiting room. A girl around my age entered and I wondered whether she was there for the same reason. A young pregnant mother came dragging in with two kids clutching her legs. I truly believed the third child would debut at the next hearty tug from brother and sister. As I stared unseeing at the dimestore art on the walls, I began to fantasize my own pregnancy.

I would tell my mother first, knowing she could break it to my father better than I. "Mom," I said. "I'm pregnant. I'm sorry." She would say: "Oh my God." She would immediately start crying. I would put my arms around her. She would then get angry and say: "How could you do this to me?" "What will everyone think?" "Who else knows?" I would tell her that no one had been told. She would then ask me how many times had I, you know, before I got caught. I would explain it was my very first time. She would say: "Leave it to Jack's daughter (my father) to disgrace the family."

That evening my father would be told. He would ask who the boy was. Then he would say: "I guess I will have to transfer to another city." They would huddle and make plans. I would be taken out of school immediately. We would move to the West where no one could castigate us. An appropriate story would be presented and we—including my mother's new baby—would all live happily ever after.

"Miss Bronze, Miss Bronze, you're next," someone yelled. Having used a pseudonym in case I had one of those horrible diseases you get from sitting on a dirty john, I was oblivious to the call. "Miss Bronze I have been calling you repeatedly, you're next," the nurse said, tapping me impatiently on the shoulder. She led me to a room painted in cool shades of yellow and washbasin white. My eyes immediately rested on a high black examining table with a matching stool nearby. The nurse told me to undress and put on the sheet, neatly placed on the table.

Not quite certain as to proper gynecological etiquette, I chose to leave my undergarments on. Suddenly my gaze was captured by two metal structures, one on each end of the table. They had the shine of well-preserved silver. I was curious about them but my next step was to tackle the sheet. Since there was no front or back, top or bottom, I was confused as to how to drape myself. I finally succeeded in arranging it in what I felt would be right for the occasion. Sitting down on the stool I waited nervously. The nurse, passing through the room, took one look at me and laughed. I had wrapped myself around and around, looking somewhat like an Egyptian mummy. With psychic perception and added insult, she demanded I remove *all* my garments.

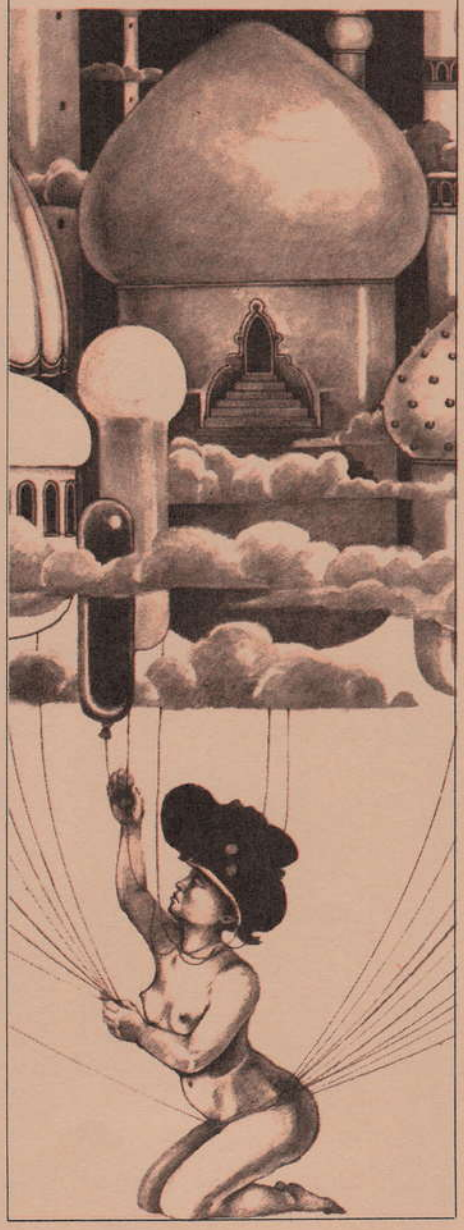
It seemed hours later when the doctor entered. He asked me to get on the table and to sit up. I did so, making absolutely sure my protective sheet remained tightly secure. Since there was no opening for his stethoscope, he asked me to rewind the sheet. I turned raspberry red, stood up with my back to him and rewound in seconds.

The squat and the squalor

After the usual routine of back, chest and knee tapping, he checked my breasts. I sat there, eyes downcast, wondering what all this had to do with diaphragm measurements. Next he asked me to lie down and slide my rear end to the bottom of the table. I did this, and he placed each foot into the silver stirrups. (Envision a horizontal jockey.) He called in the nurse who placed a glove, similar to my mother's dishcleaning apparatus on his right hand. Around his head was an elastic band with a spotlight attached to the front. I sensed a coalminer about to enter the darkest of all caverns. The doctor sat down directly at the table's end and pulled up the sheet, leaving "down there" exposed and illuminated. I could no longer see his head.

Without warning and with unnecessary force, I was stabbed by a finger. Closing my eyes, I had to hold back tears at this moment of pain and humiliation. Within seconds a steel object was inserted. I jerked involuntarily at the pure shock of its coldness. Shortly thereafter the doctor's head reappeared. I was told to get dressed and see him in the outer office. I fumbled with my clothes and practically fell into his office. He asked me to return in three weeks; the diaphragm would be ready and he would then instruct me in the art of insertion.

> The diaphram slipped from my beginner's fingers like a wild baseball and landed on the doctor's right cheekbone



On my next appointment the waiting room was jammed. I was taken quickly; ostensibly the "how to's" and "how not's" take little time. For those of you fortunate enough to have missed this inventor's delight, I can only describe the following as an entry for "The Most Embarrassing Experience I Have Ever Had."

In order to facilitate insertion, the doctor put a jelly-like substance on the diaphragm. Realizing he was dealing with a novice, he showed me the correct insertion position—a squat. One that you sports fans know Yogi Berra had done so well. There we were, both of us, squatting while he discussed instructions. I with bottom uncovered, he with tie hanging between his legs. Without standing up he handed me the diaphragm and said: "Let's see what kind of navigator you are now."

I tried and tried. He watched and watched. I got redder and redder. He looked at his watch and got angrier and angrier. Finally, to the surprise of both of us, the diaphragm slipped through my fingers and landed with a direct hit to his right cheekbone. He jumped up as if hit by a wild baseball. I rushed to the adjoining bathroom to cry. When I returned I saw the doctor standing at the sink, absorbed in rubbing the jelly substance from his face, my $20 device lying helplessly on the floor. Angry and indignant, I grabbed the diaphragm and placed it in its case. The doctor mumbled that it is washable and that I should go home and practice some more. I left that office determined never to return. A few weeks later I accomplished the task-at-hand in the privacy of my bedroom.

After the diaphragm I tried foam, which looks like men's shaving cream and even comes in an aerosol container. I used this for quite a while, though I had the feeling I would be one of those 1000-to-1 shots ending up as a statistic in a medical journal.

My decision to change contraceptives came about after a visit to the local drugstore to purchase a new supply of foam. In this moderately-sized room were a mother and six-year-old boy at the magazine rack and two men on line at the prescription counter. My friendly druggist was not there that afternoon. In his place was a young man who looked as if he had just gotten his pharmaceutical degree, thrown on a white jacket, and rushed behind the counter. I walked over and took my place in line. But for some reason—which I now believe to be sexist—he asked me what I needed, ignoring the men who were obviously there first. Quietly I requested two containers of Brand X. Suddenly his baby blues lit up and with megaphone-like volume he asked: "What flavor do you prefer?"

Politely stifled laughter crossed my ears until the little boy—in some sort of time delay—screamed to his mother to run to the prescription counter and buy him an ice cream cone too! I was absolutely furious at the druggist's successful maneuver to embarrass me. He firmly stated he had heard me say flavored douche powder. It has dawned on me since that a prescription counter is one place where men adore waiting in line for a woman; their sexual curiosity overrides their time priorities.

Shortly thereafter I decided to abstain from all sexual activity. Life imprisonment, *i.e.* pregnancy, was something I knew I would not be able to handle and the planning of sex necessitated by the use of a diaphragm or foam created a tremendous psychological block. I no longer enjoyed sex. Soon my phone stopped ringing. Nightly I snuggled on my couch engrossed in such literary masterpieces as *The Tropic of Cancer* or *The Story of O*.

And then I met Michael. Several very-patient-months later, Michael suggested our brother and sister act had gone on long enough. Eventually he persuaded me to go to the Margaret Sanger Clinic to cop a coil (IUD). I had read some facts about the coil: slim chance of pregnancy—overpopulated countries were using them; the male and female did not feel it; and I knew no preparation was needed before sex.

Michael and I arrived at the clinic. He was smiling and I was a bit nervous. He told me to think of the coil as a new freedom we would soon be able to enjoy. I left Michael to his fantasies and went into a small room with several other women. We were told to sit down while an instructor showed us various types of contraceptives available. Using a diagram, she illustrated exactly where each was placed and how it prevented pregnancy. Questions were asked; answers were given. Finally I realized she had not mentioned the coil. I raised my hand and pointed out her omission. The room became silent. She took one hard look at me and placed her finger on the diagram, while holding up the coil in her other hand. I exclaimed: "You mean, that thing goes in that area!" Class was over and I was quickly rushed into an adjoining room and told to lie down.

Cramps with the coil

From the table I looked up at a lady doctor who I now know is a Gestapo reject. When I saw that doctor's face I yelled: "Stop, stop, I change my mind; I don't want the coil." She ignored me because within seconds I was screaming. The next moment I remember was Michael lifting me out of his car. He informed me that my screams had permeated the floor; the instruction room emptied out as if each woman had suddenly remembered leaving her

iron on.

Two weeks later I am still bent over with cramps. I call the clinic. They say to wait a while longer. Four weeks later I call again. They say to be patient; the pain is natural. Five weeks later Michael is foaming at the mouth. I gently explain I truly understand his feelings, but mine are more simple: I want to die! Finally, with Michael again at my side, I crawl to the nearest gynecologist and within minutes the coil is removed and I stand erect. The gynecologist tells me that only women who have been pregnant should try the coil. I suggest he speak to the M. Sanger Clinic and to the female guinea-pigs in India. (Recently my girlfriend, Sheila, who just closed an abortion center, told me that most of the unwanted pregnancies were with coils.)

Poundage with the pill

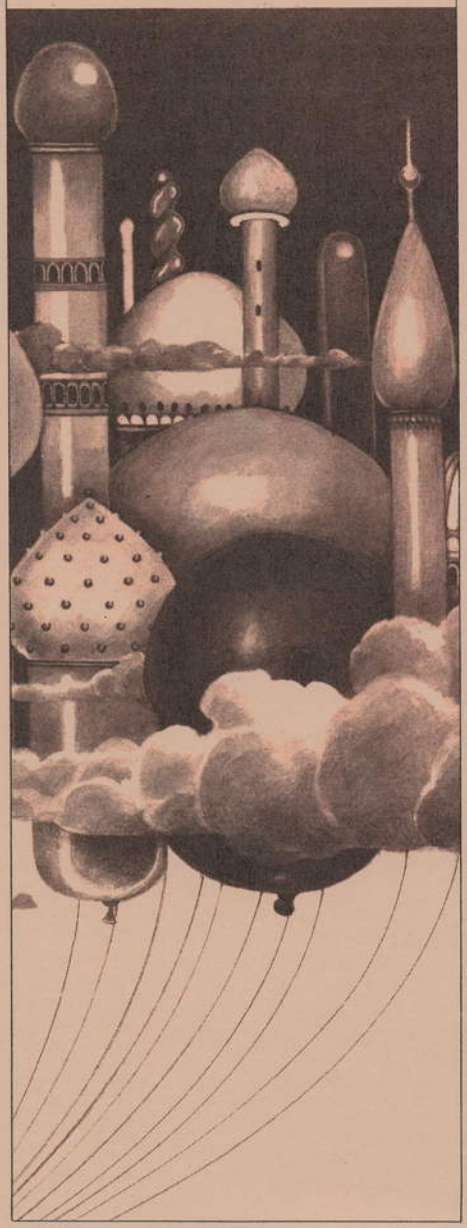
My next step toward progressive prevention was the pill. I, for one, had relatively few problems with the pill. After trying several brands, I discovered one that offered the least resistance. My normally dark-brown hair turned blonde and fell out. My beautifully long manicured nails became ragged edges. My double A cup remained double A. My thighs gained 15 pounds—each! And I had learned that some men really do like fat derrieres. As I stated, there were no serious side-effects. I never forgot to take the pill. I would swallow each day knowing I was safe and free to sleep with whomever I desired, whenever I wanted to—without losing spontaneity.

For several years everything was terrific. Then my gynecologist advised that I take a summer vacation from the pill. He proposed I use a diaphragm until September, but that was like telling me to wear a bra again. I made up my mind that it would just have to be a long hot summer.

The days steamed by and my nails grew. My hair returned to its natural fullness, though the color is still much lighter. I was able to pull a pair of slacks over my hips; in fact, I was even able to find my hips. Perhaps it was my consciousness being raised or perhaps it was my sexless summer. I had a lot of time to think. One day toward the end of August, I knew exactly what I had to do.

I had investigated, researched and test-marketed all kinds of contraceptives. I had taken on the full responsibility of keeping myself from becoming pregnant. Not once had any lover contributed to this situation. Not once had any lover offered any solace. Not once had any man inquired whether I was using anything; they automatically assumed it was a woman's job to do so. What a shock my modus operandi would be to the women's movement, to the sexual revolution, to my mother. And most of all, to my lovers. I was confident. I had at last matured into a true independent thinker.

> "I set up a trial run with a copywriter. What would he do when I reached into the bedside drawer and handed him the little box?"



I resort to rubbers

There are certain moments in a woman's life she never forgets: her first period, her de-virgining, her marriage, her husband's initial disloyalty—and her divorce. In addition to these I shall always treasure that last day in August 1971. It was a hot and sticky Saturday at 11:34 a.m. when I walked into the pharmacy. Mr Lipshits was on vacation and had designated his 89-year-old father as chief dispenser.

"May I have two boxes of prophylactics please". Lipshits senior reacted as Martha Mitchell might on receiving the photo rejects of Burt Reynolds. Looking at my crotch, he asked me for $4.50. Anxious to inspect my very first purchase of rubbers—as we users familiarly call them—I rushed home. Carefully taking one out, I examined it closely. I pulled and twisted it, checking durability. I blew into it, realizing how it got its nickname, balloon. I tried to pop it, but nothing happened. The test over, I read the instructions and was ready.

What would my next lover do when I reached into the drawer of the night table, took out the box, and handed it to him saying: "It's your turn to protect me, darling"? Would he laugh? Would he throw on his pants and exit? The names of two computer-dating services flashed through my mind, just in case. I must not weaken. I again weighed the advantages. No pregnancy. No side-effects. No V.D. (I only mention this as a plus factor, since V.D. has become Fun City's ultimate freebee.) Fewer laundry bills and, most important, a sharing of responsibility. I was to attempt a trial run with a copywriter I had met a few weeks ago.

I had chosen Richie as my first candidate because he had been persistently trying to date me. I already knew from our telephone raps that he was feeling somewhat guilty about being a male chauvinist. He was willing to listen and sympathize. We went to a sexy movie (his choice), then to a romantic restaurant (my choice). I suggested we return to my apartment for an after-dinner drink. The scenario working perfectly, we retired to my bedroom. The moment of truth arrived. In my most provocative manner, I handed him the surprise package. In his most sensitive way he exclaimed: "What in hell is this for?"

"Put it on, Richie," I said, "I don't intend to get pregnant." He replied: "You must be kidding, I haven't used one of these since I was 15." I assured him this was no joking matter. He grabbed a cigarette and said: "No way!"

I explained how and why I had arrived at my new philosophy. He listened intently and asked how many men had agreed to use rubbers until now. "You're my first. I chose you because I felt you were sensitive and intelligent enough to understand." "Thanks a lot, but my brains are in my head, not in my cock," he angrily replied. "Anyway, rubbers can break, you know." "But I checked that out," I said, "and the chances are practically nil." Richie retorted that the chances of my getting a guy to use them were the same.

Suddenly a grin came over his face. "Wow, I just thought of a great television commercial—picture this." The viewer sees a tight shot of a beautiful girl's face. The camera pulls back, slowly revealing the girl lying sensuously on a huge round bed covered with rubbers of various colors. The girl says: "Men, oh you handsome men, I have just what you desire. Brand Z tries harder. Put it on. Put it on." Richie roared at his own cleverness. My sense of humor had disappeared. I suggested he get dressed and go home.

I returned to my bed feeling exhausted and sad. Soon I fell asleep, but my dreams were filled with anxious moments. The last dream was my being a guest on *I've Got A Secret.* The panel was blindfolded. I went to the blackboard to write my name and secret. As I put the chalk down, the audience roared. I turned around to see that my name remained, but the secret had vanished. I again wrote: "I use rubbers". The sentence disappeared once more. Audience laughter continued until I heard a bell ring. It was my phone.

My yenta girlfriend, Sheila. "How's the rubber roundup?" she asked. I told her what had happened. She said: "Your worries are over. My dear friend, Todd, is recently divorced and looking for a nice woman. He's a bit of a jock, but brainy—just your type." I commented that at this moment, I had no type. She promised to give him my number immediately.

Three weeks later Todd telephoned. He apologized for not calling sooner. His schedule is always heavy in the fall, what with football games on TV on Saturday and Sunday, touch football on Sunday mornings, the athletic club three times a week, plus Monday-night football. It left little time for female companionship. We made a date for the following Thursday.

Sheila called back to see whether we had "made it" yet. I explained that Todd and I would see each other the following week. "Well," said Sheila. "I thought I had better mention this article I just finished reading. It states that many athletic types can't get it up." I exclaimed: "What in hell am I going to do with an impotent man; the rubber has to fit over something." She indignantly replied that if Todd were impotent, we could help each other out. I thanked her for that logic. And, yes, I would of course report the results.

Laura Nyro's concert was a turn-on. So far so good. Todd and I had similar music tastes. During dinner he talked about football. I happened to mention an article dealing with athletes and their sexual responses. Conversation continued at my apartment. I refilled our drinks and turned up the music. Suddenly Todd was on top of me, practically ripping off my blouse. I made a mental note to inform dear Sheila that her friend did not act like a man with a problem. Three seconds later Todd was carrying a naked me into the bedroom. Two seconds later Todd rushed me as if I were the opposition quarterback a foot away from touchdown. I reached for the rubber, threw it at him panting: "Todd, put this on."

The shock was too much. I noticed that Sheila might be right after all. Todd jumped up without a word, slipped into his clothes and was out the door. There were no "goodbyes". Sheila tells me I probably ruined him for life. But she has another divorced friend, a dentist. I comment that I am not interested in that kind of filling.

So simple – and it works

My old friend Danny was next. We had a thing going for three years or so, but I only saw him on his occasional visits to the city. I was particularly interested in seeing his reaction, knowing how Danny got around. We discussed the entire idea. He agreed with my premise—a man should definitely share. But, he and I had been at it too many years to change the scene now. I restated my position. He said: "I'm already sharing with you. After all, I am a married man." I commented that although his wife didn't know it, it was *she* who was sharing. He left saying he hoped I would be successful, but he was not about to use those damn things at age 37.

It became apparent, after other disappointing episodes, that my approach was incorrect, and obviously my timing was off. The idea was just too much for the normal American male, so I tried declaring myself at dinner, giving all a fair amount of time to accept or reject. Many of my dates listened politely and then escorted me to my lobby. Others reacted by telling me I was truly a delight: Women's Lib would be proud of me, but no thanks! The theme continued, and in a few instances, it was suggested that I pay for my half of the dinner.

Weeks later, my bank account dwindling, it was clear to me that none of the men I encountered were willing to go along with me, were understanding enough to share in my protection—and their own. They adamantly refused to use rubbers. The most common complaint was that rubbers take away all sensation. Anticipating this remark, I brought along tear sheets in which doctors and psychiatrists stated otherwise. They were not to be swayed. Some men went so far as to admit to being sterile—or impotent. Others tried to persuade me with their tales of horrifying vasectomy operations. But I knew better.

My sister Stephanie called. Would I like to meet a new teacher in her school. He's younger than I, but he teaches Sex Education. Maybe he'll be more agreeable. I jump at the opportunity. She arranges for cocktails the next evening. Two days later Jeff—with Rubber On—and I are tearing each other apart in the heat of passion and lust. He's as horny as I. I wonder whether his students know what a pro they have. Wow. I scream with joy, trying to remember my neighbor's kids next door. To hell wiith them; it's been a long time. Jeff is terrific. I attribute it to his youth. Perhaps I will concentrate on men in their twenties. I report back to Stephanie. "Please keep them coming. What a way to get an education."

My doorbell rings. It's Jeff. "Look," he says. "I have to tell you something." "OK," I say, wondering what in hell he's leading up to. Jeff continues: "I respect you and I must be totally honest. I'm no different than any other guy. I'm just getting over the clap—that's really why I used the rubbers. Actually I hate them. I'm sorry." "So am I," I reply, thinking I wished he'd leave so I could run down and join the Waves.

It is now the fall of 1972. I am reasonably content. I have stuck to my guns. I knew I would never succeed with all men, but the percentages are now with me. The unhappy days and nights were well worth it. I owe much of my success to my married friends Bob and Sally. They have an arrangement. They sleep with anyone they desire. Bob desired me. Bob just taught me the art of putting a rubber on. It was really quite simple. He advised that it would excite just about every man.

It feels just great and it works every time. I didn't know why I didn't think of it before. Men are more than delighted to go along with me. I have even color-coordinated the rubbers with my bedsheets. That's progress. Some have complained about the brand I use, so I bought others and have name-tagged the boxes. I really am an expert. Perhaps I will write a book and call it: The *Real* Sensuous Woman. Maybe, when I can find some time.

> Unlike Father Divine,
> I have not amassed a great fortune.
> I have a modest income.
> I don't find it necessary
> to live ostentatiously

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Penthouse: You've called yourself a country preacher. But you're wise in the ways of the city, more than most people. You're not really a country preacher, are you?

Jackson: Well, yes I am. I'm from Greenville, South Carolina, and that's the Piedmont section and it is rural as compared to most of urban America. It is not nearly as swift. Black people in the north used to laugh at black people in the south because they had inhibitions. They used to lie about their origins and say they were from the north when they were really from the south. Well, I took pride in being from the south. So I would throw out a profound proposition and then say: "I'm just a country preacher." That was to say that what I represented could rest on its own merits. Dr King was just a country preacher. Jesus was just a country preacher.

Penthouse: Some people believe that you have political ambitions. You have demonstrated, in the past, that you don't. Will it continue that way?

Jackson: I have no desire to run for an elective political office. That would box me in. Some people are born to create a climate for other people to function in. My role is to shake the tree and to let other people pick up the apples.

Penthouse: You've dealt with some of the old-line black politicians, you've talked with them. How do you assess these men?

Jackson: I have found them to be not inherently bad men who don't love black people. Often they are big-hearted men with a limited awareness of the ramifications of their actions or inactions. Often they are people who have been put into political office by various machines. The machines knew they were limited men, which is why they put them up for office, to control them. Often the best black candidate is not chosen to run. That's why we challenged the process of *collecting* whom they wanted, *selecting* the most loyal of that bunch and the people *electing* what was left. Do you follow? Now, you get a guy like Percy Sutton [the Manhattan borough president], he's rare. He's intelligent, he has integrity, he's involved and he's quick. You get a guy like Dick Hatcher, the mayor of Gary, Indiana. Same characteristics. You get a man like Congressman Ron Dellums. This is a new crop of black politicians. As for your old-timers, you wouldn't find a nicer guy than Congressman William Dawson—or, in his younger days, a better organizer. But what good does it do to have power and not be able to apply it. What does it matter to be able to say "I put Daley in power" and then in your last days have to get permission from Daley to say good morning? Look at the young white boys in politics, like Daley's son, who go to the best universities in the nation. They study urbanology, politics, psychology, the sciences, international law. They travel all over the world like Senator Charles Percy is doing now or like Senator Adlai E. Stevenson III will be doing. They get started when they're very young. They get appointments through their dads. By the time they're 35 or 40 years old they're presidential material. Young black men starting out in politics with them do not even get to be committeemen. Do you follow what I'm saying?

Penthouse: You have now parted from SCLC. Do you feel you owe anything to the old organization? SCLC has got to mean *something* to you.

Jackson: It does. If I owe it anything it is to remain philosophically consistent with its aims. But we had a problem, and we resolved it by dissolving the formal relationship between me and the SCLC. We split but our goals are the same. There are no personal hangups now. I relate to Dr Abernathy quite freely. I talked with Mrs King just this morning. But I don't spend a lot of time trying to figure out what I owe the organization —I'm too involved with day-to-day issues.

Penthouse: You were present at the motel in Memphis when Dr King was killed. How do you remember that day?

Jackson: I was down at ground level, and he was on the balcony. He was bent over talking with me. He was about to walk away when I called him and he turned back. As he turned, the bullet exploded. It blew him up against the wall. When it happened I had this flashing hope that he had been just wounded, perhaps in the shoulder and not in the face. My athletic background took over. You know, when you're on the ball field and one of your key players gets hurt, or your coach gets a heart attack on the sidelines, your instinct is to gird yourself and keep pushing because you know you owe it to that person to win the game and not to stop and mourn. Do you follow what I'm saying?

Penthouse: Some of your critics say you're trying to emulate the life of Dr King?

Jackson: That would be a good life to emulate. Dr King is definitely the most important hero-symbol in my life. There were things about him that I admired greatly: his intellect, his sense of integrity, his involvement. But I recognize that I am my own person. I would like to think that I am representing him philosophically but that beyond that I am innovating on my own, like the special relationship we are trying to create with the nation of Liberia. Dr King wasn't into that. He wasn't as heavily involved in politics as we are. But these are the logical goals toward which he was working.

Penthouse: Some people have compared you with Daddy Grace and Father Divine, people who have led large followings and amassed large personal fortunes.

Jackson: First, I have not amassed a great fortune. I have a modest income from the organization. My value system is such that I don't find it necessary to live ostentatiously. Our organization has been able to survive because we serve garbage men, exterminators and bankers *directly*. We serve people *directly*. More than 98% of our money comes from black people. So between our Saturday meetings and our PUSH card program, whereby people purchase their memberships, and our annual exposition proceeds, we raise our own budget. For the last four or five years the Internal Revenue Department has been in my books. When the organizational change took place last year and we shifted from SCLC to PUSH that was really their chance to go into our organizational books. But we got a clean bill of health obviously, or you'd have read about it. They went into my personal books as far back as 1966 and they wound up owing *me* $842. We've taken care of our business that well. During the political campaign they were trying to throw mud around about how I was under I.R.S. investigation. But any significant figure in America, white or black, is constantly under I.R.S. surveillance. The first time they tried to chop down Dr King, in 1957, was on an Internal Revenue situation. They tried to get Carl Stokes, then mayor of Cleveland. They tried to get Mayor Hatcher of Gary, Indiana. And they tried to get me.

Penthouse: There was something you said about a black reporter who wrote a story about you and your trouble with SCLC. Later you apologized.

Jackson: Well, I apologized because I thought the young lady was pitiful. I thought her drive to gain the world was so strong that she did not know what it meant to lose her soul. Cases of great importance in our courts right now concern whether news reporters have to report everything they know. A reporter wants to write the truth. But a reporter is also a *participant* in human affairs. Sometimes you tell enough to communicate a story without going into other dimensions. For example, one American president died in bed with his girlfriend—a heart attack. That wasn't revealed until many years later. There are personal things about John Kennedy and Bobby Kennedy that we won't know until the year 2000 or later. The Warren Report said that there were some things and some people involved in President Kennedy's assassination that they would not report on. Certain records will not be opened for a long time. So I suggest that if, as a black reporter, you are privy to my private life, you should not necessarily report all you know. It is not your responsibility to strip every shred of privacy from our relationship. It is outside of your professional territory. It would be exploiting a personal relationship for a professional gain. There were certain organizational problems that I had learned to live with, in SCLC, and I did not discuss them. Guys like yourself knew about them. But it was family business. Black business. Whites wanted to tell about it but they couldn't do it without being accused of being racist. They wanted blacks to do it but most black reporters were too ethical—and too ethnic. Then they got one black who broke through. And by printing that stuff, white folks made headlines. So that's why I challenged that reporter. She used her female persuasion and had this private conversation with me and then reported it. History will record that this woman, who was black and beautiful and young, had come in to do what white men were afraid to do and what black men had too much integrity to do. And what it amounted to was the SCLC folded up as of December 8th. And she was the major contributor to that. She got an award but she can't hold her face up in her own community. Do you follow what I'm saying?

Penthouse: Tell us about your opinions of the press in general?

Jackson: If I had to depend on the white press we would have been gone a long time ago. We had the most relevant black meeting of its kind in this country—perhaps in the world—and the white press covered it sparsely. We had 10,000 people at a banquet in March of 1972. When Chicago Mayor Richard Daley had a banquet it made *Time, Life, Newsweek*, national television —you name it. We had more people at our banquet than he had at his, and we didn't have precinct captains whipping the people into attendance. I have developed myself, psychologically, to where I function independently of the judgments of these kinds of people. Yet to give you another example. In the *Chicago Sun Times* last November 20th, there was a press release from the Minister of Information of Liberia quot-

Think twice before subscribing to Forum

Forum is no ordinary magazine. Forum is the publication that has revolutionized sexual thinking in every major country in Europe, and is already a force to be reckoned with in psycho-sexual circles in the United States.

It's a magazine for men and women who believe in a future in which sexual expression and behavior is free, open and unrepressed. A magazine for those who want to discuss their sexuality and the sexuality of others, and learn through their dialogue.

Forum is a digest-sized magazine that is divided into two main sections. One section is devoted to articles by leading experts on sexual and social topics. These range from investigations of lesbianism, rubberwear, fetishism and the erotic appeal of fat women, to studies of how women can cope after divorce, how single men can find friends in big cities, prostitution and other sociological issues of importance.

The second section is devoted entirely to letters from readers, and it is in this section that the overwhelming strength of the Forum experience is felt. For the first time, men and women have a *forum* in which they can freely exchange ideas, questions and experiences about sex and sex behavior.

Letters cover every imaginable (and some unimaginable) subjects, from enemas to amputation, circumcision to premature ejaculation, wife swapping, group sex, masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, homosexuality and many more.

This section also contains an *adviser:* so that you can write to our panel of experts—medical, psychiatric, sociological and theological—and raise *any* question about *any* psycho-sexual subject and get, in return, a serious and informed reply.

Forum is a revolution. Forum is dynamite. That's why you should think twice before subscribing.

Because once you've read Forum, you'll never ever be the same person again.

To **Forum International Subscription Dept., 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, NY 11735.**

Please send me 12 monthly issues of Forum, starting with the next issue, for which I enclose check/money order for $10.00.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

..... Date.....

ing his President about our group being there to discuss the issue of dual American-Liberian citizenship for blacks. In that *same paper,* nine days later, they said they had called a high-ranking official in the Liberian Embassy and that we had *not* been talking with anybody about dual citizenship! It turned out they had talked with the *secretary* in the ambassador's office and *she* didn't know what we were talking about. Well of course she didn't!

Penthouse: You said that when you gave your banquet the press didn't respond well. Explain that.

Jackson: To have 10,000 people at a banquet is newsworthy. We had more people than Mayor Daley had at his banquet. Yet for his affair there was news in *anticipation* of the event. That was a contribution toward building up attendance. When he finally had the banquet it was reported everywhere. There were pictures and breakdowns of the people in attendance. It was analysed and re-analysed. It was in all the national magazines, on the wire services, on the networks. None of that happened at our banquet. Ours was almost a secret as far as the white press was concerned. I talked with several editors of major dailies who told me they didn't even *know* we were *having* the banquet! They simply weren't doing their jobs.

Penthouse: You sent out press releases?

Jackson: Oh indeed we did, and we talked about it over the radio on Saturday mornings for eight to ten weeks in advance. That's quite a public forum. That's hard to miss. But the white press managed to do it.

Penthouse: You talk about the black press. What is the black press?

Jackson: The black press is the body of black journalists who write and communicate in the interests of black people. I have spent much of my time getting advertising for the black-owned press in an attempt to help it remain viable because it is our only friend. A case in point. I did not know that my friend Carl Weathers, who had been with the Urban League for so long, had been killed in an airplane accident. The only reason I found out was that I saw his picture in the *Chicago Defender,* which is a black newspaper. His picture would not have been in any of the major white dailies. He was not much news to white people but he was big news to black people. Often you can read the *Defender* and the major white newspapers in Chicago and you would not think you were in the same city. The white press has no interest in covering black news. Despite the increase in the number of black people in the city, there is no proportionate increase of black news in the white media. When we have black people working in the white media who feel a sense of responsibility for the black community, then these people are an extension of the institutional black press. If black people work in the white press and forget why they are there, they have integrated—no, they have disintegrated!

Penthouse: You feel that some of the black people working for the white media should be exclusively involved in reporting black news?

Jackson: No, I think they have a responsibility to deal with *all* the news. All the news has a direct or indirect effect on all the people. But we need to know that their major interest has to be the uncovered news of the black community. Whites may cover some black news. But their major commitment is to white people.

Penthouse: You've been referred to by one newspaper writer as Jesse Jetstream. How do you feel about that?

Jackson: He would not refer in that fashion to a white minister who was going about the business of protecting white people, without being chastised by the white community. It's another attempt by a white boy to not take black business seriously. I fly in airplanes. Various executives fly all the time. When people in Miami appeal to us and tell us they can't get jobs on the beach, I fly there to help organize them. When people in New York say they need help in a hospital strike, I fly there.

Penthouse: Most of us admit there is a crime problem in almost all poor communities and particularly in the black community. We know that when a community becomes affluent that doesn't end all crime. It just changes the *kinds* of crime. What do you advocate be done about crime in black communities?

Jackson: One, we must understand that whites, by and large, commit major crimes in offices. Black folk commit minor crimes in the streets. We steal canned goods and they embezzle from banks. Crime is bad whether in the office *or* in the street. But most forms of crime can be eradicated by changing the conditions that make people deal in crime at the level of common robbery.

Penthouse: In Chicago, as in most big cities, gangs have been a problem, particularly the Black Peace Stone Nation. You stayed out of that but Jeff Fort, the leader of the Black Peace Stone Nation, was on your pulpit.

Jackson: Well, first, I was *in* it. Wherever our people are, particularly our young people, I make it my business to be there. I attempted to understand the depth of their frustration and their anti-social behavior. I don't automatically dismiss them for their conduct because even when they sin, the *kingdom of God* is still within and they are still God's children and, in some sense, our responsibility. On the other hand, I say killing is wrong, no matter who kills; that stealing is wrong, no matter who steals, that to grow up and not be willing to work for a living wage so that you are respected as a laborer is not a good outlook on life and is unrealistic. But then we watched tricks played on those boys one time they were given government jobs at $8-9000 a year. Many of them got married and began to get apartments and houses and to live at a standard of living commensurate with that income. Then those jobs were snatched away when it was politically convenient. Many of them had to go right back down the economic ladder. Many of them began to reach for straws. And in their reaching they made life dangerous for many people. Many had as hero images gangsters, who lived in big homes and who had big cars. You began to see many of the kids name themselves after these gangsters, this Mafia group. One can go to the ghetto and see the hieroglyphics of destitution on the walls. They write their epitaphs as well as their autobiographies with certain crude expressions that are the evidence of their life style and their life condition. I always operate on the delicate balance of appreciating them because of their circumstances, and then challenging them to change those circumstances. As a matter of fact I get a lot of them to go to church. I baptized Jeff Fort at Fellowship Baptist Church.

Penthouse: Recently you said something about these new "black" movies, the ones where the pimps and dope pushers and whores are the heroes and heroines.

Jackson: People tend to want to be like success symbols. And when people are trying to survive they are not very discriminating as they pursue the symbols. My first reflection concerning the film *Superfly,* is the number of blacks who have been wearing Afro hair-dos the last three or four years but who are now beginning to straighten their hair again. They call it "The Superfly." Behind these movies comes a whole new clothes style which the kids copy. Now if they accept the hair and the clothes style they soon begin to adopt the whole life style of these people who are presented to them as successful. The hero of these movies usually gets killed. But everybody figures out that if he had one last scheme that would keep him from getting killed he would have it made. This is a very unfortunate projection. In an average black community many young men still want to be like the school teacher, or the principal, or the coach. The most institutionalized consistent hero in the black community is the black preacher. I see a kind of minority that is being projected as a majority image of the black community. This image is inconsistent with its true feelings because the basic black community is conservative, Christian, sacred, patriotic and politically, most often, Democratic.

Penthouse: A lot of black people talk about racial separatism. Are they going along the same lines as those held against whites?

Jackson: There's a difference between segregation and separation. A system designed by law for the group *in* power to exploit the group *out* of power is segregation. In South Africa they call it apartheid. Same thing. But separation is where you have the *option* to be with or without somebody. No black would want us to lose the right to go to the school of our choice. But some blacks may say that to go to one particular school is not worth it, therefore they will choose to go to another one. In segregation you don't have options. You've got to go to the school of your race, or your sex or whatever the particular form of segregation may cover. Do you follow what I'm saying? I hate to see people use separation and segregation interchangeably.

Penthouse: Over the years, many students have called for black history, black culture and various other black studies. Now we discover that once these courses are established the students seem to lose interest and it's hard to fill the classes.

Jackson: Black history, like white history, should be a required course for everybody. This would contribute to the intellectual health of all. If white history were an *elective* course the classes wouldn't be full either.

Penthouse: Looking forward to the next ten years. What are you going to try to do?

Jackson: We want to become a unified national force but politically independent enough not to be bound to either party. My position is that Democrats do not represent democracy and Republicans do not represent the republic and unless we deal with our own basic self-interests we cannot survive. We do not apologize on the quota question no matter who is offended. Some groups who have been great civil-rights friends are offended. Some labor unions are offended. Some politicians are offended. But it would be immoral for us not to deal with the ramifications of that decision. We want to keep a morally and economically clean posture. And we want to be national enough to be able to get mad about a national crisis and to be able to do something about it. A local group cannot fight a national issue. They can only participate. You must be able to move simultaneously and collectively in at least 20 cities and/or areas in any given crisis. The nature of our problem and our solution has been and will be international. The nature of our counterattack and the nature of our protection must be national and international but with local bases and personal expressions.

Penthouse: Mr Jackson, thank you.

Available Now
At A Special Price To Penthouse Readers Only:

THE CLASSIC NUDE

(text and photos by George M. Hester)

Here, in 128 pages of lush and luxurious photographs, many of them full-page and in resplendent color, is one of the finest displays of nude photography in existence. The full spectrum of the human form is explored in balanced, explicit, and imaginative poses—male and female, the adult and the very young—all displaying with confidence their healthy, vigorous bodies.

The creator of THE CLASSIC NUDE, George M. Hester, is a prominent New York fashion photographer and graphic designer. His strong interests in painting, sculpture, and the opera are particularly evident throughout the revealing visual experience emanating from these photographs.

This magnificent volume is available for a limited time only to Penthouse Readers at the special price of $15.95. But you must act now by sending in the coupon below in order to take advantage of this special offer.

THE CLASSIC NUDE is truly a milestone in the photography of the human body. So order your copy now, postpaid, without delay.

Every serious collector, artist, and conoisseur will find THE CLASSIC NUDE an important addition to his library. As one well-known critic has remarked, "The naked body has been given memorable shapes by the wish to communicate certain ideas or states of feeling... No nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling... [but] apart from biological needs, there are other... human experiences of which the naked body provides a vivid reminder—harmony, energy, ecstasy, humility, pathos."

To: **MINOTAUR PRESS**
Dept. EE, Suite 2700, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

I wish to reserve my copy of THE CLASSIC NUDE at the special pre-publication price of $15.95.
I am enclosing my check [ ] money order [ ] for the full amount.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

For sale to U.S. residents over 18 only. N.Y. residents add 7% sales tax. 4/73

YOU THE NIGHT AND THE TEXTBOOKS

I was armed with the entire wisdom of Western intercourse from Ovid onward. Now it was time to leave behind written work and take my orals with a living woman

Humor by Ralph Schoenstein

Michael Terry

I recently conducted a rather profound study of the sexual revolution without getting out of my bed. One night during a commercial, I turned over to discover my wife beside me in the wilderness. Like the average American married couple, Judy and I made love four or five times a year, no matter what our mood, usually on national holidays. But now Veterans' Day was approaching and I sensed that she might not be coming into heat. And so, placing a tender hand on her kidney, I said: "I want you to know, my darling, that I don't mind if we skip this one and wait for Thanksgiving or Christmas. There are other things in marriage and sooner or later we'll find them."

"You know what I'd like for Christmas?" she said.

"No, what?"

"A vaginal orgasm."

"Of course: the pelvic Moby Dick."

"Sarah *Krantz* said she had one. Her husband hates women's lib and he always bypasses her clitoris."

"And now," I said, "you want to keep up with the Joneses."

"No, I just feel that it's time we joined the sexual revolution. Maybe what we need is a *manual*."

"How about this?" I said, and I drew from my drawer a handkerchief I'd bought when I was stationed in Japan. It had sketches of a man and woman in 64 sexual positions. It was a handkerchief on which only a Gay Liberationist would have blown his nose and I began to feel a yen to make it a script for Judy and me.

"Yes, maybe we could try some of that," she said, pointing to a quaint little sketch of a man on top of a woman. "But I think we'll also need one of the books, because the hanky doesn't tell you all the *sounds* you're supposed to make and things like that. In fact, let's get a *few* books and then find the one that works best for us."

"Sort of Dewey decimal debauchery."

"Make fun of it if you want, but I tell you that *everyone* today is making love by the book. Only *hamsters* are doing it spontaneously."

Judy's point was so profound that the following day I dropped into my friendly neighborhood smut shop, elbowed my way past the smart luncheon crowd, and bought paperback copies of *The Art of Love, Ideal Marriage, The ABZ of Love, The Golden Book of Love, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask, The Sensuous Woman, The Sensuous Man, The Sensuous Child,* and *Me and the Orgone.* I bought the entire wisdom of Western intercourse from Ovid to Orson Bean; and since relations with China were now improved, I also turned my loins towards the East and bought *The Kama Sutra* and *The Perfumed Garden.* I skipped *The Boy Scout Manual,* but I did have 11 books that told how to rub two people together to get fire.

I took the books home and quickly lost myself in a kind of scholarship unknown to medieval monks or Mark Van Doren. Seeking nothing less than a godlike insight into intercourse, I skimmed through book after book, now and then twisting in my chair when new ideas filtered down from my mind to the lower realms. I read for the happiest hours of my life, marking all the passages that applied to Judy and me—the mentions of eunuchs and goats I felt free to ignore.

At last the moment arrived, the moment to leave my written work and take my orals with a living woman—the grand footnoted fornication that might give me the key to sex in America today. A few minutes after nine on a Tuesday night, I turned the TV down and spread out the books and the hanky on one of our two twin beds. Then, with the reverence of Dr Salk as he focused his microscope, I began to remove my clothes.

Already under my spell, Judy disrobed as well; and when the two of us were nude with just each other and the books, I elatedly knew that here at last was our chance to make love for more than a station break. All the research clogging my brain had made me aware that the coming act might be a milestone, like the theft of my first pencil in the Five-and-Ten and my first boyish grab of a budding breast in the clothes closet at P.S. 9.

As my beloved classmate and I nervously entered the empty bed, I said, "Remember now, no improvisation. Only by the book; I've done a lot of homework for this." CONTINUED OVERLEAF

"I see you've even got that handkerchief," she said.

"Yes, a nice audio-visual aid."

And then to put her in the mood, I began to softly sing,

You and the night and the textbooks
Fill me with burning desire.
Let my licentious library
Set your glands afire.

"All right, then," I said, leaning towards the manuals, "let's check out where we are. One man and one woman . . . well, they all seem to suggest starting with that, so we're on the right track. Now as for the general approach . . . let's start with *this:* page 36, *The ABZ of Love,* fifth printing: 'Men are wrong to attach great importance to having their penis up inside a woman's vagina.'"

"So *that's* what we're doing wrong," Judy said. "Where'd we *get* such an idea? It must have been your mother or some rabbi or—"

"Now don't get upset, honey," I said. "We're not the first people to have made that mistake."

I wanted to comfort her with a little kiss on the nose, but that was precisely the kind of ad libbing we had to stop, so I bit my lip and rolled over towards the rules.

"All right, now Ovid says, 'Do not let the light in your bedroom be too bright' and we check out nicely there. I'd turn it down even more, but then I couldn't see the scorecards. And Ovid also says, 'Speak pleasant naughty things all the while.' Do you want to make a little note of that in lipstick on your behind or do you think you can remember it?"

"I'll try to remember it."

"You can use a little poem:

Copulation can be keen
If you gaily talk obscene."

"Can we get started now?" Judy said. "I'd like to be finished in time for the news. By the way, are we supposed to finish together? I mean, is simultaneous orgasm in or out this year?"

"A very good question," I said. "Let's check out the old bibliography."

I crawled into the stacks and started to browse, trying to discover if the phallic photo-finish was still a cherished American goal.

"Hmm, let's see now . . . Dr Reuben says, 'Simultaneous orgasm is in the American tradition of doing everything well every time' . . . Sheik Nefzawi doesn't seem to mention it . . . Orson Bean says go for it . . . *The Sensuous Woman* says her fiancé can maintain an erection for half an hour—no wait a minute, that's a cross-index . . . and Leo Salzman says, 'Simultaneous orgasm likewise is an ideal outcome of the sex act, but in view of the recent findings with regard to the time necessary for sexual activation, it is now clear that it can hardly be a regularly expected outcome.' All right, so that's one in favor, one against, and one abstain. We'd better just finish the way we usually do: single file, win and place."

"Honey, aren't we ready now?"

"Right after an equipment check."

She took a peek under the sheet that covered us, smiled triumphantly, and said, "It's all there."

"To the naked eye perhaps, but if we're going to do this by the book, we're going to do it *right,* like proper sexual revolutionaries, like—"

"Oh shit." And again she smiled. "Hey, you think Ovid would score that as pleasantly naughty talk? Make it 'Oh *happy* shit.'"

"Atta girl, you're catching on."

"I took some Latin at Sarah Lawrence."

"Okay, the equipment check. Breasts . . ."

"Two: one on each side," she said.

"Now just a minute. . . . Yes, here it is. Dr Van de Velde says that's right: one of us needs two breasts. . . . But listen to *this: The Sensuous Woman* says that mine might be more responsive than *yours.* Sixty percent of all men have full nipple erections."

"Then whose do you want to use?"

"This time let's use yours."

"Won't that be awfully old-fashioned?"

"Maybe. Tell you what: let's use one of each."

"That's the kind of equality women are fighting for," she said and she gave me a hug. "Don't tell the prophets, but I love you."

"And I love you," I said. "You're the only girl I've ever wanted to bang by the book."

"No more, you'll make me cry."

"Now the next part is. . . . Oh oh, here's trouble I think. In *The Perfumed Garden,* Sheik Nefzawi says, 'The virile member, to please women, must have a length of the breadth of 12 fingers.' I'm sorry to break the mood honey, but you'll have to give me a short time out for measurement. . . . Let's see. . . . A length of the breadth of 12 fingers. . . . That's three fingers squared plus. . . . *Christ,* I'm a knuckle short!"

"Maybe that's just for Arabs."

"Of course: there's probably a circumcision conversion factor. . . . Say, listen to *this:* Dr Reuben says, 'Sexual intercourse really begins when the decision is made in the minds of the participants.'"

"Then we go?"

"We go. Come, my structured darling, let's foreplay. I'll need just a minute to get briefed; feel free to fantasize."

As I rolled back into the stacks for advice, I was filled with memories of the All-American foreplayer I had been in the innocent days when all my sexual flings had been overtures to phantom grand operas. In those pre-sexual-revolution days, I was a walking preface to copulation, a lad who pointed young ladies towards orgasm in balconies, parlors, and Chevrolets, whose gaily lubricating style took maiden after maiden so maddeningly close to the magical coupling, only to have them turn away with honor while my testicles screeched to a halt.

Now, poised to go all the way with my wife, I was saddened to think of all the nights that I had limped home with breaking heart and aching balls because I'd been born too soon, all the nights when a contraceptive had been a-moldering in my pants. And when my chance to remove it finally arrived late one night in Japan, I had rolled it on more in nostalgia than lust. . . .

"Honey, I can't hold the mood all *night,*" Judy said. "A dillar, a dollar, you know. I thought you had it all cross-indexed."

"I do, I do; I'm organized for a doctorate. . . . Okay, here's the *Kama Sutra:* 'The man should start by embracing the woman gently while they carry on amusing conversation. The talk becomes suggestive as they sing and drink.' . . . It's a pretty timeless tip: *The Sensuous Woman* says to mumble four-letter words."

"You mean like rent?"

"Yes, but let's stick to the Hindus. I'm already thinking of Gandhi."

"Gandhi?"

"Indira. Nude. Let's ease our way into this; we're always going too fast."

And turning towards Judy for a change, I gave her a gentle embrace, letting my hands go unguided by scholarship while my mind went to the Rubaiyat of Dr Reuben: "Human destiny is constant, relentless copulation." It felt good having our bodies together, a late 13th-century position, and nice things seemed to be happening; but we could repress them of course.

"I don't mean to carp," Judy said, "but isn't that an unscheduled erection?"

"Pages too early, my darling and I truly apologize. Just give me a moment to defantasize."

I quickly took my glands out of gear with some splendidly non-sexual thoughts: mountain climbing, the Geneva Convention, and the wedding night of President Taft.

Feeling me cool, Judy said: "You're a gentleman and a scholar and I love you."

"Ah ah, no improvising; just amusing talk, drink, and song. Now did anything suggestively funny happen to you today?"

"Well, let's see. . . . Oh yes: my gynecologist was hit by a bus."

I listened for the stirring of hormones, but they were still.

"That doesn't seem to do it for me," I said. "I'll try one. Did I ever tell you about the night with those girls in Yokohama when I reviewed the troops?"

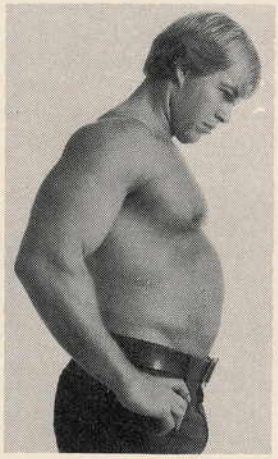
"You mean with those geishas?"

AMAZING "5 MINUTE BODY SHAPER" CREATES A SLIMMER, TOUGHER, SEXIER YOU!

in 7 days I lost 4½ inches off my waist – 16 pounds of ugly fat – and shaped up! says Charlie Fautz

"I did it with one 5-minute exercise, twice daily lying on my back—*without dieting!*"

PHOTOS UNRETOUCHED • AUTHENTIC



Oct. 18–Before
Waist 37¼"
Weight 223

CERTIFIED • NOTARIZED

Oct. 25 (1 week later)
Waist 32¾" (lost 4½")
Weight 207 (lost 16 lbs.)

The first total body-shaper so effective—results have been notarized!

The results are so fabulous—it is hard to believe. That's why we notarized and certified this case by having the Vice-President of a world famous bank, himself a Notary Public, **measure, weigh** and **witness** the **"before"** and **"after" photos** and here is what he says:

"On Oct. 18 I witnessed Charlie Fautz measurements 223 lbs, waist 37¼; one week later Oct. 26, he weighed 207 lbs and 32¾ waist".

Sincerely,
Robert W. Aleshire

OFFICIAL SEAL
CORINNE S. PICKERING
NOTARY PUBLIC-CALIFORNIA
PRINCIPAL OFFICE IN
LOS ANGELES COUNTY
My Commission Expires July 14, 1973

18411 Soledad Cyn Rd. Saugus, Calif. 91350

RESULTS! NOT EMPTY PROMISES!

"Just couldn't believe it—doing one enjoyable five minute exercise, twice daily in the privacy of my home, could produce such exciting results so fast—**in 7 days!** Lying on the floor, using this 8 ounce exerciser—I could **see weight disappearing day by day**—my body becoming firmer, toughened and reshaped. I still couldn't believe all this happened to me so fast—without even giving up the foods I love. I am proud to recommend this incredible '5-Minute Total Body Shaper'—to anyone who wants to shape and toughen up. It's a life saver"...says Charlie Fautz.

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market".
RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms—and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days".
JIM HANLEY, Athletic Coach

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers".
TOM MINOCHELLO Famous Gymnasium Owner

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it".
PIERRE GRAVEL
Pres. Canadian Council of Chiropractic Research

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Michael Benedict, age 55: **"I lost 32 pounds and 6 inches off my waistline in 21 days".** Ken Waller, age 26: **"I lost 6 pounds and 3 inches off my waistline in 5 days".** Bill Russel, age 38: **"I lost 10 pounds and 2½ inches off my waistline in 10 days".** Jim Hanley, age 37: **"I lost 11½ pounds and 4½ inches off my waistline in 14 days".**

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5-MINUTE BODY SHAPER" plan is based on doing ONE-CONTINUOUS-RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE MOVEMENT! **That's all you do!** This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the waistline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast—while reshaping your entire body—arms, shoulders, chest, waist and legs!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of jogging...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 8 ozs and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space—anytime. Even while watching television!

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a "5-Minute Exerciser"—it sure does a lot!

NO GIMMICKS. NO CATCHES.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER.

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan—and you have been fooled in the past by ***Effortless Exercisers**—I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE.**

"GET IT OFF FAST"—and see measurable and firming results in 3 days or return the exerciser and course for a full 100% refund!

Proven results are already verified. The Guarantee is in writing. Now, you can think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper", today? For your own sake ...there is none!

DISCOVER A NEW JOY IN YOUR BODY—*GIVE IT SEX APPEAL*—COMPLETE KIT ONLY $9.95

Weight just 8 ounces!

FREE TRIAL OFFER
Ingenious "5-Minute Body Shaper" fits into handy pouches as small as one shown!

Joe Weider, Dept. P-12
"5" Minute Body Shaper,
21100 Erwin Street, Woodland Hills, Ca. 91364

Dear Joe: Rush me your 5 minute Total Body Shaper and Slimmers Course in plain wrapper, with your money back guarantee offer!

I ENCLOSE $9.95 FOR THE ABOVE.

Send $1.00 extra for Air Mail. (No COD'S Accepted).
Calif. residents add 5% sales tax. ($10.50)

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. The Chairman of the AMA Committee on Fitness, Dr. Kenneth Rose, agrees. In a nationwide report, he states simply, "YOU HAVE TO WORK OFF THE INCHES".

PATENT PENDING. © COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER, 1973

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec

"They might have been geishas on the side, but most of the time they were whores. Since we're in the *Kama Sutra* now, the story is fittingly oriental. Anyway, I walked into the house and the mamasan brought eight of them out. Then I had them line up and I started to make my inspection. Six of them had no breasts, so I told the other two to take one step forward. I picked one of the semi-finalists to be the lucky girl who would give me my first case of clap—and suddenly she smiled at me with four gold teeth. All her profits seemed to have gone to her mouth. Well, we weren't working from textbooks in those days, so I didn't know the effect of precious metals on desire. I mean I was afraid those teeth wouldn't inflame us the way all this amusing talk is inflaming us right now."

During this oral aphrodisiac, Judy had curled against me in a fetal position, a kind of misdirected return to the womb, which my new knowledge let me interpret as a quiet childlike desire. The time to go physical had arrived and I was dizzy with options: two mouths, two genitals, four hands, and an occasional anus could be combined in ways that would defeat the raunchiest mathematician. Sixty-nine, for example, had given way to so many other saucy numerals—like 14 and 12, to pick just two of the wilder ones—and new erogenous zones were being opened faster than I could learn how to park in the old ones. *The Sensuous Woman* had even discussed playing with the navel and I wondered if I was fit for such bawdy umbilical sport, fearing I might be frigid not only there but in my clavicle too.

Whither fornication? I kept asking myself, sometimes aloud in the A&P, for both *The Sensuous Woman* and Dr Van de Velde had gone so far as to consider love in a *tub,* hers with Jello and his with carbolic acid. Would my daughters matter-of-factly be spending their wedding nights in scuba suits? Were Judy and I fools to be trying to stay erotically abreast? Should we have settled for continuing to mark the holidays by quaintly making love? *No,* I told myself: making love was for the lower forms; these books were what separated man from the animals.

With renewed academic zeal, I rolled to the right and said: "And now, sweetie, the moment you've been waiting for: we're hitting the homestretch with Ovid, who says, 'Love has a thousand postures, the simplest and least fatiguing being to lie on your right side.'" This was a nice position for reading Ovid, but unfortunately Judy lay to the left. To position her pelvis starboard, I either had to climb over her or turn myself upside down. The latter, I decided, was a bit more avant garde.

"What are you doing?" she said.

"This is right-handed Roman," I replied. "Now hand me those books by your thigh so I can work out our parts."

She gave me the *Kama Sutra* and *The Sensuous Man;* and then, leaning my head endearingly on her rump, I said: "Let's blend something old with something new since all of it's borrowed and all of it's blue . . . . Now the Hindus say *my* gambit is kissing and nipping you all over the place, varying the coverage from lips to eyes to ear lobes to neck. . . . Meanwhile, the moderns say that *you* should be preparing a counter-response —*e.g.,* getting ready to move your pelvis and behind as if they were loaded with ball bearings."

"Ball *bearings?*" she said.

"That's right. I'll bet Mrs Krupp could do it."

"But . . . but does that mean up and *down* or round and round? Or both at *once?* And is it clockwise or the other way?"

"Gosh . . . it doesn't say. Well, at least the other simultaneous things you have to do are more precise."

"The *other* things?" she said with an edge of despair.

"Yes, responding to 'the greatly pressed kiss'—which is a prelude to the eight different kinds of marking, scratching, and biting—while from time to time squeezing my penis for 10 seconds to prevent premature ejaculation. That's the Masters-Johnson caress."

"Oh, I just can't *do* it!" she said. "I just—"

"All right, all right, don't get upset. Look, we don't have to do it for credit; we'll just audit it."

"Honey, I know the manuals were my idea, but it's—well, it's the same trouble I always have putting together the Christmas toys." She pointed in dismay to the handkerchief. "And we're not even *up* to all *that*!" Then she buried her face in the northeast part of my pectoral erogenous zone and started to cry.

"Aw sweetie, don't cry," I said. "The books don't say that you have to do it all at one sitting; we'll do the positions *tomorrow* night—or for Thanksgiving. *The Golden Book of Love* says there are 550 positions, enough to take us well into our twilight years, and I don't care if you come to me with ball bearings or with rust. Here now, use this."

I gave her the handkerchief and she wiped her eyes with some 22, 48 and 69.

FANTASTIC FIT
FROM AH MEN
DOUBLE-KNIT SUIT, double-comfort in a slim-fitting outfit of double-knit orlon. Tapered Jacket has shooting patch shoulder detail with contrasting buttons. Knit Pants have concealed front pocket, belt loops, and a rear elastic waistband for a fabulous fit. In Beige or Navy. S-M-L-XL. $39.95.
Send 50¢ for NEW color catalog
CRISSCROSS BRIEF underwear imported from Europe. Luxurious stretch-knit cotton with built-in pouch support and color elastic trim that lifts and holds. S-M-L-XL. $4.00 each. 5 for $19.00
No C.O.D.'s. Add 50¢ postage.
Send order to:
AH MEN
Dept. PH-304
8900 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90069

OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
NOW 12 LUSCIOUS COLORS

The choice is yours in the following colors: Midnight Black, Scarlet Red, Honey Gold, Royal Blue, Emerald Green, Silvertone White, Lavender, Florida Orange, Deep Purple, Pedal Pink, Powder Blue & Canary Yellow. Each Entire Set includes:

1 straight top sheet
1 fitted bottom sheet
2 matching pillow cases
or
2 straight top sheets
2 matching pillow cases

Twin sets $16.00 Queen sets $20.00
Double sets $17.00 King sets $23.00
(For Full Size Beds)

No Charge For Postage
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

REGAL SATINS, INC.
205 Broadway Dept. P
Long Branch, N.J. 07740

GAGS FOR WAGS!
Be Funny For Less Money!

Speakers, Entertainers, Comedians, etc. Send $1 for 500 Howls . . . Or send $5 and get 10 great new original monologs, plus 10 dialogs, plus 5 skits plus 10 parodies, plus 5 complete gag files, etc. **LAUGHS UNLIMITED** Dept. P
106 W. 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

14% INTEREST ON YOUR SAVINGS IS FOR BEGINNERS

YOU CAN NOW GET UP TO *23.5% INTEREST* ON YOUR SAVINGS, *WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY!* And—*in addition* you can: ★ Get *ten* bank gifts instead of one for opening a new account! ★ Withdraw your money—and *still* earn interest on it! ★ Make *two* savings accounts pay you interest at the same time, *on the same exact money!* ★ Get *thirteen months interest*—every single year! ★ Earn money on money you've already spent—*for weeks and even months after you've already spent it!*

HOW? BY LETTING THIS TOP PROFESSIONAL *READ THE SMALL PRINT IN THE BANK RULES FOR YOU!* AND THEN SHOW YOU *EVERY MONEY-MULTIPLYING LOOPHOLE* THAT'S IN THEM!

Think carefully for a moment! Do you realize what the facts you have just read above **really mean to you** in terms of your future independence, security, and sheer luxurious trouble-free living for the rest of your life! **Just this—**

First, no longer do you have to settle for a starvation-level 5% or 6% on your savings... **at exactly the same time that inflation is eating into those savings at the rate of 8% to 10% every single year!**

Second, no longer do you have to take dangerous "fliers" in the stock market, or real estate market—just to get a few percentage points **more** back from your money—just to keep inflation from gobbling it all up! **And always being threatened by the chance that the market could go "sour," and you would be forced to stand helplessly by, while 25% of your money... 50% of your money... even 75% of your money went right down the drain!**

All those terrible risks—and all those starvation-returns—**are a million miles behind you now!** Because, from this moment on, **you can have absolute safety that not one cent of your money will ever be lost... at the same exact time that you get a return of up to 23.5% on that money—all of which makes most of Wall Street's vaunted "growth stocks" look absolutely pale by comparison!**

OVER 200,000 MEN AND WOMEN LIKE YOU HAVE ALREADY PROVED THE FIRST BEGINNING STEPS IN THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW "GET RICH SAFELY" PLAN! NOW AT LAST THE FULL DETAILS—THAT DOUBLE THEIR RETURN—ARE RELEASED TO YOU!

Yes, perhaps right now—today—**you** are one of these over 200,000 "Smart Savers" who are now getting 9%...10%...even 13% on their money... **all because they had the foresight to purchase Martin Meyer's previous best-selling book that showed them exactly how to do it!**

When this book came out three years ago, **it caused an overwhelming sensation in banking and financial circles all over America!** Because this book **tore away the veil from the way banks really work!** And showed the average man and woman **how they could use the banks' own "hidden rules" to force those banks to give these "Smart Savers" TWICE AS MUCH INTEREST as their uninformed neighbors were getting!**

Yes! Up to TWICE as much interest—and all from a single weekend's fascinating reading! But—what the author of this book himself didn't even realize then—**was that even the "impossibly" high 9%...10%...even 13% was still just the beginning.**

Because once the door to higher, and still higher, interest rates was forced open, **then bank officials themselves quietly divulged to the author other EVEN MORE LUCRATIVE mechanisms that his original Plan had missed!**

And so, **one money-multiplying "trick" was piled on top of another!** And then another! And then another! And then still another! **Ingenious, perfectly sound, almost completely unknown little devices... that raised the absolutely safe return on the average saver's money to 15%...17%...19%...even 23.5%!** Like this....

JUST LOOK AT THESE DELICIOUS NEW "FORTUNE-BUILDING TWISTS"! MOST OF WHICH YOU NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE BEFORE!!!!

For example—Why most people who accept bank gifts are cheating themselves. And how you can make those very same gifts give you a **bonus** return of 14%—**instantly!**

How to gain a half-month's extra interest, **each and every quarter!**

How to get the banks to pay you interest for 160 days per year, or more, on money you have—not with them—**but in your own pocket!**

How to **double the interest** they pay you, **on close to 200 hundred days more every year!**

How to make the banks pay for one full week of your vacation each year, **without their having the slightest idea that they're doing it!**

How to turn your savings account into a checking account, where the bank continually pays you interest on checks you've already written but haven't yet cleared (but for which **you've** received the merchandise)!

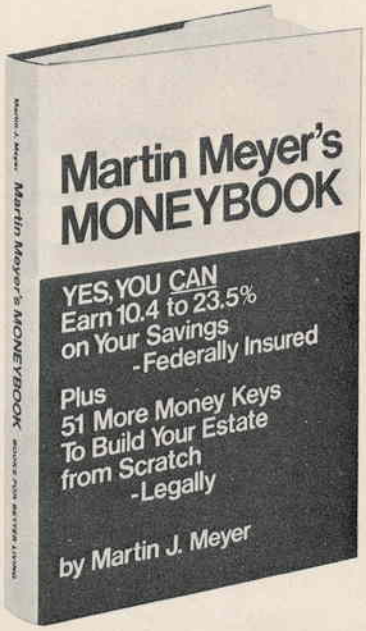
How to get, not only FREE checks for everyday use, but also FREE traveler's checks when you go on vacation!

A SPECIAL BONUS OPPORTUNITY, that can be used quite often if you know the signals and the combinations (but not, of course, continually) in which you earn **155% interest** from the same blissfully trusting bank!

PLUS, AS A SPECIAL ADDED FEATURE, DOZENS OF NON-BANKING MONEY-MULTIPLIERS LIKE THESE:

Special discounts, on practically anything you want to buy, from the finest non-discount stores in town, **and with all the follow-up service obligation on their part fully intact!** (Just walk in, say this one proven sentence, and walk out with as much as $50 or $100 off!)

How to create your own "credit card" while you're on vacation! So you take no risk whatsoever of losing money! So you go everywhere, buy everything you want without paying the credit card company money!


Martin Meyer's MONEYBOOK
YES, YOU CAN Earn 10.4 to 23.5% on Your Savings -Federally Insured
Plus 51 More Money Keys To Build Your Estate from Scratch -Legally
by Martin J. Meyer

A special chapter on little-known, and tax-sheltered investments fully as safe as savings accounts, **but yielding much, much more!**

An ingenious way of **taking advantage of little known provisions in the tax law to reduce your income tax bracket, without reducing your income by one penny!**

How to "find up to $500 or even $2,500 a year—**just in overlooked leaks the average person makes in his buying and paying methods!**

READ THIS NEW "GET-RICH-SAFELY" MANUAL, FROM COVER TO COVER, AT OUR RISK!

So the choice is now up to you! Do you want to go on getting a measly 5% or 6% on your savings every year—or risking them all in the roller-coaster market—**when this book can show you how to get up to 23.5% on that same money, with ABSOLUTE safety, or it doesn't cost you a cent!**

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Mail coupon today to be among the first to take advantage of the wealth of money-making, money-saving techniques. Money Back Guarantee if not completely satisfied.

© 1972 CADENCE-CASTLE LTD.

Books For Better Living
DIVISION OF CADENCE INDUSTRIES CORPORATION

Mail No Risk Coupon Today

THE MINOTAUR SOCIETY, Dept. EE.
909 Third Ave. (27th Floor)
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please rush me a copy of Martin Meyer's MONEYBOOK. I enclose $8.95 in full payment. I understand that I may examine the book for a full 30 days and, if at the end of that time I am not fully satisfied, I will simply return the book to you for full refund.

Enclosed is $_____ (N.Y. Residents Add Sales Tax)

Name_____
(Please PRINT Clearly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ **Zip**_____

☐ **SAVE!** Order two books for only $15.95.

Beaune of Contention

An expert explanation of the complexities of Côte de Beaune wines
by **Lionel Braun**

The wine waiter is hovering at your shoulder, your girl is waiting expectantly, and meanwhile you're desperately trying to figure out the difference between a bottle of '53 Chassagne-Montrachet, '59 Puligny-Montrachet and '61 Montrachet. The would-be wine buff is faced with this problem all too frequently when dealing with the wines from the Burgundy region of Côte de Beaune, so perhaps a little explanation is due.

In common with other regions of France the Côte de Beaune is divided into communes, which normally take the name of the principal village within their boundaries; Chassagne and Puligny are two such communes. But to prevent things from becoming too easy, the sneaky Burgundians began the custom of attaching the name of the most famous vineyard within the commune to the name of the commune itself. Because the Montrachet vineyard extends into two communes, both have the right to use its name. Thus wines labelled Puligny-Montrachet and Chassagne-Montrachet are blended from various different vineyards, whereas Montrachet itself is produced from the one vineyard, and is a superior *tête de cuvée* wine.

The two best-known red Burgundy communes, Beaune and Pommard, both lie on the slopes of the Côte de Beaune. Beaune wines are justly praised for their smooth full-bodied qualities, whereas Pommard, a powerful wine, can be a little hard if it isn't kept in bottle for a number of years. Such patience is a virtue, however, because it vastly improves and can become a very fine wine indeed. When buying both these wines make sure that your choice has been imported by a reputable shipper, for some smart operators specialize in importing inferior blendings; at $10 or more a bottle mistakes can be expensive.

Another well-respected red Burgundy is Volnay, often favoured by those who prefer a slightly lighter and quick-to-mature wine. Also the wines of Monthélie, though less fashionable, represent very good value for money. Bottlings from Les Champs Fuillots vineyard are especially commended to those who enjoy the lighter more delicate Burgundies. Of the other communes, Aloxe-Corton deserves a mention for its fine *tête de cuvée* vineyard of Corton and so does Chassagne-Montrachet for Le Clos St Jean, one of the few Côte de Beaune vineyards that can equal the best of the Côte de Nuits.

The Côte de Beaune also boasts an impressive roster of white Burgundies, notably Corton-Charlemagne, renowned for its subtlety and delicacy. Given its name because of a local tradition that the Emperor Charlemagne founded its vineyards, this wine is in very short supply, and the bottlings of Jadot and Lateur are generally considered the finest. The commune of Meursault also produces well-recommended whites with a lightly perfumed bouquet, and the wines of Puligny-Montrachet, which only produces white Burgundies, have a faithful following of aficionados who appreciate their extravagant bouquet, lingering flavor and rich golden color. Again, look for the name of a reliable shipper before buying; Baron Thenard, Marquis de Laguiche, Bouchard Père, Calvet and Domaine Romanée-Conti are all names to be trusted.

There is a separate category of Côte de Beaune wines that are especially prized for their quality, and they are produced by the vineyards of the Hospices de Beaune. The Hospices is a hospital and home for the elderly founded in the 15th century by Nicholas Roland and his wife, who each bequeathed a vineyard by way of an endowment. Others followed suit, and the Home now owns 29 vineyards; 22 red cuvées and seven whites. Hospices wines are among the finest of the area, but their reputation has made them rather expensive.

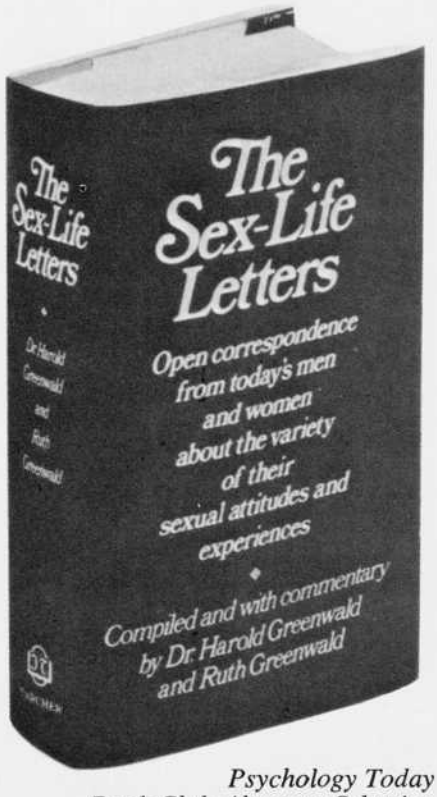
"Readable for kicks or tricks, the stimulation of bold ideas or stimulation period."

That's *Publishers Weekly* talking about THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS, where you can meet and perhaps come to understand

- Couples who overcome marital boredom with costumed fantasies, tape-recorded instant replays, and uninhibited sex games
- The understanding wife who solved the problem of a husband for whom "one woman at a time just does not seem to be enough"
- Lovers who find in dirty words "the powerful ingredient for a love feast"
- The housewife who likes to expose her breasts – "for just a couple of seconds" – to the delivery boy
- The men and women for whom the "greatest sexual pleasure must come from pain"
- The man for whom "special clothing" is an essential in sexual fulfillment
- The nurse who discovered an unorthodox way to relieve her "flat-chested complaint"
- The artistic pair whose candy-colored lovemaking turns them into a work of art
- The husband who wanted to hear again and again the details of his wife's previous sexual adventures
- The many people who have learned how to make their most exciting sexual experiences happen when they are alone
- and hundreds of other men and women who demonstrate the whole warm, human, funny-sad range of ways people make love, get love, give love.

These are a few of the people who really know what goes on in today's bedrooms (and dining rooms, and stairways, and bathrooms, and lots of other places). They are the people you ought to meet if you want to discover the true range of your sexual potential. They're among the *real* people who wrote extraordinarily revealing letters to *Forum,* a unique magazine whose sole purpose is to encourage completely free, uninhibited discussion of sex.

Now, nearly 400 varied and fascinating letters – selected from over 5,000 published by the magazine – have been gathered together in a book unlike any ever published before. Most of the letters are frankly erotic, but then again many of the things we do – or think of doing – are erotic.


The Sex-Life Letters
The Sex-Life Letters
Open correspondence from today's men and women about the variety of their sexual attitudes and experiences
Compiled and with commentary by Dr. Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald

Psychology Today
Book Club Alternate Selection

As Dr. Paul Gillette says, **"The book demonstrates that the sexual thoughts and behavior of the average man and woman go far beyond the narrow cluster of sex acts deemed socially 'acceptable.'"**

If you think you're sexually liberated . . .

. . . wait until you read the wild, imaginative, funny things some of these people do! For instance, are you sure you're using *all* of your five senses when it comes to lovemaking? Do you know all the sexual variations an amateur chef can cook up? Have you found out how to combine sex and television-watching, with special techniques for commercials?

In THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS you'll find out. In Dr. Herbert Otto's words, **"This amazingly explicit and frank contemporary sex material offers an intriguing panorama of the tremendous variety of today's sexual life styles. The book adds greatly to the readers' fund of sexual knowledge and techniques."**

Why would anyone want to do that?

Throughout the book the editors, Dr. Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald, provide helpful, professional comments on the letters – but always as friends, never as judges. They discuss the underlying reasons behind people's behavior, and help the reader to new attitudes of understanding and acceptance of themselves and others.

Indeed, according to *Library Journal,* **"the value of this book lies in its reassurance that no matter what the sexual hang-up of the reader, he is not alone. Transvestism, zoophilia, sado-masochism, fantasies of all kinds, voyeurism—you name it, and someone has contributed a letter about it."**

Everything the doctors know about sex (but are afraid to write)

Doctors have written hundreds of books about sex, but this is the first one published on a new principle: if you want to know what people do about sex, feel about sex, think about sex, don't ask the "experts." Ask the people themselves!

The personal stories in THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS are so richly varied that we suggest you leaf through its pages in leisurely fashion: browsing here, picking and choosing there, doing some pleasurable window-shopping. And take your partner along too.

As Robert Rimmer, author of *The Harrad Experiment,* points out, THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS is **"a very good book for any husband and wife to read together. They can well open up areas of their lives that they have never fully expressed *to each other.*"**

You should find copies of THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS at your local bookstore. If you prefer to order by mail, we will send it to you with a money-back guarantee.

MAIL THIS MONEY-BACK COUPON TODAY

J. P. TARCHER, INC., Dept. P-4
9110 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

Please send _____ copy(ies) of THE SEX LIFE LETTERS. Enclosed is my check or money order for $7.95 (California residents please add 40 cents tax). If not satisfied, I may return book(s) within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

UNHAPPY LANDINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

printer's certificate in the United States. They want to give me a job digging a ditch. What kind of job is digging a ditch? Oh, you can learn a lot digging a ditch."

Hijackers in prison are never told what charges have been levelled against them, nor how long they will remain incarcerated. There are several classes of prisons and jails in the Havana area. There is Castillo del Principe prison near Havana Libre hotel, where a number of hijackers are kept. There is La Cabana, home of political prisoners, on the waterfront near the former tourist landmark, Morro Castle. There is the G-2 Department of State Security Jail—some call it "Hados" (inevitable doom)—where political prisoners and hijackers are sometimes kept during periods of interrogation. There is the immigration prison at Picota Andres Lucia Costa—also a domicile for hijackers. And there are lesser jails such as those of the airport police and precinct stations.

All of these received a clean bill of health from the International Red Cross, during the last inspection tour made by its representatives in 1970. But Red Cross officials in Washington say that their team never reached a spot hijackers consider a particularly uncomfortable part of Havana's prison system. It is "the pit"—solitary confinement cells below Principe prison.

Gabor Louis Babler has done time in "the pit". Babler said he spent four and a half years in Cuba's prisons—much of it in solitary confinement. "That was the worst part," Babler recalls. "I believe the physical punishment I can take more easily than that punishment of solitary confinement over here. If I forgot I am in prison and start to whistle or something like that, they come over and say I cannot do that. I ask books; they don't have any. I ask newspapers; they don't have any."

It is midnight in a Havana park and Babler is leaning back against a wooden bench, telling his story as he stares across the street at the Principe prison that used to be his home. He is 38 years old, slight, with curly blond hair, a broken-English accent, and a Cessna tattooed on his hairy chest. He is a Hungarian-American.

The park is busy this night. A number of neighborhood residents are enjoying a favorite Cuban pastime—a stroll in the cool night air. Babler lowered his voice whenever anyone passed by. When he spoke, he spoke into a paper bag which camouflaged a small cassette recorder and microphone.

Q: So your first night in Havana you spent in prison?

A: First night, and the first two years I spent in—well, six months in a security prison, eight months in the regular (Principe) prison of Havana—that is consecutively. Seven months in Islands of Pines hard labor, back again to the prison of Havana, security prison for five months, three months in a ship, back again to Havana with the same ship, and I was two years and almost two months in a police jail.

Q: Could you describe the first month, the first few weeks in Cuba?

A: Well the first few weeks were horrible because they always said "next day" or "a couple of weeks". This "couple of weeks" became "couple of months" and I get nervous. I get more and more helpless. And when I find out in the prison there's other Americans who've been there eight months, nine months, a year, a year and a half, I really get scared. And I said well, I asked for it.

Today Gabor Louis Babler is free, married to a Cuban girl and living in a rundown private home that has been converted to apartments and is crowded with tenants. After almost five years of incarceration, Babler had been released two months ago.

When he was freed, Babler was given a tiny, two-room apartment just down the street from Principe prison. No sooner had he taken up residence with his bride than his inlaws moved in—mother-in-law, brother-in-law, and two canaries.

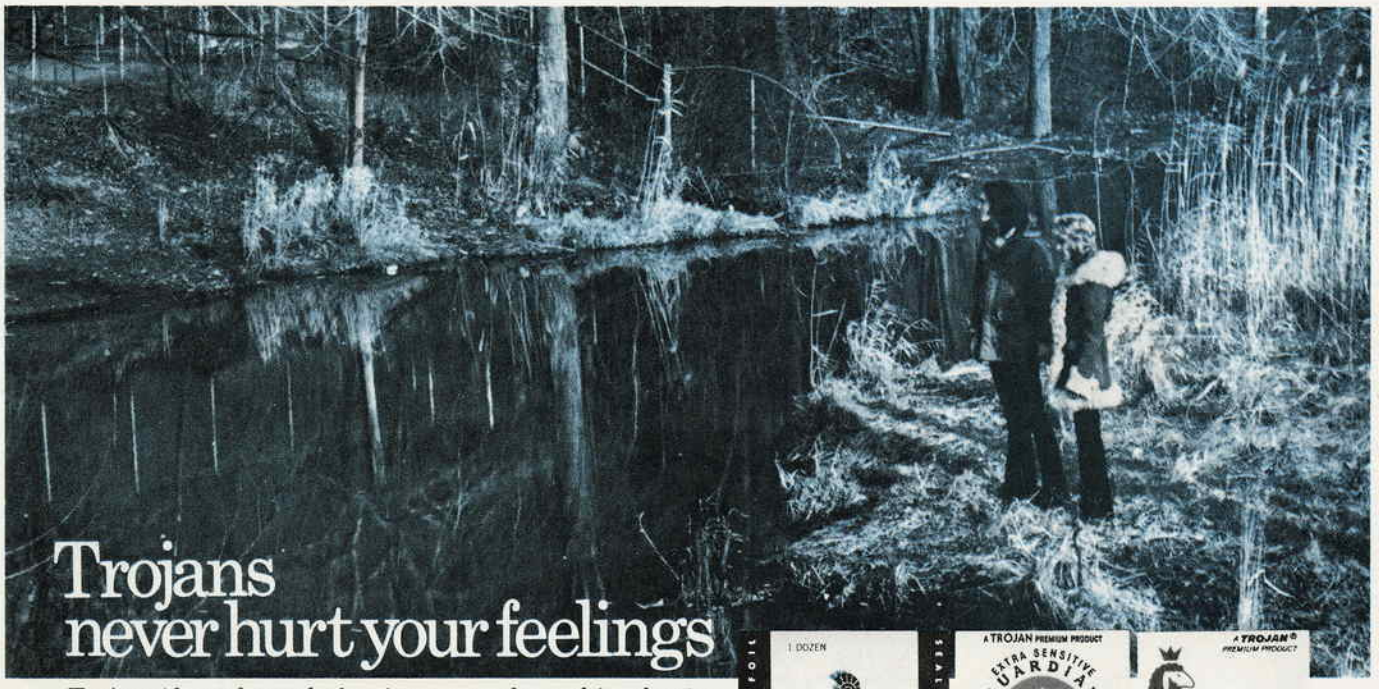
The walls are faded pink; they are adorned with a cardboard reproduction of Christ's Last Supper and a yellowed newspaper photo of Che Guevara fastened with tape. Paper roses in a plastic vase sit atop the Bulgarian TV set.

In the bedroom, the Bablers sleep on a double cot that rests on the bare tile floor. There is a small dresser decorated with photos of the wedding, a doll in a wedding dress, and a stuffed brown baby bear.

Once out of prison, he had been given a job washing buses at a depot; but just a couple of days before the interview he was fired. "They kicked me out of that company because they're afraid I will go up too fast, too high, and they don't want me to go up at all," Babler claimed.

It is understandable that Babler is treated harshly by the communist Cubans. He had been one of the leaders of the 1956 anticommunist uprising in his native Hungary. He was the man who single-handedly freed Roman Catholic Cardinal Mindszenty from a Budapest prison cell and escorted him to safety in the American embassy.

In 1956 Babler said he was also just a squeeze of a trigger away from killing Janos



Trojans* brand prophylactics are made so thin, they're ultra-sensitive. They're made so you can be safe. For the ultimate in sensitivity and the maximum in protection against V.D. and unwanted conception, ask your pharmacist for Trojans brand prophylactics... we promise your feelings won't be hurt. Send for a Special Product Sampler including 3 TROJANS, 3 GUARDIAN, 3 NATURALAMB. Send a $3.00 check or money order to Youngs Drug Products Corporation. Then buy your future needs from your local pharmacist.

Youngs Drug Products Corp.

P.O. Box 5, Piscataway, N.J. 08854

*Number One Brand Sold in Drugstores According to National Survey Organization (includes Trojan-Enz Lubricated, Guardian and Naturalamb brands)

Kadar, Hungary's Communist Party chief, after the Freedom Fighters had seized the Parliament Building in Budapest. "I take up my gun and point it at him, and Janos Kadar go on his knees and said 'Please don't shoot me, I wanted only to stop the blood on the streets.' I said 'Well, I don't shoot you, because I don't think your Communist Party will ever stand up on its feet here in Hungary.' I was sure of our victory and I just left him."

After his escape from Hungary to the United States in 1956, Babler and his encounter with Kadar became front-page news. He was arrested in Washington while leading a demonstration against the Soviet embassy. Charges against him were finally dropped after intervention on his behalf by Senators Joseph McCarthy and Barry Goldwater. He became an American citizen and worked for several years as a chauffeur in exclusive Georgetown. Eventually he worked his way out to California. There, one weekend, he decided to do as many Californians do and "go down to have a fun in Tijuana, Mexico". Only, he forgot his naturalization papers.

A U.S. Customs agent told him he could not return to the United States without his papers, that he would have to wait clearance from Washington. Babler decided to cut through the red tape. He explained: "I thought if I can jump the border of Hungary and Austria, where is all the Russian guards and tanks and minefields, I can jump a border in the United States where there is no guard, no minefield, no nothing."

Babler wound up in the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas, serving one-to-25 years for kidnapping a federal official (the customs agent), five years for stealing the agent's car, one-to-25 years for kidnapping a California woman (he needed a ride after crashing the agent's car).

Why did Babler come to Cuba? Probably because he is the sort of man who would feel persecuted wherever he was. He had the disposition and dreams of a revolutionary but no revolution to fight in. He liked to think of himself as the man who started the Hungarian anti-communist uprising. Because of that, he felt that he should be important—a "somebody"—even in communist Cuba. He was an idealist who no longer knew what ideals he was fighting for.

The notion of hijacking a plane to Cuba was planted in him while he was in jail in the United States: "I met some Puerto Rican revolutionaries who knew that I was an ex-Hungarian Freedom Fighter. They said, 'Your place is in Cuba. They will train you right away and send you someplace in Latin America.'" Once again, Babler would be an important person fighting for an important cause. The glory of the dream swept aside the reality that should have been apparent: an anti-communist fighter and Cuba's communist Revolution make for a mighty poor marriage. It was not until he had arrived in Cuba that Babler began to realize his dilemma. Soon the very cheers and slogans of the Cuban Revolution only made him appreciate what he had left behind.

During the interview, he recalled the good old days—the time he served at Leavenworth.

Q: How would you compare conditions in a Cuban prison with the conditions in an American prison?

A: I—I—I need to laugh. I need to laugh .... In the United States the prisoners need to be on a diet not to get fat. Here you need to lay down and not move your finger so you can get up when you need to go someplace. Because the food is only enough to keep you alive. Not enough—it's too much to die but not enough to move—Let's put it this way. I lived in prison better in the United States than over here as free. In the Leavenworth, Kansas, prison, there is every day milk, different types of Kelloggs—what's his name?

Q: Cornflakes?

A: Cornflakes. You can choose from 20 different types what you want. You can go to college. You can go to school. I don't know at that time how to appreciate that. Now I know it.

Q: Did other prisoners ever shout from their cells anything about the food?

A: Yes, they told me "Gabor!" "What you want, Johnny?"—he was Number 13 cell. He said, "You know what I want? My last wish is give me a good chocolate cake or apple pie, and they can shoot me." I said, "Johnny, I don't think you will get chocolate cake or apple pie, but I think you will get some"—there is a food named croquetta—"for tonight." He said, "Oh, that dog shit!" Because we called that croquetta dog shit, and it looks like it, and I believe if fried the dog shit would taste like it. This is comical, but this is also sorry truth, very sorry truth.

Hijackers imprisoned in Havana do not have much opportunity for socializing. But there is one man they come to know. His name is "Pepe". Chief of the national immigration prison at the Picota Andres Lucia Costa section near the city docks.

Pepe runs the hijackers' lives. They need his permission for everything from getting an aspirin to getting a rare three-hour pass to leave the prison.

Pepe wins no popularity prize from the hijackers. His exploits were mentioned by

Incredible new acrylic OMNI pipes are carbureted for a sweet, cool draw. Virtually unbreakable, beautiful rainbow colors, antiqued metal parts.

PIPES AND POSTERS FROM INTERPLANETARY P.O. BOX 1338 SAUSALITO, CALIF. 94965

an Unique assemblage

1B – Straight carbureted pipe with antiqued metal bowl adaptable for use with cigarette. Easily cleaned, delicate rainbow colors will never fade or peel. Length: 10 inches $5.00

of fine apparati

3A – "Cobra" pipe comes with wooden bowl and is self standing, adaptable. Carbureted for a cool smoke. Makes a colorful table piece. Height: 6 inches $6.50

for the discerning Smoker

CA7 – "Ice Pipe" has wooden bowl and brass screen. Easily disassembled. Curved tube holds water and the large chamber can be used for crushed ice for cooling or stash-curing. Length: 9½ inches $7.00

1209 Eve
22 x 33 Full Color $2.00

1213 Seal of Solomon
22x34 Black-Lite
$2.00

1135 Peace Ship
21x33 Black-lite $2.00

1136 Perls
11 x 42 B/L $2.00

1133 Beep Beep!
21x28 Black-Lite $2.00

1250 Let's Boogie
25x34 Black-Lite $2.00

1176 Honeycycle
36 x 23 Full Color $2.00

1265 Comin' Out Party
20x22½ Full Color $2.00

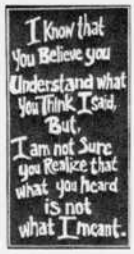
1116 Makin' Bacon
22x28 B&W $1.00

1161 Eye Chart
11 x 33 B/L $2.00

1262 Danielle
32x40 Full Color $3.00

1181 Sex Positions
23x35 Black-Lite $2.00

1222 Fuck Housework
17x22 Parchment $2.00


I know that you believe you understand what you think I said. But, I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.

1219 Not What I Meant
15x33 Black-Lite $2.00

INTERPLANETARY Dept. P 13 P.O. BOX 1338 SAUSALITO, CALIF. 94965

No minimum order but please add $1.00 for postage/handling.

QUANTITY ITEM #

Send items listed, totaling: $

Postage/handling: $ 1.00

CHECK M.O. Total enclosed: $

Sorry! No COD's. Canadian orders: US funds only. California residents please add 5% sales tax.

PLEASE PRINT

Name

Street

City

State Zip

BONUS MYSTERY POSTER FREE! WITH POSTER ORDER OF $5.00 OR MORE

several hijackers. Among them were Steven Pera and Charles Allen ("Lonnie") Schwander, who had been accused of trying to poison Chicago's water supply before flying south; they spoke only briefly with a journalist who spotted them outside the Havana Libre.

Babler got to know Pepe well.

Q: Were you ever physically mistreated?

A: Yes, in the Picota Immigration Police—by Pepe, the boss over there. Once time I needed the work of a dentist. Pepe told me that a dentist is not in his office, and I find out from a friend that a dentist *was* in his office. "Why you told me that a dentist was not there when he was there?" I asked Pepe. And he said, "Because I don't want to let you out, and what you want to do about it? . . . You can write a letter to Fidel, I don't care." And he said, "Go back to your place or I beat you up." I said, "No, I don't believe you beat me up." And he said "No?" And he picked up some chair and he beat me with the chair and when he throw me in the cell he shoot in that cell with a gun. But he did not just with me, he did it with John Marques, different men, every man who was in Picota he did something against personally, physically or mentally.

Q: This happens to all the hijackers?

A: It's what happens to all. One time he get into a fight with one Negro, name of [Raymond] Johnson and he throwed him in a cell, hit him with a big—like a baseball bat—locked that cell up . . . . That Johnson, the Negro, told him "You are not a revolutionary, you are a dirty opportunist." Pepe . . . he shoot in the cell with his pistol. Every time he get into some argument with us, what is daily, he pick up his gun and point at us. He humiliated me. One time when I [first] went to the Picota prison, Pepe told me that Johnson is a homosexual. So I started treating Johnson as a real homosexual, because the police told me. Later I find out after a fight with him that he's not a homosexual.

Q: How do you treat someone 'like a homosexual'?

A: Well, I treated him like a sissy. And, you know, he said, "Why you talk to me like that?" I said, "Well, I talk with you like that because I believe you like that way of talking." And he said, "You think I am queer or something?" And I said, "No, I don't think so, I know so!" And that is when the fight is coming off. And after I told him how I found out, he had a fight with Pepe. Pepe shooted at him in the cell. He throwed him in the isolation cell. Pepe's bringing me in front of him. And he said, "I told you that he's a queer?" And I said, "Yes, you told me that he's a homosexual." And he throwed me in the next cell.

Q: Pepe shot at you or at Johnson?

A: At Johnson.

Q: Why?

A: Because Johnson spit at him.

Q: Spit at him?

A: Spit at him, because police called him "You black monkey". He was crying in his anger because he come from the United States to Cuba because of American discrimination. He come to Cuba and a revolutionary uniformed person tell him "You black monkey". That is why he spit at him. I think he had a right.

Babler remembers—or almost remembers—the most frightening thing he says happened to him while in custody in Cuba. "I lost six days of my life—that is, May 4 to May 10 [1970]," said Babler. He had been kicking at the door—"making a little disruption"—because he wanted to complain to an investigating lieutenant. As Babler pieces it together, guards entered his cell at the security prison. "Okay, turn against the wall, we're coming in to take you out," Babler recalls them saying. Babler turned against the wall. The guards shone what he thinks was a flashlight against the wall.

"I saw different paintings—red, blue, gold, and silver paintings. I think this is some kind of psycho painting. When you want to see red, you see red. When you want to see a snake, you see a snake on the wall . . . . They give me an injection. . . . When I waked up I was in a dark cell. They took me out of there. They put a black hood over my head; they put their foot over my head and shoulder. They put me in a car. A car left the security prison. . . . On the highway, they take the hood off my head and they tell me, 'Okay, now you can sit up.' And I find one of my investigating officials in the front seat—a big Negro man. And that is why I was afraid—because all of them was Negro. That is give me some bad feeling. They was all Negro, and big guys."

Babler figures this was just an effort to scare him. His memory is hazy. He thinks he was unconscious for several days. What he does know is that he was in his security prison cell on May 4—when the guards came—and on May 10 he had been transferred to Principe prison.

Q: Did you ever contemplate suicide when you were in prison?

A: Yes, I was thinking very seriously to kill myself. But I want to see what will happen with me and all this—all this situation. I like to see the end of it.

Q: Did you ever ask to be shot?

A: I written down on paper in the security prison. I told them that if they think I am a CIA, I sign any paper that I am a CIA agent, "Just shoot me, please shoot me." And they said, "No, we don't shoot you. We don't shoot in this country innocent people."

Babler's frustrations continue, even as a "free" man in Cuba. Says Babler: "I told them many many times. I even told them about two weeks ago, when they take me out of my job. I said, 'Listen, if you don't want me to work, if you don't want give me an apartment or a little room, don't want to give me a chance to start a new life, you don't let me out of here, then why don't you shoot me? Shoot me or give my freedom."

Suicide. For some it seemed the only way out. There have been several attempts. One hijacker is known to have succeeded: Hank Baron, aged 17, from Indianapolis. On July 29 1969 Baron arrived in Havana by hijacking Eastern Airlines' 727 jet out of Chicago. On February 8 1971 he jumped to his death from the top floor of the stately Hotel Nacional.

Babler knew Baron well. When Babler first entered the Principe prison, he remembers calling down the corridor to find out if there were other Americans on the floor. "And they told me their names. 'I am Larry.' 'I am Barry.' 'My name is Johnson; I hijacked an airplane from Cleveland.' Another one hijacked an airplane from Chicago. There was a young kid from Indianapolis. He hijacked an airplane. His name was Hank." Hank apparently slipped into despair. Babler spoke to him two weeks before he died.

"He was very, very unhappy. He said that he cannot work and he wrote letters to his mother and father. His father is some television producer in Chicago. He said that he don't get reply and he don't know why—he's sure that his father love him, his mother love him. But probably the letter don't go out. He's very worrying because he tried to be a revolutionary. But this revolution is entirely different from what he believed the revolution should be. He talked with me about one and a half, two hours. He explained to me that he has difficulty eating the food that they give him in Siboney. He cannot visit some of his friends. He is restricted because that friends they said

Confidence

STUD 100, the famous delay spray for men, helps bring sexual confidence. Buy it from leading Drug and Pharmacy counters or, if you prefer, order direct from the manufacturers, sending $5.75 per spray pack, plus 25¢ postage and handling, to Dept. PH4, Stud Holdings, 120 East 56th Street, New York, NY 10022. In Confidence.

(NY State add 7% sales tax)

STUD®
100

The STUD 100 Trade Mark is registered throughout the world and is the property of Stud Holdings Limited, 39 Castle Street, High Wycombe, Bucks, England, to whom all local and overseas distributorship enquiries should be addressed.

PICK a PET!

CHOOSE THE PET YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE HANGING AROUND YOUR ROOM!!

MISS LYNETTE ASQUITH

MISS JUDY JONES

MISS VIDA FARTHING

MISS LYNN PARTINGTON

MISS STEPHANIE McLEAN

MISS HELEN CAUNT

BIG 25" x 38" POSTERS

The Pets of Penthouse have been blown-up to poster size... beautiful full life color on coated poster stock. Order one or all six for an exciting addition to your playroom, bar or what-have-you.

These posters make great gifts for your friends or yourself. Packaged in a handsome black poly-tube.

$3.00 plus $1.00 for postage and handling

Please rush me the Pet Posters I have checked below. I enclose $_____ plus $1.00 postage and handling per poster for each poster ordered. (Note: Canadian residents add an additional .75 per poster.)

Total $_____

__Vida __Lynette __Helen
__Judy __Stephanie __Lynn

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Send your check and this coupon to:
Dept. DS, Penthouse Magazine
909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022

PENTHOUSE PET PUZZLES • 2 SIDED • 2 PETS • 250-300 PIECES

Miss Billie Rainbird
Miss Viva Helziger

Miss Maureen Renzen
Miss Lynette Asquith

Miss Judy Jones
Miss Vida Farthing

Two Pets on each jig saw puzzle for twice the fun... 11" x 17", full life color and packaged in a distinctive black tri-box. What a gift to give to yourself or friends.

$5.00 plus $1.00 for postage and handling

Please rush me the Penthouse Puzzles I have checked below. I enclose $_____ plus $1.00 postage and handling for each puzzle ordered. (Note: Canadian residents add an additional .75 cents per puzzle.) Total $_____

☐ Billie Viva ☐ Vida Judy ☐ Maureen Lynette

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Send your check and this coupon to:
Dept. DS, Penthouse Magazine
909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022

Also available at fine gift and department stores in U.S.A. and Canada. (N.Y. residents please add 7% sales tax)

Enjoy An Exciting, Romantic IMPRESSIVE *LOOK* ANYTIME!

QUICK-CHANGE to suit your mood time:

ALL THREE $6. MODOCRYLIC

Send for your Mustache, Sideburns and Van Dyke at once! Simply check the color you want or send a sample of your hair and leave the matching to our expert. MAIL COUPON NOW!

Adheres securely . . . off and on in seconds . . . can be worn as is or trimmed to just the style you want

To Order give hair color ☐ Blonde; ☐ Black; ☐ Light Brown; ☐ Medium Brown; ☐ Dark Brown; ☐ Grey; ☐ Silver; ☐ Auburn or send hair sample. ☐ Mustache $2; ☐ Deluxe Mustache $5; ☐ Sideburns $3; ☐ Deluxe Sideburns $5; ☐ Van Dyke $3; ☐ Deluxe Van Dyke $5; ☐ All Three $6; ☐ All Three Deluxe $10 (I save $5)

Masculiner Co., Dept. A-4
160 Amherst St., East Orange, N.J. 07019

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BLOW YOURSELF UP TO POSTER SIZE

A great gift or gag idea. Ideal room decoration . . . Perfect for parties. Send any b&w or color photo, polaroid print, cartoon or magazine photo. For slides and negatives add $1.00 per poster ordered. Better originals produce better posters. Giant b&w poster mailed in tube.

1½ FT x 2 FT $2.50
3 FT x 4 FT $7.50
RUSH SERVICE. **Posters only.** Shipped 1st class in 1 day. Add $2.00 per poster ordered. No slides.

2x3 FT. $3.50

Photo Jigsaw Puzzle 1x1½ Ft.—$4.49
8x10—$2.49; 11x14—$3.49

Photo Dartboard 1 Ft. Diam.—$4.49

Send any photo. Puzzles comes in 40 pieces Dartboard mounted on cork. With 3 darts.

POSTER FRAMES —1½x2 Ft.—$3.45
2x3 Ft.—$3.95 3x4 Ft.—$5.95

Your original returned undamaged. Add 50c for postage and handling for EACH item ordered. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Send check, cash or M.O. (No C.O.D.) to:

PHOTO POSTER, INC.
Dept. PH473 210 E. 23 St., New York, N.Y. 10010

were not revolutionary people and 'Don't visit them anymore.' Sometimes he need to close his mouth when he want to say something, because he know that if he tell official what he really feel, he will go back to the security prison. What he is, he is—not afraid, that word is not enough for Hank. Hank was never in prison in his life, and he's only 17 years old. All his life he lived good, the good American life, and he comed to Cuba because he had that sensitive feeling for humanity.

"I told him, 'Hank, your place is not here in Cuba. Your place is with the Peace Corps, because you are a very good man. You like to help humanity.' He said, 'But I love Che Guevara.' I said, 'Well, maybe Che Guevara had different ideas than other revolutionaries in Cuba.' He said, 'Now I know that for sure—that Che Guevera and these people are two entirely different ideas.'"

Q: Was there a funeral for him?

A: "I don't know. I was in custody at the time. You know, at the time, nobody can go out of Immigration with a pass. They told us that, "Oh, we are expecting some visitors from Immigracion Nacional". A few days later, we found out what was the reason. Hank was made suicide.

Then there is the case of 19-year-old Jeff Shorr of Detroit. In 1967, young Shorr hijacked an Eastern Airlines jetliner en route from Miami to New York. Young Shorr got off in Havana. Eventually, his father, Mickey Shorr, owner of a stereo/audio store, was contacted by the State Department. The Cuban government had passed word through the Swiss ambassador that Jeff had died in prison. That was all they said. Since then, the senior Shorr says the Cubans have refused to let him come to Cuba and have refused to ship Jeff's body home. Mickey Shorr assumes his son committed suicide. But he has no way of knowing for sure.

John Peabody, another American hijacker, also tried to commit suicide. He made his attempt while in prison. "Johnny . . . six or seven times he jumped out of a top bunk with his head down to the cement," Babler said. "Every time they take him out to the hospital. But he don't died. I think he has too hard head. He's still alive. He married and he live in a little room about two yards wide and three and a half yards long. Is in that his wife and himself."

In September 1972, another hijacker—a 30-year-old black American with a nervous disorder—jumped off a six-story building in downtown Havana after an argument with his wife. He also survived, but remains paralysed from the neck down, according to the surgeon who operated on him. The hijacker was then transfered to spend his post-operative recovery period in the same prison cell where he had begun his life in Cuba.

At least two other hijackers who had been set free are now back in Cuban prisons. Both Witt and Grant told of colleagues who were so dissatisfied with life in Cuba that they tried reverse hijackings. The pair tried to hijack Cuban planes back to the United States, but they were captured and returned to prison. Witt and Grant identified one of the hijackers as Walter Hines of Chicago, who they said hijacked a plane in February 1971 on a Chicago-California run. The other they knew only as "Eddie from Detroit".

Cuba itself has never had much of a problem with hijackers. This is hardly surprising. "We now have revolutionary crews on board that would rather crash the plane than let it be hijacked," explained Denio Camacho, director of the University of Havana Law School, who was reassigned to the Cuban Foreign Ministry to work on hijacking. In fact, Cuban pilots are under standing orders, if hijacked, to crash the plane—regardless of the cost to human life. The choice is simple—if the pilots bring their planes back to Cuba, Castro has decreed they will be shot. As an added deterrent, two Cuban troops armed with submachine guns travel in the cockpit on all domestic flights. They're not needed on international flights because only official or officially-approved Cubans are permitted to leave the country.

Cubans seeking political asylum thus have turned increasingly to hijacking boats rather than gamble on an airplane pilot's revolutionary fervor. "There has never been a necessity to do this extreme thing," Camacho said of the orders to crash a hijacked plane. "You know why? Because the hijackers don't have enough courage to die for the things they believe in."

Few of the American hijackers were genuinely seeking political asylum in Cuba. They are teenagers frustrated with the monotony or the discipline of their lives; hardened criminals seeking a final way out of the sentences that hang over them; black power activists with dreams of a truly egalitarian society where discrimination, poverty and prejudice are a thing of the past; unbalanced psychiatric cases who never think of the lives they are endangering or of their own doomed fate; misguided idealists and men desperate to grab front-page headlines. They were men who felt trapped in the United States and wanted out. Now the lives they left do not seem so bad.

"Ninety-five percent will go home [if they are permitted]," said Babler. They will go home because they made a mistake."

Q: Do you think there is an answer to the hijacking problem?

A: . . . To stop the hijacking? Let go back all the hijackers from Cuba who wish to go back. And when they go back and talk with people and talk with press there will not be one person who wish to hijack airplane any more. Only need to be a mentally idiot who will hijack airplane in the future.

Q: Do you have a message for anyone in the United States who might be thinking of hijacking a plane to Cuba?

A: Well, you poor suckers don't believe me? I know a black brother of yours—[Raymond] Johnson and Barry and "Cleveland", you know him in Cleveland, Ohio, you know him by "Cleveland"—Larry and Barry—you must remember them—Larry and Barry, who hijacked a plane in '70. They was black power movement men. And now they wish to be back—not in Ohio where there is not too much discrimination—but back in Mississippi or Alabama or Georgia, because they have a different idea of discrimination now. So that is what that black brother thought. If you are not black—I am a white man, and I have the same experience. You know what we say—we hijackers over here, one to the other, "You asked for it, when you hijacked the airplane, you asked for it." . . . But I don't believe you believe me, you American people and especially you fanatic revolutionary people. Well, come over here and find out. But remember, I say that you will say the same thing that we say over here—"Well, Johnson, you asked for it", and Johnson tell me 1000 times, "Well, Gabor, you asked for it," when I was complaining to him, "Oh, Goddamit, why I did it? Why I come to Cuba?" and Johnson told me many times, "Well, you asked for it, you bum."

THE WIRES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

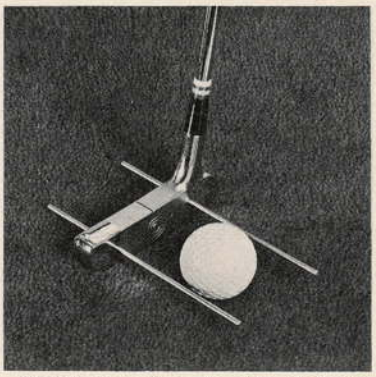
she was the demure type, with low Wire Speed, adored and respected by all. Naturally, my father's reputation preceded him. Word went out among the young women that a swashbuckling chap was on his way, an adventurer with little Time, but full of laughter and joy and apparently unafraid of the Hole. Or so he boasted.

What it must have amounted to was love at first sight, followed by a one-night stand, there being no Time for more than that, with me as the result. Who knows how many other adventures he had had on his trip to the Hole, or how many half-brothers and sisters I have behind me in the Arena? According to my mother, the very next morning he was already Out of Touch, leaving her with the dark line of the Umbilical Wire visible in her leg. Later, when word was passed to him that a son had been born with Wire Speed harmonious with that of the mother, I doubt if he cared. He was fast approaching the Hole.

I think he lost his Nerve in the end. Not that he was a coward, but he had lived too full and fast, too careless of Time, and finally the lonely prospect of the Hole must have struck his spirit down. It was said that he began to claw the ground, which is a sure sign of madness, and to address the Hole as he perched on the Lip. None of this behavior is unusual; thousands of others have done the same. As I say, my only recollection of him occurred just before he disappeared. The expression on that face, which I cannot forget—now shall I explain it? It was as if he had peeked into the Hole and had seen just what he had expected to see, what we all suspect is there. Well, my father's face registered a total hopelessness. This was so uncharacteristic of him, I remember we all burst into tears at once, as if at a signal; then he was gone.

Seeing red on the green lately?

Putt-Rite, the unique new right-angle training putter, will develop your on-line putting stroke and help eliminate those frustrating 3-putt greens.



Here's how it works. The Putt-Rite putter is designed with adjustable steel guide rods, positioned on either side of the hitting area, allowing sufficient room for the ball to be placed between them. On practice putt, any deviation from proper line on backstroke or follow through is immediately visible because rods will touch ball. (Rods are easily removed for normal play.)

Putt-Rite comes attractively boxed. The perfect gift for the golfer in your family, especially if it's you. Only $19.95, with a money-back guarantee.

GENIE INTERNATIONAL, INC.
Specialty Products Division
P.O. Box 1127, Fort Lee, N. J. 07024

Please send me ..... "Putt-Rite Putter" @ $19.95 each (add $1.50 per order for postage and handling)

Enclosed is my ☐ check, ☐ money order TOTAL .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

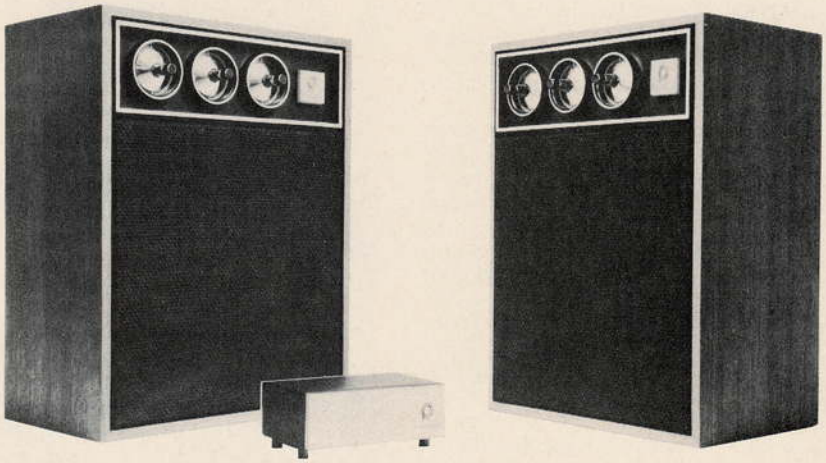
.....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP .....

N. J. residents please include 5% state sales tax. Offer available to residents of U.S. only! PH 4-73

Introducing "Speaker Of The House"



The Wireless Stereophonic Speaker System that plugs into any room in your home.

The first totally independent high fidelity stereo speakers that do not have to be wire-connected to your master receiver.

For startling stereo enjoyment—anywhere in your home—simply connect one end of the advanced sold-state transmitter to the speaker terminals on the back of your stereo set. Then plug the other end into the nearest AC outlet. Two distinct channels of distortion-free audio will be delivered from your stereo to every room.

The matching oiled walnut speakers contain an integrated receiver/amplifier section and a two-way-speaker system equipped with individual acoustic controls for superior stereo reproduction. Just plug them into any outlet and fill your home with brilliant sound.

Comes with a one year parts guarantee and a 90-day parts and labor warranty!

Offer available to residents of U.S. only!

GENIE INTERNATIONAL, INC. Electronic Products Division
P.O. Box 1127, Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024
Please send me:

☐ CONCEPT PLUS "Speaker of the House" @ $124.95 per set (add $2.00 per set for postage and handling)

Enclosed is my ☐ check, money order ☐ TOTAL .....

☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge Card

..... /.....

Credit Card No. Interbank No. (Located above your name)

/Month - Year

Signature Expiration Date

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

N. J. residents please include 5% state sales tax. PH 4-73

I remained close to my mother until I was almost full-grown. When she finally slid away, we talked for a while, but the farther apart we drifted, the more reticent she became. Rather than shout, we lapsed into silence, though she continued to smile and regard me with loving eyes. In the end, however, she turned her back and was thus drawn into the Hole. It happened one night; nobody actually saw her go.

In the Arena, salutations such as "Good day" or "Good evening" are considered frivolous. The standard formal greeting, especially between people who have just come together, is "How's Time?" This is not said in irony or as a joke, but with all seriousness. Still, you might get a handful of sand in your face from someone who compulsively resists the Wire. More often than not, however, the response from your transient companion will be a detailed account of all that he has seen and heard on his passage through the Arena. A regular travelogue. (Or at least as much of it as he has Time to relate.) "How's Time?" is the first phrase every child utters, long before "Mamma" or "Papa", even if the parents are still in the vicinity. Old men will reply with gravity and at length to this greeting, even from a child, so you can imagine that from an early age one is thoroughly imbued with the word of the Arena.

My childhood was as normal as could be hoped for in the circumstances. The early disappearance of my father was a burden of sadness for my mother. She loved him one night and never forgot him, and I was the living memory of her love. It was she who taught me the basic rules of the Arena: not to struggle against the Wire, not to give into it either. Tension conserves Time, and it must be maintained, for the Wire absorbs all Slack. Show respect for your neighbor, no matter what his Wire Speed, and especially for the old. Listen to their counsel; from them you will learn all there is to be known about Time. One is not expected to love one's neighbor, there's seldom Time for that, but to learn from him.

At an early age I began to measure my progress. Though I have dabbled in star calculations, I have remained essentially a Ground Marker. As Time is passed in the Arena, I've been content to leave my marks here. Star Markers contend that the Wires pull according to a pattern in the heavens, but whether this is true or not, I know my Wire Speed as well as they do, perhaps better, for I have my marks at my elbow, while they wait impatiently for the night in order to further their calculations. Predictably, Star Markers are night people; they sleep during the day in order to speculate in darkness. They tend to be arrogant, as if they were above Time in the Arena. We Ground Markers, on the other hand, are an easygoing group. After all, it takes just a second to stroke the ground in the morning. One stroke—and you know exactly where you are.

My first love affair involved a handsome youth somewhat older than I, who came into my Time not long after I had Lost Touch with my mother. Alex had a Wire Speed only slightly higher than my own, so we got to know each other before we could Touch. Ah, how well I remember those nights of longing when he was only a few feet away but still out of reach. The temptation to give Slack and come together was so great that we almost forgot a basic Arena precept: Wait—all Wire Speeds must converge. At first I had only his Wire to embrace; then came the day when with a trembling hand I touched his foot, followed by growing intimacy as the Wire drew him closer. When his sexual parts were within reach, without hesitation I buried my head between his legs.

Afterwards came that period of complete fulfillment when we were head to head, belly to belly, knee to knee. Days were consumed by intimate conversation, nights with passionate love. Our friends, who had been encouraging us from the beginning, soon became jealous, as we spent so much Time together. But we didn't care—we were old enough to know that when love occurs in the Arena, you don't waste Time. As he began to slip away from me, I clung to him in desperation, knowing that I was giving Slack to the Hole. But if there is one emotion more potent than love, it is the horror of giving Slack. It couldn't go on for long, it was poisoning our friendship, and so in the end I let him go. His turn came to bury his head between my legs, but with sobs, as I ran my fingers through his thick hair. Then all he possessed of me were my feet, then nothing. We were Out of Touch.

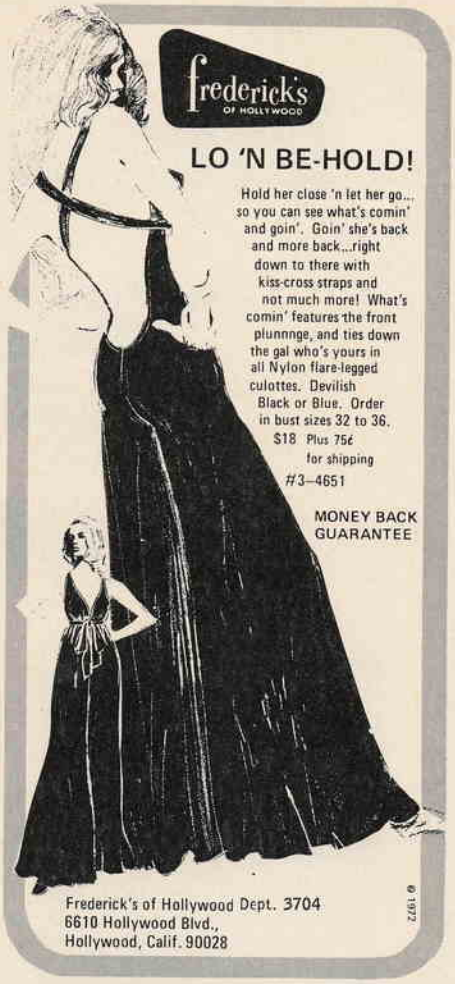
Being young men in the Arena with plenty of Time ahead of us, we soon took on other lovers of both sexes. As Alex preceded me, his lovers became my lovers in turn. Even before we could Touch, they had an intimate knowledge of my body, as taught them by Alex. When other hands caressed me during the night, I imagined I felt his hands. They were not—only hands instructed by him. Conversely, via mutual lovers with high Wire Speeds, I would transmit my affection to Alex. In this manner did we communicate.

I've often asked myself: Living in such a transitory state, eternally conscious of the tug of the Wire, can we do more than offer our hearts and bodies to each other? When every relationship is either approaching consummation, or drifting from it, how can we be satisfied?

Paradoxically, in the Arena, where our only possession is Time, we aren't given enough Time for each other. And our motive, the basic longing for some context of security, is never quite answered by people. I don't mean to imply that we yearn for the Hole! Most everybody agrees that something is better than nothing; we'll take the Arena any day. But the Hole is absolute and reliable, and that fact has a certain attraction. It's something we can count on; no one is omitted. Pressure from the Hole can be reassuring, just as I find satisfaction in being a Ground Marker, or gain pleasure from watching the sun rise.

I've always gotten on well with my comrades. Overcrowding has become a problem, and space and a minimum of peace and quiet are the requisites for the sanity of any man. Noisy infants especially are my nemesis, and I maintain that they should be sequestered until their mothers are able to discipline them in preparation for Time discussions. And the women themselves have always posed other problems. In a word, one has to put up with a great deal of humanity. There's little privacy, except in the mind, for which reason so many have chosen to pass their days and nights in esoteric Time calculations. To get on with people you have to care for them, which with a little imagination is not hard to do. By this I don't mean drive your sword into every person you encounter. Just look around and realize we're all in the same Arena, all held by the Wires, all facing the Hole. These are the bonds which should unite us.

He who does not respect the Hole tends not to respect his neighbor. He who disdains his Wire will be intolerant of his neighbor's. That's how it seems to work, and that's why training for the Hole is begun at an early age. That's why, as I have already pointed out, you see the very young and the very old engaged in earnest


fredericks
OF HOLLYWOOD
LO 'N BE-HOLD!
Hold her close 'n let her go... so you can see what's comin' and goin'. Goin' she's back and more back...right down to there with kiss-cross straps and not much more! What's comin' features the front plunnnge, and ties down the gal who's yours in all Nylon flare-legged culottes. Devilish Black or Blue. Order in bust sizes 32 to 36.
$18 Plus 75¢ for shipping
#3–4651
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Frederick's of Hollywood Dept. 3704
6610 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif. 90028
© 1972

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR MEN Privately By Mail

Whether you live in a big city with its crowded drugstores, or in a small town where people know each other so well, obtaining male contraceptives without embarrassment can be a problem.

Now, Population Planning Associates has solved the problem... by offering reliable, famous-brand male contraceptives through the privacy of the mail. Popular brands like Trojan and Sultan. The exciting pre-shaped Conture. The supremely sensitive Prime. And many more. All are electronically tested and meet rigorous government standards of reliability.

We'll be glad to send you our free illustrated brochure which describes the products and services that we have been bringing to 40,000 regular customers for nearly two years. Or send just $3 for a sampler pack of a dozen contraceptives – three each of four leading brands – plus our brochure. Money back if not delighted!

For free brochure or $3 sampler mailed in plain package, write:

Population Planning Associates, Dept. PH-9
105 No. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

A thousand years ago in central India, a religious cult dedicated to uninhibited sexual expression, immortalized their beliefs in stone at the fabled Temple of Khajuraho, leaving to mankind a virtual encyclopedia of love practice . . . exotic, intriguing, and of breathtaking beauty.

Now these exotic masterpieces are faithfully reproduced in scented wax, recapturing the mystery and wonder of the soul's eternal quest for the heights of ecstacy.

Truly, these are candles to make love by.

Please Add $1.50 for Postage & Handling

Send to:
Postmart, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022
Please rush me your unique candles for lovers.

QTY.	SIZE	COST EA.	COLOR	TOTAL
	small	$3.25		
	large	8.95		
	Complete set of 3 for only $13.95			
		For postage add:		
		Total		

Colors available: Gold, Silver, Jade, Flame Red. For postage add: $.75 for small/$1.00 for large/$1.50 for set.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....
Enclosed is my check for.....
Charge to my: ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge No.....

© 1972 Strange Ecstasies, Inc.

Time intercourse. Respect for the Hole bestows value on Time in the Arena; it's the only comparison to which we have access. Yes, the purpose of training is to destroy the seeds of arrogance. There's no place for arrogance in the Arena; we're quite familiar with its disruptive influence. If arrogance were allowed to flourish, Time would become intolerable, a tangle of Wires.

Time being what it is, there's a good deal of promiscuity among us. A man and a woman cannot be expected to remain faithful to one another after they are Out of Touch, though many in fact do. Bodies are freely offered, no matter what the sex, and the resulting relationship should be one of pleasure as long as it lasts. I doubt if there are many in the Arena who can recall every person they've slept with, though certain passions remain in the mind, such as mine for Alex. When passion precedes Touch, longing can become nearly insupportable, assuaged only by the intimate knowledge that Touch is inevitable.

All manner of perversions thrive; no one could possibly describe them all. I've sampled many, including one variety which always intrigued me but never gave me much satisfaction. I guess it's not my style. The sex or number of partners is of no importance; they are known only as Lickers.

Licking normally occurs between partners of vastly different Wire Speeds. By mutual consent they will Touch each other only with their tongues. First the tongue of the slower partner caresses the other's toe, foot, ankle, leg, genitals, and so on. The great moment comes when tongues unite, after which progress reverses, as the faster partner passes his tongue over the other's body. A great amount of restraint must be practiced, which increases delight. Me, I like to cuddle somebody in my arms, but they say Licking is the most exquisite of all the perversions. Though different Wire Speeds provide the ideal conditions for Licking, I've seen people at it for a long Time. I'm not opposed, not at all; lately it's become so popular among young people as to serve as a form of contraception. I find myself increasingly in favor of anything which can prevent further overcrowding. After all, how can so many children receive proper training?

If I've been aware of any change taking place in the Arena, where the pattern of things never seems to vary, it's been a shift away from the family grouping. It might be natural for people sharing common blood to stick together, but I regard the instinct as overprotective and womanish. Young children need their mothers; it's a terrible sight to see a helpless infant yanked away by a swift Umbilical Wire. But that necessary relationship ought not to be carried on too long. Considering different Wire Speeds, it's just unrealistic for people to think they can always stay together. Yet female possessiveness is not reasonable. A woman assumes that just because she has seen the Umbilical Wire darken along her leg, felt the fetus grow within her, and has labored to give birth, that the child is hers forever. In fact the reverse is true: Is not the first sign of the Umbilical Wire proof that the child will belong not to her but to the Hole? Why would women impede passage through the Arena?

During the cold nights we huddle together for warmth, then separate for the day. I still remember the heat of my mother's body as she gathered us around her—myself and any children in the area whose Wire Speeds had separated them from their mothers. We kids loved and needed heat as we snuggled closer and settled down for the night. Women have much to give in the way of warmth and security; it's what they're best at. But the huddling instinct has many variations, and as soon as I was Out of Touch with mother, I discovered in the bodies of boys my own age another kind of warmth mingled with new excitement. As every good mother knows how to do, mine used to gently tap my testicles in order to make me relax and sleep. My new companions did the same, but with infinitely advanced technique, and with different results.

We boys naturally tended to stick together; we had the same interests and spoke the same language. If girls attempted to interfere in our games, we kicked them out. Later, however, when their sexuality became irresistible, our group broke up and we pursued separate affairs with them. It was exciting, but I can't say that I learned much. Sex with young women takes up a great deal of Time. They love to play sex games, which inevitably turn out to be Time games, and the young men become impatient.

When association with women begins to seem one-dimensional, a man will begin to think of his former companions, wondering if they have discovered anything in Time more rewarding than sexual love.

When a man arrives on the Lip, Time should have prepared him for the Hole. On the Lip, panic mingles with calm. Panic—of those who, like my father, Lose their Nerve, of uncomprehending children, of young people with harsh Wire Speeds, who are dragged, squealing and clawing the ground, to the Hole. Calm—of those who have approached gently, who are highly trained and have learned in Time not to fear the Hole. And calm—especially of those who have been born on the Lip. With practically indiscernible Wire Speeds, they have passed all their Time facing the Hole. They have participated in every drama; they have witnessed the final moments of every specimen of humanity as they go down, day after countless day.

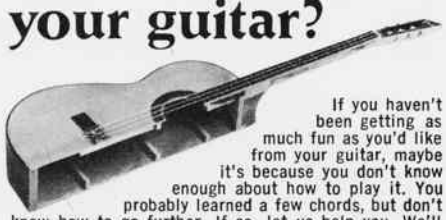
The aspect of the Hole as one approaches it slowly, as my low Wire Speed has enabled me to do, is a great vertical shaft, so wide that only on the clearest of days can one make out the opposite rim, with tiny dots of humanity clustered on the shimmering plain. One cannot help asking: Are they like us? Would they be friendly or hostile? Since we'll never meet, these questions will go unanswered; one can only assume that Time in the Arena and the prospect of the Hole have given us something in common.

Time on the Lip definitely is not tranquil. With literally thousands being dragged into the Hole, there's too much action. A regular human waterfall. Why is all this energy being expended? The Hole and Arena exist, inert, but what gives the Wires such power—our own struggles? The Hole is located precisely at the center of Time, but it is we who create Time. Who needs Time besides us? Perhaps the Hole is the jealous guardian of all Time, with an insatiable appetite for us, the creators and creatures of Time.

Poised here on the Lip, I think back to the origin of my Time, when my Umbilical Wire first darkened along my mother's leg. What if there had been no Wire? What if I had been born free—at liberty to wander in any direction through the Arena? What if none of us were connected to the Hole? I shudder at the thought—the result would be chaos.

Without Wires, how would we occupy ourselves? There would be no Ground Markers, no

Are you missing half the joy of your guitar?



If you haven't been getting as much fun as you'd like from your guitar, maybe it's because you don't know enough about how to play it. You probably learned a few chords, but don't know how to go further. If so, let us help you. We'll teach you to read music and play pick style with both notes and chords—the way a teacher would. The difference is we teach with lessons we send you by mail. You learn at home in spare time and it costs a lot less. Courses in other instruments too—piano, spinet organ (two keyboards), accordion, saxophone, violin. If 17 or over, mail coupon for free booklet. U.S. School of Music. A Home Study School Since 1898.

397 ©1973 U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

U.S. School of Music, Studio A-2314
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050

Please send me your free booklet.
I understand there is no obligation.

MR.
MRS.
MISS PLEASE PRINT AGE (17 OR OVER)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

LIST INSTRUMENT YOU WANT TO LEARN

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

Nicky Blair's

Hollywood's Favorite Restaurant on the Sunset Strip

8631 Sunset Strip, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069
Phone: 652-0909

Satin sheets, of course! Ours come in a dozen vibrant colors: Silver, Gold, Blue, Black, Mint, Orange, Bronze, Olive, Red, Pink, White or Orchid acetate satin. Washable. A sleep to remember!

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double Set	$17.50	Queen Set	$20.49
Twin Set	17.25	King Set	23.99

3 letter monogram on cases—$2.00

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen price; $3.00 to king price. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

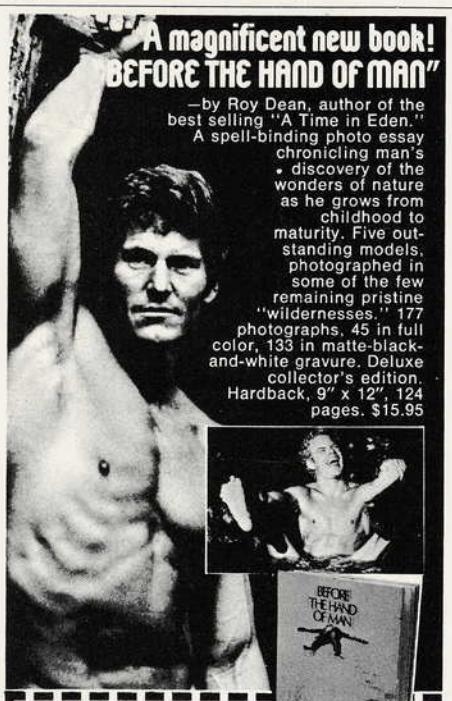
SCINTILLA,© INC. 4802 N. Broadway N-4 Chicago, Ill. 60640

"All Things Exotic in Satin"

Star Markers, no urge to speculate on Time and the Hole. Time would in fact cease to exist, and nobody would pay any attention to the Hole. Think of the human refuse that would accumulate. Human relations might be easier, I suppose; minus the pressure of the Wire, love could be achieved without anxiety. Children could remain indefinitely with their mothers (though there's a danger in that possibility, too), fathers with sons; friends and lovers would be confident that tomorrow they will not be Out of Touch. People could throw their arms around each other and know security.

But wouldn't security be the ruin of us? What makes us passionate, what keeps us thinking and feeling and wondering if it's not tension? The Wires propel us; when bodies move, heads and hearts move. Yes, we should be grateful for the Wires.

Time growing short. I'm beside the Hole but can't make anything out in it. I think my curiosity has already been satisfied. Will I fall? Will I float? Will I hit bottom? Who knows? (What matter?) I can state categorically that there's nothing to be feared in the Hole but the end of Time. If you've loved Time, then the Hole can be a cause for sadness, as when two lovers are separated. At last I begin to understand how a young man like my father Lost his Nerve. I comprehend now that look of longing he projected to us back in the Arena. I too find myself peering at those who will feel the heat of the sun after I'm gone. By night they'll huddle together, grateful for the warmth of flesh. Long after I've been forgotten, lovers will continue to embrace. Love tonight, loneliness tomorrow—a bitter cycle imposed by the necessity of the Wires. Is it queer that I'm still prepared to travel? My needs are not great; just give me a Wire.


A magnificent new book!
BEFORE THE HAND OF MAN"
—by Roy Dean, author of the best selling "A Time in Eden." A spell-binding photo essay chronicling man's discovery of the wonders of nature as he grows from childhood to maturity. Five outstanding models, photographed in some of the few remaining pristine "wildernesses." 177 photographs, 45 in full color, 133 in matte-black-and-white gravure. Deluxe collector's edition. Hardback, 9" x 12", 124 pages. $15.95
BEFORE THE HAND OF MAN

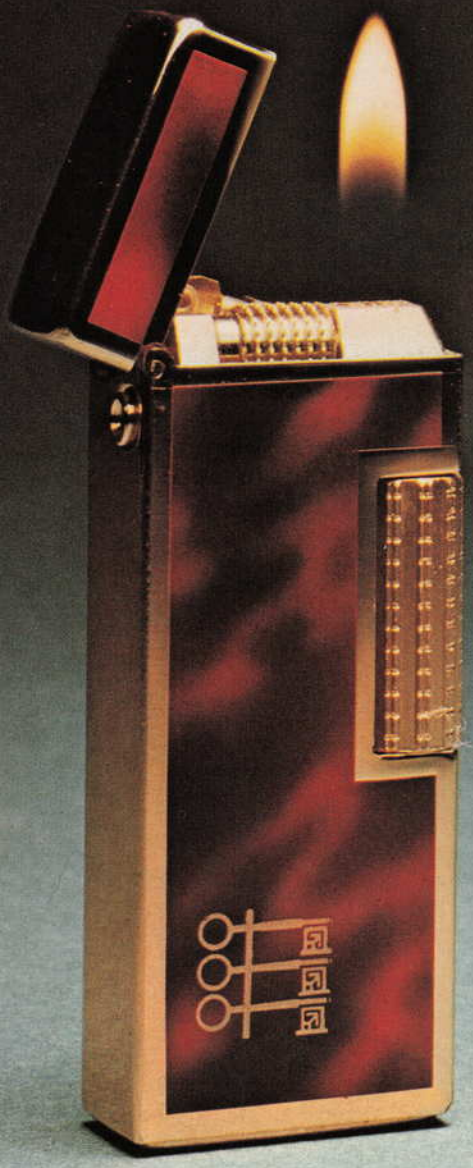
MAIL TODAY
Rho Delta Press, Dept. PH-304
807 Hilldale Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

Send me my collector's edition of "Before the Hand of Man."
Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order for $15.95—(No C.O.D.'s, Please.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I would like more information. Please send me full color illustrated brochure. Enclosed is 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

you're fired



—fired with that special determination that marks you as a man of decision and distinction. That means, when you choose your personal accessories, you choose something unique. Like this distinguished Penthouse lighter, milled in precision-finished gold, clad in deep, rich tortoiseshell.

Marked with the world-famous Penthouse key symbol. Smooth flip-top action that characterizes the world's finest lighters. The Penthouse lighter costs $15.00 plus $1.00 postage and packaging.

TO PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED,
DEPT. DS, 909 THIRD AVE., NYC 10022
PLEASE SEND ME..... PENTHOUSE LIGHTERS.
I ENCLOSE CHECK / MONEY ORDER FOR
$..... AL100

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

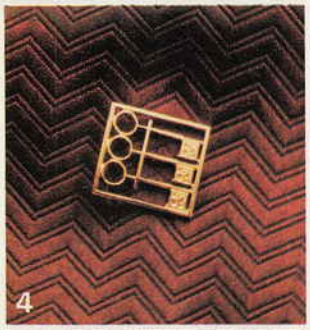
The Penthouse Key Collection

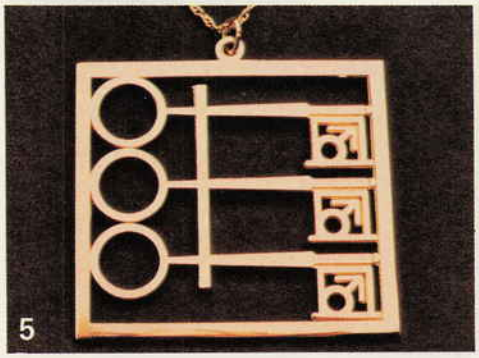
1

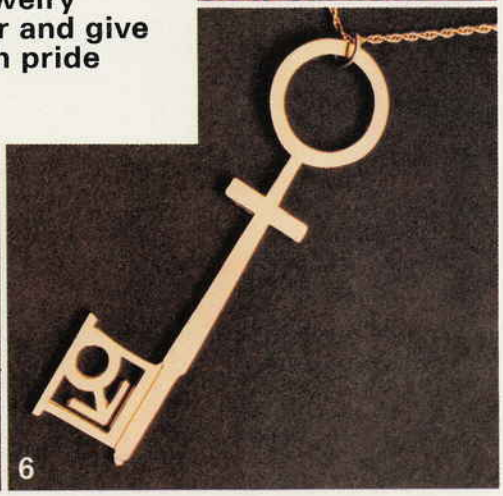
2

3

The Penthouse keymark says it all by joining together the male and female symbols in exclusive, designer-interpreted jewelry to wear and give with pride


4


5


6

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER

Send to PENTHOUSE Magazine
Dept. PKC, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Quantity Item No. Description Price

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

N.Y. residents please add 7% sales tax.
NOTE: Please add $1.00 for postage & handling for each coupon order of 5 items or less. $2.00 for above 5 items.

The PENTHOUSE key is a trademark of PENTHOUSE ® International Ltd.

1. Key ring fits neatly in your pocket or in her purse.
JFG—sterling silver finished in gold—$12.50; JFS—gleaming silver finish—$5.00

2. Bold key symbol, 1½" long, to match his—comes with bracelet.
JKG-105—sterling silver finished in gold—$15.00; JKS-105—gleaming silver finish—$7.50

3 Handsome cuff links ⅝" square, boast hinged clasp found only on the finest jewelry.
JLG—sterling silver finished in gold—$15.00; JLS—gleaming silver finish—$7.50

4. Tie Tac ⅝" high flatters any cravat.
JTG—sterling silver finished in gold—$10.00; JTS—gleaming silver finish—$5.00

5. High-fashion uni-sex pendant complete with 24" chain.
2" size: JPG—sterling silver finished in gold—$25.00; JPS—gleaming silver finish—$10.00.
⅞" size: JCGN—silver finished in gold—$15.00; JCSN—gleaming silver —$5.00

6. Bold key symbol, 3" long, comes with 24" chain.
JKG-3—sterling finished in gold—$25.00; JKS-3—gleaming silver finish—$10.00

LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

None of this has the frantic, loony energy of the Summer of Love. It seems to be less dogmatic; more genuine, serious and sober. The establishment media do not attend to it closely. The radio stations are good, but television and the daily newspapers and most of the community weeklies do not seem to understand or have not tried to understand.

Here again it is the distribution system that conditions attitudes. It is possible that a kind of correlation can be found between media flexibility and ideological flexibility. The daily newspaper and network television are the most rigid. That may be because they operate on split-second timetables. The newspaper feeds into a carefully planned transportation schedule.

Most daily newspapers use old-fashioned typesetting equipment. Molten metal is the substance from which the print is manufactured. The pictures are engraved on metal by a photographic process involving acid. An impression of the metal type and engravings is made in an asbestos mat which is used to mold a cylindrical plate from molten type metal. This is locked on the press and printing begins. The materials are heavy and clumsy and all of this is slow work.

A newspaper is linear—it is a railroad and it requires a railroad kind of mentality. There is little time for democracy. Authority is clearly defined and virtually absolute within the definition. Missing shipment is just about the worst sin there is. The transportation you didn't use is usually already paid for in advance and the money is non-refundable. To that loss, add the profit on the copies that were never sold. If a substantial percentage of the issue fails to reach the readers it may be necessary to refund some advertising money.

Daily newspapers are slow and conservative. The greatest virtue in the newspaper business is reliability. Brilliance is suspect. It is better to be quick and steady and accurate than to be deep. Large, rich metropolitan newspapers can afford to keep some mercurial types around to dress up the product, but the real work—and the real power—usually remains in the hands of men you might find dull.

Weekly newspapers are cranky and eccentric. Monthly and weekly magazines have most of the same mechanical problems as daily newspapers, compounded by the complexities of color engraving and, frequently, a larger field of distribution in which the competition for display on newsstands is brutal. The product is often more literary and sharper, the politics rather more liberated, the salaries low and, these days, the profits unreliable. A magazine that misses shipment more than once probably will not survive.

The mechanics of the television station are more flexible than the newspaper but the timing is more rigid and it is continuous. The station cannot go blank. Programs must go on at their scheduled times or they lose their audience. Here again the most important factor is reliability. Most of the programming comes from national outlets, such as the networks and large independent packagers and producers. Local news coverage is fast and controlled only by the time required to process film. A commentator can handle news for which there is no visual coverage by reading copy. Fast-breaking news of spectacular importance may be inserted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO PICK UP THESE PENTHOUSE BOOK SOCIETY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

THE PIN-UP: A Modest History. By Mark Gabor. The first authentic, comprehensive history of the stars, unknown beauties and artistically rendered goddesses who have captured the imagination of millions, from the 15th century through today. A magnificent volume containing over 500 illustrations, 53 color plates, 4 stunning foldouts—plus a 5-foot wrap-around jacket of the most celebrated pin-up poster of our day. Besides the full array of the best-known female pin-ups in their various poses of dress and undress, there's a special section on the most popular male pin-ups of all time. Member's Price $12.95.

NUDES 69: Nearly 100 pages of exciting nudes by some of the world's outstanding photographers. Many photos in full color—all thrillingly posed. Member's Price $6.00.

NAKED WOMEN: Each of the completely nude bodies throughout these 64 pages is revealed in full color and enticingly posed. A veritable feast of beauty! Member's Price $6.00.

NUDES IN COLOR: No. 1. A special edition of color photographs of the female body in all its splendor. Member's Price $6.00.

THE ATLAS OF SEXUAL PLEASURES, PRACTICES AND DEVIATIONS: By European sexologist Gunther Hunold. A bold, totally revealing book in full color **sex-action** photography, showing the total range of sexual interests in close detail. A MUST for the serious collector! Member's Price $16.95.

NAKED AND TOGETHER: The Wonderful Webbers. A beautiful 95-page portfolio of nudity, featuring the lovely Diane Webber and her family and friends, all of whom are practicing nudists. Member's Price $4.00.

THE LOVERS: By Tina Tranter. A big book (14" x 10½") that celebrates the uninhibited relationship of a couple who are young, beautiful, nude and completely without shame. The perfect book to recapture fond memories—or to inspire the imagination. Member's Price $9.50.

ACTS OF LOVE: A sex manual that revealingly illustrates a wide range of sexual positions through photos and text. The best guide yet published to spice up amorous fun and games. Member's Price $5.95.

SEXUAL LIFE BETWEEN BLACKS AND WHITES: By Beth Day. Here is the sensational exploration of what happens when sexual relationships develop between members of the black and white races. The author candidly examines many common myths regarding racial prejudice, love and lust in the course of her startling book. Member's Price $7.95.

THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE: The perfect guide to providing the ultimate in pleasure through massage. Text and instructive photographs give explicit directions. Member's Price $3.15.

NOT ILLUSTRATED:

THE NAKED CHEF: An Aphrodisiac Cook Book by Billie Young, the "Penelope Ashe" of **Naked Came The Stranger** fame. Nearly 300 pages of recipes designed for specific "before" or "after" seduction meals. Member's Price $7.15.

SENSATIONAL SANDALWOOD MASSAGE: A delightfully boxed edition of **The Art Of Sensual Massage** PLUS a big bottle of **Excelsior Massage Oil.** A perfect pairing to accent the "doing" of togetherness a la massage. A great way to treat yourself or your lover to an unforgettable gift and a unique sensual experience. Member's Price $4.15.

THE SEX BOOK: A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia. In pictures (200) and text (over 200 pages), this compendium of information on sex may well be the only reference work of its type you will ever need. The photos are graphic in every detail and are, in themselves, highly instructive. Member's Price $8.00.

A MODERN WOMAN'S GUIDE TO MEN AND SEX: By Lois Kay. An enlightened woman who has "lived and loved to the fullest" reveals how women can please men IF the woman first learns all she can about sex. The facts are all here, presented candidly and clearly. A great book to give that girl who is shy or inexperienced in the ways of sex. Member's Price $5.00.

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE: A Year in the Life of a Pimp. This unique documentary provides the reader with the facts on that shadowy unreal world of the pimp and his prostitutes. This "gentleman of leisure" is still pursuing his trade in New York City and, though the girls may come and go, he does very well for himself indeed. Actual photographs of the pimp and his girls enliven the already lively text even more. Member's Price $10.00.

YESTERDAY'S PORNO: The kind of pictures and erotica that thrilled and turned on a past generation. The no-holds-barred photos leave nothing to the imagination as to the tastes and sexual interests of those proper Victorians who, as this book suggests, may not have been so proper after all. Member's Price $6.50.

VARIATIONS IN LOVEMAKING: By Dr. Frank S. Caprio. A specific "how-to" book, in plain language and to the point. In a deluxe boxed edition with lock and key, this book contains the information needed to increase both a man's and a woman's sexual pleasure and satisfaction. All aspects are discussed by this highly qualified writer and physician. Member's Price $5.55.

TO: PENTHOUSE BOOK SOCIETY
DEPT. EE, 909 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Sirs: Please enroll me as a Member of the Penthouse Book Society. I understand that membership entitles me to full savings on books offered by the Society and that I am not obligated to purchase any specific number of books.

I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order for $5 (membership fee) plus the cost of books ordered below. Check your selections.

☐ I am already a member of the Society. I am enclosing the cost of books only (no membership fee).

Add 50 Cents to the price of each book to cover handling and postage.

Book Title	Member's Price
☐ ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE	$ 3.15
☐ SEXUAL LIFE BETWEEN BLACKS AND WHITES	7.95
☐ VARIATIONS IN LOVEMAKING	5.55
☐ THE LOVERS	9.50
☐ THE SEX BOOK	8.00
☐ ACTS OF LOVE	5.95
☐ MEN AND SEX	5.00
☐ NUDES 69	6.00
☐ NAKED WOMEN	6.00
☐ NUDES IN COLOR	6.00
☐ THE ATLAS	16.95
☐ THE PINUP	12.95
☐ NAKED AND TOGETHER	4.00
☐ GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE	10.00
☐ YESTERDAY'S PORNO	6.50
☐ SENSUAL SANDALWOOD MASSAGE OIL	4.15
☐ THE NAKED CHEF	7.15

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

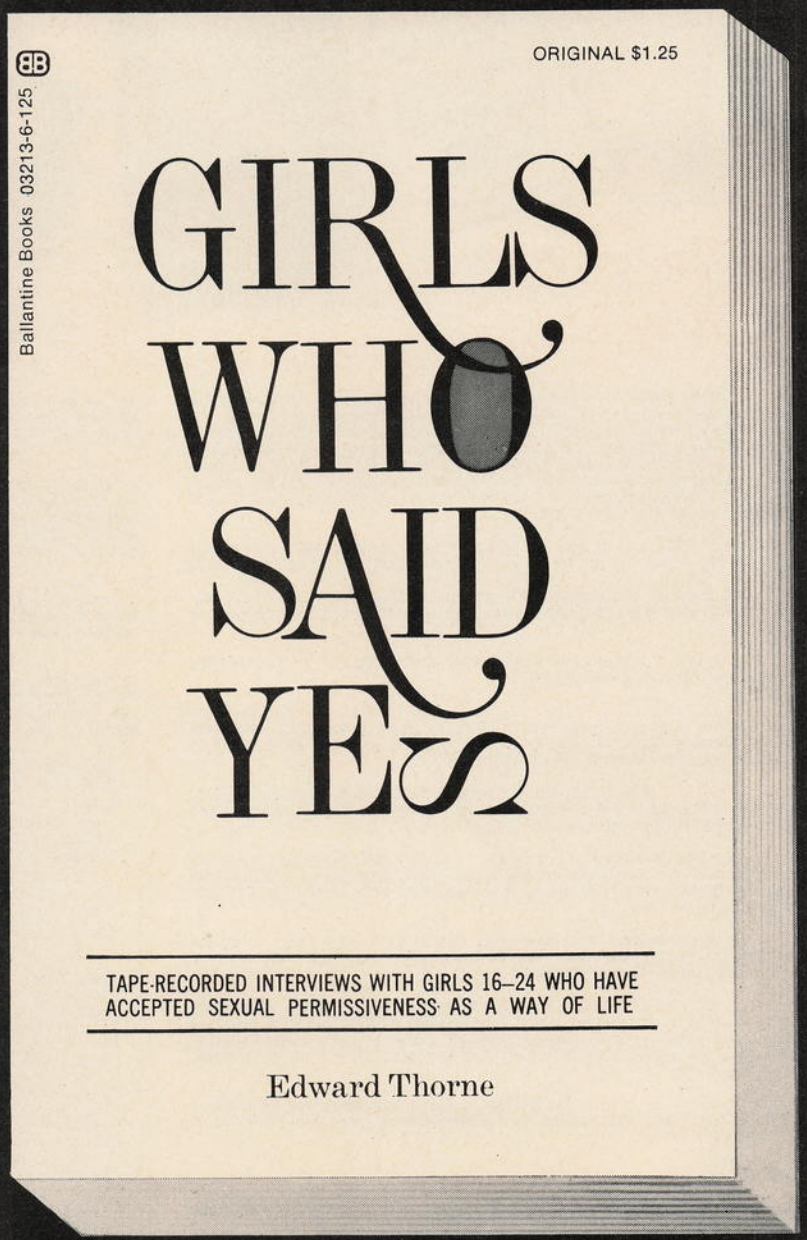
For sale to U.S. residents over 18 only. N.Y. residents add 7% sales tax. 4/73

An intimate look at sexual permissiveness

In amazingly candid conversations, nine girls, 16 to 24, discuss their own sexual behavior and reveal their private thoughts about saying "yes."

Meet ADRIENNE, the country girl . . .
HAZEL, the hippie . . .
SALLY, the groupie . . .
DONNA, the village girl . . .
VERONICA, the housewife . . .
JANE, the fashion model . . .
MARGARET, the call girl . . .
INGRID, the porno model . . .
TERRY, the secretary . . .

These graphic, in-depth interviews illuminate the reasons behind today's promiscuity and reach the real personalities of sexually liberated females.


BB
Ballantine Books 03213-6-125
ORIGINAL $1.25
GIRLS WHO SAID YES
TAPE-RECORDED INTERVIEWS WITH GIRLS 16–24 WHO HAVE ACCEPTED SEXUAL PERMISSIVENESS AS A WAY OF LIFE
Edward Thorne

A BALLANTINE ORIGINAL
Only $1.25 wherever paperbacks are sold

BB BALLANTINE BOOKS, INC.
201 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

©1962 Comate Corporation,

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors

Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 38540
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $10 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10. Canada, foreign, APO, FPO, add 50¢ — No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Hip hugger.

Carry your credentials with an international flare. Supple tanned cowhide, only 3" x 4" to ease out of your pocket. Currency clips into one side, credit cards, in see-through compartment on the other. The Penthouse keys are branded on. Please include 50¢ handling and postage. NYC residents add 7% sales tax. Send check or money order to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022. Dept. A102. Attn.: Dawn Steel.

"Passport please."

Let your passport say a lot about you. Supple tanned cowhide voyage companion bears the seal of the United States and the Penthouse keys. Plus compartments for credit cards, baggage claims, flight tickets, receipts and currency. NYC residents add 7% sales tax. Please include 50¢ postage and handling. Send check or money order to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022, Dept. A101. Attn.: Dawn Steel.

into regular programming at any time. The audience is always there.

Local radio is the most flexible medium of all. There's no lab work or processing time. Tape or live, it's on the air and the audience is always there. All it takes is a switch to change the trip as necessary. Again, the audience is always there. Though radio programming is monitored by the FCC, it's a free-wheeling, loose-running scene that often verges toward hysteria.

It's extremely personal and responsive and almost as intimate as the telephone. Politics, personnel policies and programming are peculiar to the particular situation, often radically changing with new ownership—or even with old.

Generally, the larger the distribution system, the more bland and cautious the product. There is a process of homogenization that occurs in large organizations. Strong flavors arouse strong feelings of like or dislike. The main tube is for Kraft cheese not Camembert or Liederkranz. The best example is the supermarket. There are only so many slots on the shelves. The idea is to keep each one hot, with rapid turn-over. Profit margins are tiny. The good manager makes safe bets, items with broad appeal. Bland products force out the sharp ones. Pretty soon, the entire population is losing any sense of what real food tastes or smells like.

The same goes for the media. The bigger the audience the more diluted the product. Newspapers are more independent than the big television stations and networks, but their audiences are smaller. And television is so dramatic and powerful that it has to be extremely careful about arousing emotions. The basic vibe is supposed to be soothing rather than exciting. The mass media are essentially security machines to keep the baby from crying.

The big blobby security patterns delivered by the television networks come mainly out of Los Angeles though the news comes from New York. The combination airbrushes in the main elements of the national ego. This is how the mass mind is "programmed". The basic values are laid down in the situation comedy or drama or soap opera. The day-to-day adjustments are communicated over the news circuits. The process is astonishingly totalitarian when examined closely, but it is not necessarily a formal conspiracy.

If you have to be told what not to write, you belong in another business. Government censorship is relatively weak and self-conscious. Big business censorship is aggressive, direct and strong. It is also usually invisible. Everything happens long before there is a problem. There are rarely open scandals. The client pays for the show and he controls the show. The networks and the stations want to run a nice smooth trip. They hate to receive a letter of complaint from a busdriver, much less the threat of a lawsuit from General Motors.

The hostility of the media to the war in Vietnam is largely economic in origin. The *Saturday Evening Post*, may it rest in peace, was disillusioned in 1966. The *Wall Street Journal* came out against the war as early as 1968, not exactly an avant-garde demonstration, but respectably prompt, given the nature of the situation. The networks began early expressing their dismay delicately and obliquely and intensified the criticism every month. But it was the *Wall Street Journal* that made dissent respectable in the financial community. The reason for this signal was the realization that the war was destroying the economy, that the profits were not coming back to the United States but were winding up in French and

Get into something good!

A Roach Top

Tanktop $3.95
T-shirt $2.95/Sweatshirt $4.95

All tops color coordinated with design and available with any design shown below. Sizes: S, M and L.

Complete catalog: 75c. Specify design no., shirt style and size. Enclose cash, check or money order. Ohio residents add 4% sales tax; Canadians add 50c.

Send to: Roach Studios, P.O. Box 182 PH Worthington, Ohio 43085

HE made HER... TANTALIZING!

The now you see her, now you don't Glamour Gown by Mr. Frederick. Sheer, see-through all the way down front with glitter-gem waist-wow! What's left is clingy Nylon up for grabs. Bad Black or Passion Pink. Small (32), Medium (34-36), Large (38). #3–4021 $12

Add 75c shipping charge.

money back guarantee

©1973

***FREE** *with your order Frederick's of Hollywood GIANT FASHION CATALOG! Hundreds of all-girl dresses, sportswear, lingerie, wigs, foundations, shoes, more! Or send 50c for catalog, $1.50 for 2-year multi-issue subscription.

frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD

Write to:
Frederick's of Hollywood Dept. 3724
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028

Chinese banks, that those profits that did return were concentrated in a small group of large companies with government contracts who were soaking up capital that might otherwise have gone to the investment community. This is exactly the analysis arrived at by Tass at the time of the Pentagon Papers.

The other reason why the media finally jumped on the government was that their credibility was being compromised by constant official lying. The lies were so transparent and stupid that there was no way to cover them. Washington kept saying we were winning the war while any idiot could see we were getting our ass whipped. And what turned the media around? The freelance writer, on whom magazines rely a great deal to keep overheads down. Freelances are usually crazy and that craziness consists mainly of deviation from the official line. They are almost completely free from the pressures that force men with jobs to conform to the official standard of thought-control.

It was the renegade writers who came back from Vietnam and quit their jobs—or were fired—who wrote the books that influenced the editors. This is not meant to denigrate the remarkable staff work of the many reporters who forced their publications to turn around, nor that of the editors who supported their writers. But it is true that the freaks were crucial. Many of the freelances also got into the psychedelic scene first. They smoked weed, took acid and, in many cases, turned on their editors and colleagues with staff positions. At the very least they helped create the atmosphere in which it was possible for this to happen.

Now we are arriving at the point where the fine strokes are painted in. There is no reason to deny the importance of dope, or the reality of the change in consciousness it brought about. But it was radio in the person of Bob Dylan and the Beatles that was the most significant influence in the psychedelic revolution. Anthony Scaduto, Dylan's biographer, finally reported what many people knew but did not wish to say —Dylan turned on the Beatles and that act changed the world.

The music came first, because it was easier to sneak through. Not many station programmers—maybe not any—were astute enough to understand the meaning of the music precisely. Then came "Mr. Tambourine Man". The fascism of grammar was cracked. With "Like a Rolling Stone" it was broken open. Through that breach charged the Beatles. Thus was the counter-culture created.

The Beatles created the climate of approval and respectability and provided the philosophical structure in language that any dumb kid could understand. They put the freaks in the big time. The Beatles had the biggest audience in the world and they told them that it was all right to be crazy, that it was good to be crazy, that sanity in the conventional sense was a prison.

In 1963, before it was clear to many people that this was happening, Alfred G. Aronowitz, then freelancing for the *Saturday Evening Post*, now *New York Post's* pop columnist, always one of the smartest crazy persons in the entire world, quoted an unnamed musician: "If the establishment knew what today's popular music really is saying, not what the words are saying, but what the music itself is saying, then they wouldn't just turn thumbs down on it, they'd smash all the records, and they'd arrest anyone who tried to play it."

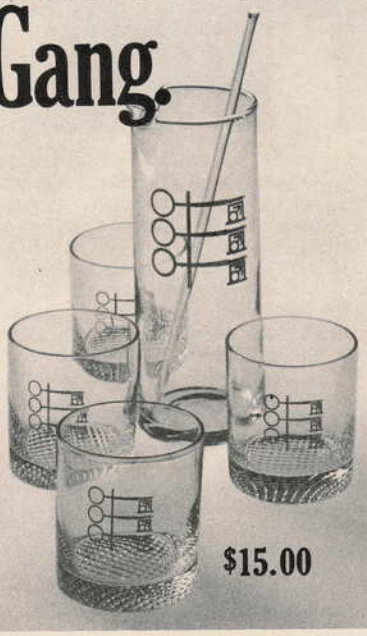
The great significance of these events is that an alternative way of life with independently determined values was presented on a channel

Little brown book.

$3.50

Put 240 people in your pocket, including names addresses and phone numbers. Supple tanned cowhide branded with the Penthouse keys. 2½" x 3¾" to nestle in your pocket without a bulge. Please include 50¢ for handling and postage. NYC residents add 7% sales tax. Send check or money order to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022. Dept. A104. Attn.: Dawn Steel.

Glass House Gang.



$15.00

Relax with a cocktail before the fun begins. The 25 oz. crystal pitcher and four 8 oz. tumblers, crested with the Penthouse keys in 22 kt. gold clearly shows your intentions. NYC resident please add 7% sales tax. Include $1.50 for postage and handling. Send check or money order to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY 10022, Dept. A201. Att.: Dawn Steel.

remarkable aid to greater marriage compatibility
DETANE®
DESENSITIZING LUBRICANT
A delaying cream for men released without prescription.
DETANE is available only at pharmacies.
© COMMERCE DRUG CO., INC.
Farmingdale, New York 11735

FREE MONEY!

It's a safe bet that you, like the average American, are completely unaware of the incredible bonanza recently granted you by Congress in the form of whopping new Social Security benefits.

Item: When today's average worker of 22 retires, he and his wife, according to Social Security actuaries, will receive an annual pension of *$38,000*. Moreover, the total amount of Social Security he and his wife can expect to collect *will surpass half a million dollars!*

Item: The average American doesn't know it, but the single most valuable asset he now possesses is his Social Security. It is equivalent, in maximum brackets, to a guaranteed 5% income on cash in bank, stocks or real estate worth *over $100,000.* Moreover, every cent of this bounteous income is *TAX FREE!*

Item: Most Americans still believe, mistakenly, that Social Security is a dole exclusively for the aged. The fact is, however, that *10 million* Americans under the age of 60 (and averaging a mere 30) are now collecting Social Security. These non-old age pensioners receive *$13 billion* annually, and both their number and the amounts of money they collect are bound to increase in years ahead. So generous has Social Security for younger Americans become, in fact, that it amounts to Free Money.

The biggest problem in connection with Social Security–as the government itself is first to admit–is giving the money away. That is, the public's woeful ignorance of the availability of funds has prevented its full distribution. *Over one billion dollars*, according to experts, remains undistributed in U.S. Treasury vaults simply because no one steps forward to claim it.

To help overcome this shocking public ignorance, and see that you get your share of the Social Security largesse, the editors of **Moneysworth**, the authoritative new consumer-affairs and personal-finance fortnightly, have prepared–as a public service–a comprehensive, lucid, savvy, astonishing new manual entitled *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine*. A copy is yours *ABSOLUTELY FREE* with a subscription to **Moneysworth**.

STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine is more than just an encyclopedic reference work with charts, tables, descriptions of benefits and sample application forms. It is a personal adviser in a field of finance where impartial advice is otherwise almost impossible to obtain (the government, of course, is biased and lawyers are almost never willing to accept Social Security cases because, by law, they are not permitted to charge more than about $10 per case). Among the priceless nuggets of information you will pick up from *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* are answers to such questions as:

- How can you qualify for a pension even though you have never worked a day in your life, or contributed a cent in Social Security taxes, or even nearly reached the age of 65?
- How can you arrange to collect Social Security from *both* Canada and the U.S.?
- Why is it crucial to check the balance of your Social Security account periodically?
- Does it ever pay to take out *two* Social Security cards?
- Is it true, as some say, that you should "shop" at different Social Security offices since different interpretations of regulations can result in pensions of different amounts?
- What steps, if any, are necessary to protect your pension from attachment by creditors?
- Since, as studies have shown, two out of three workers *over*pay their Social Security taxes, how can you check on your payments and possibly obtain a refund?
- What forms of deception have people employed in order to maximize their Social Security benefits and collect pensions early?
- What federal program helps retired persons get jobs to supplement Social Security?
- What happens to your pension if an employer deducts Social Security taxes but fails to forward them to Washington for credit to your account? What special steps should you take if the firm you work for is financially shaky?
- How do you go about getting one of Social Security's huge "lump sum" payments?

In short, *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine* is a treasure map to the Social Security mother lode, telling what pitfalls to avoid, what tools to use, how to find your way through the maze of regulations and how to hit pay dirt. Its editor and compiler is Ralph Ginzburg, the 43-year-old publisher of **Moneysworth**, who himself collects $99.40 in Social Security every month and has been getting Social Security since he was 25. To repeat, a copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine* is yours *ABSOLUTELY FREE* with a subscription to **Moneysworth**.

In case you're not familiar with **Moneysworth**, let us explain that it is America's most ingenious periodical dealing with personal finance and consumer affairs. It will positively flabbergast you with its inventiveness for making and saving money. In less than three years it has bestowed the Midas touch upon *nearly a million* ecstatic subscribers and has become the most widely read newsletter *IN THE WORLD*. Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

How to Earn 10½% on Your Savings Account
Digital Wristwatches: A Product Rating
Buying a New Car for $125 over *Dealer's* Cost
Shrewd Buys in Life Insurance
Air Travel at 50% Off
Minicalculators under $100
Professional Sex Counseling, $00 Per Hour
Belted Tires: A Rating without Bias
How to Buy a Pistol for Protection
Dog Foods Fit for King
How to Contest a Bad Credit Rating
Quadraphonic Hi-Fi: Innovation or Hype?
Wheeling and Dealing for a New Bike
Free Stock Advisory Services
Easy-Riding Motorcycles
Pianos of Note
Trailers with No Hitches
Home Burglar-Alarm Systems
Cheap Skates
Stoves that Are a Turn-On
The ABC's of Buying Vitamins
Scholarships that Go Begging
Sailboats that Are Winners
How to Break a Lease
Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes
How to Protect Your Heirs
Earn Interest on Your *Checking* Account
How to Fight a Traffic Ticket
14 Ways to Save on Your Phone Bill

In sum, **Moneysworth** is a shrewd, trustworthy financial mentor. It is the quintessence of sophisticated gainsmanship.

The staff of **Moneysworth** is a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists with a record of genius in the field of consumer affairs. Its publisher, as we mentioned earlier, is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the daring and flamboyant magazines *Fact*, *Eros* and *Avant-Garde* (Mr. Ginzburg was first to publish Ralph Nader). **Moneysworth**'s editor-in-chief is Albert Lee, a former top editor of *Better Homes & Gardens*. Radiating from this nucleus of editorial energy are reporters and product-testers throughout the U.S.A. Together they create America's first–and only–consumer periodical with *charisma*.

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. The cost of a year is *ONLY $5!* This is a *MERE FRACTION* of the price of familiar, old-fashioned consumer publications. Moreover, we are so confident of **Moneysworth**'s value to you that we are about to make what is probably the most generous money-back guarantee in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that* **Moneysworth***–in combination with STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine–will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15% or you get your money back IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, we guarantee that **Moneysworth** and the Social Security manual will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*–or we'll refund your money. Meanwhile, you will have enjoyed a year of **Moneysworth** *ABSOLUTELY FREE* and you may keep *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS!! What could be more foolproof?

To enter your subscription, and obtain a free copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!*, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: **Moneysworth**, 110 W. 40 St., New York 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to receive your first copy of a gleeful, irreverent, wallet-fattening periodical whose motto is: "Ask not what you can do for your country, but what your country can do for you."

MONEYSWORTH

110 West 40th St. New York 10018

I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to **Moneysworth**, the shrewd, authoritative new consumer fortnightly. I understand that I am paying *A MERE FRACTION* of the going rate for such a publication. Also, I will receive *ABSOLUTELY FREE* a copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine.* If **Moneysworth** and *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* do not increase the purchasing power of my income by at least 15%, I will get my money back *IN FULL!* Moreover, I may keep *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* with your compliments and enjoy a year of **Moneysworth** *ABSOLUTELY FREE!!*

Name

Address

City State Zip

© MONEYSWORTH 1973. T.M. REG. PEND. +AC

of the mass media and, *most important of all,* it was presented in a form that did not require literacy or translation; it was immediate and direct and it was fun.

This does not invalidate the political significance of dope even though a lot of otherwise unconventional politicians hold it suspect. Dope has been tremendously important for a number of reasons.

First, it involves its users in an illegal act, subjecting them to grave injustices and dangers and thus creates a conspiracy. Second, it changes attitudes, values, appearances, and loyalties. Users became niggers—voluntary niggers, but nonetheless niggers. And last, grass and psychedelics can be fun.

To fill in the cartoon outlines let's look at books and, to a lesser degree, magazines. A book can be very special. Most magazines are little more than satellites of TV and the movies. They are fan magazines, existing in the lee of the enormous audience of the superstars. Some magazines are simply guides to specialized nformation such as psychology and science. Few thrive on their own energy.

The book industry caters to small audiences. There is great freedom, though most bestsellers stick close to the conventional perspectives. Here is where the lonely soul in the hinterland can hope to find a communication from a kindred soul.

In recent years, Los Angeles has become one of the major book markets of the world. Pickwick Books sells more books than any other store in the nation. The publishing industry in the West is strictly minor league at the moment, but it won't be that way much longer. There is a rapidly developing sense of place. The entertainment industry has become merely an industry; the glamor has been rubbed away. The literary business is wide-awake, though. There are no screaming groupies, but there are a few healthy weekly newspapers that do not fit the standard measure. In San Francisco there's the *Barb* and the *Tribe* (I believe it's still alive) and *Rolling Stone*. In L.A. we have the *Free Press* and the *Staff* and some tawdry sex tabloids. There are a few slick magazines, but the main energy is in the underground press. Computer typesetting is now so cheap and offset printing so elastic that newsprint publications sprout and die on all sides, hooked together by a common attitude and a few quirky news services that share that brotherhood.

Two new weekly publications are in the works. One of them, *LA,* is financed by Xerox mogul Max Palevsky (who also bailed out *Rolling Stone* when it was foundering two years ago) with $225,000. It's edited by Karl Fleming, formerly a *Newsweek* contributing editor. The other, now in the fund-raising stage, is called *LA is,* but there seems to be some feeling to change the name to *City Edition.* Lawrence S. Dietz, a talented freelance writer who once edited the ill-fated *Cheetah* and has written for *New York, Saturday Evening Post, Holiday* and *National Review,* is the editor of this one, which is somewhat larger than tabloid size. They are looking for $2 million, or near it, and have made up and printed a smooth prototype.

Fleming, one of those Tom Wicker-style Southern libertarians, left *Newsweek* because he was bored. He came to Los Angeles with Palevsky's backing (they are 50-50 partners) to begin work. Fleming says there is a huge gap yawning between what professes to be the alternative press in this town and the *Los Angeles Times,* which he says is a rather good establishment newspaper, but fundamentally

Print Kaftan

Our Moroccan-inspired Kaftan made more exciting with a rich and **colorful print pattern.** For easy relaxing and informal entertaining . . . perfect for travel. Makes a great gift! Washable 100% Antron® nylon with full hood and lace-up "V" neck. One size fits all. **No. 678 Tangiers Kaftan. $24.95.** Add 50¢ per order postage. Check or M. O.

MESH BIKINI BRIEFS Imported Norwegian "see thru" fish net weave keeps you cool in summer, warm in winter. Washes in a jiffy. 100% cotton **White, Red, Navy, Black, Powder Blue.** Waist sizes 28 to 40. **No. 639. 3 for $8.95**

Send For FREE Men's Fashion Catalog

lew magram

830 Seventh Avenue Dept. AP, N.Y.C. 10019

EXOTIC ATTRACTION for LOVE and LOVER. Ancient blossom of scented life—exciting mystical essence. One drop lingers 24 hrs. 1 dram, $6.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send cash, check, M.O. to EUTOPHIA CREATIONS, Box 2727. Miami Beach, Florida 33140.

COLLECTOR CLASSICS

Authentic! Full Size Machined Metal Models
Disassembles Like Originals—over 30 parts

Museum quality precision machined metal classics look, feel, weigh like real guns. Will fool experts. Perfectly legal - CANNOT BE FIRED. Blued and disassembles like originals. Decorate your den, office, recroom. Send for **free** color brochure of 35 famous historical to classic military firearms. Framed models available. Each model made of over 30 blued hand finished parts — delivered fully assembled. Money back guarantee.

No.400 Model 1851 Navy Colt $24.95

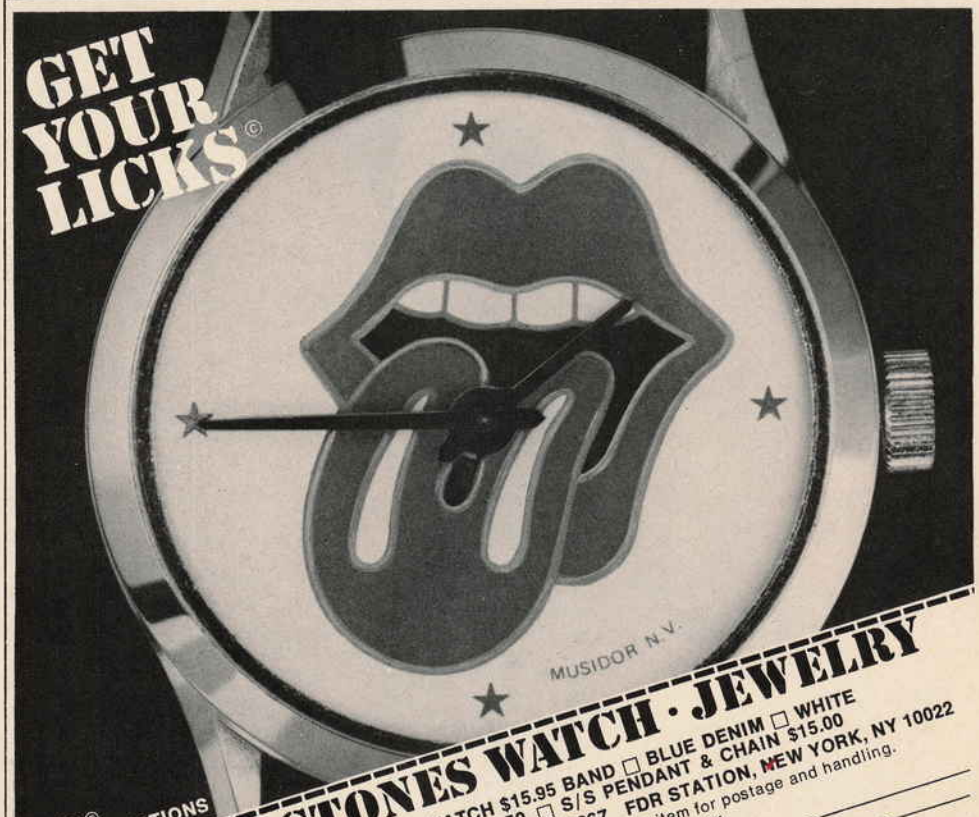
No.100 Model 1873 Peacemaker Colt $19.95

No.300 U. S. .45 $21.95

No.200 PO8 By Geo. Luger $23.95

ALL MODELS SAME SIZE & WEIGHT AS ORIGINALS

REPLICA MODELS, INC.
Dept. P-4, 610 Franklin St., Alexandria, Virginia 22314
Send No.400_____,No.100_____,No.300_____,No.200_____
Enclosed $_____Add $1.25 postage per model.
Charge to my ☐Bank Am. ☐Mastercharge No._____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____
☐Send for **FREE** color catalog of 35 models



LICKS © BY ROCKREATIONS

ROLLING STONES WATCH · JEWELRY

☐ SWISS MADE WATCH $15.95 BAND ☐ BLUE DENIM ☐ WHITE
☐ STERLING PIN $12.50 ☐ S/S PENDANT & CHAIN $15.00

MAIL ORDER TO: **A&M ENTERPRISES, INC. BOX 967 FDR STATION, NEW YORK, NY 10022**
Enclose a check or money order and include 50¢ per item for postage and handling.
New York residents add sales tax.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____
ZIP_____

ALOSCO&McLAUGHLIN ENTERPRISES, INC. 600 MADISON AVE., NY, NY 10022

incapable of getting a real hand on a lot of the things that are going on in this country and in this town.

"I think that newspapers like the *L. A. Times* will become extinct before long. The *New York Times* and all of these things will one day be extinct . . ." says Fleming. "I think what this town wants desperately is a newspaper that hearkens back to the concept of the old country newspaper . . . It tells how to buy a second-hand truck, where to go to find a good doctor . . . where to get a job. It writes about the neighbors the way the country newspapers used to . . . We're not going to take the slightest bit of interest in establishment politics . . . I don't think it's a function of this kind of newspaper and I don't think people really give a shit about that."

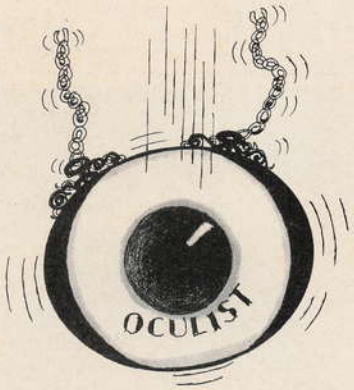
That is not quite the antithesis of the fascism of format that *The Oracle,* published in San Francisco during the Summer of Love, managed to attain, but it is a lot more human and warm and real than the existing conventional newspapers. *LA is* has a similar flavor, and in an elegant opening statement, pinpoints a precise and necessary goal: "Our primary enemy is the peculiar silence which hangs over our communities, the unsettled sense of displacement, the inarticulated questions of who we are and what we want . . . It is the goal of *LA is* to create, out of the divergent components of this sprawling city, an essential Los Angeles in the way that the old *Saturday Evening Post* once created a United States."

It is an ambitious goal, one worth achieving, and may be it will succeed. But the nation does not seem to care about the future of its magazines. We teach reading as if it were a punishment.

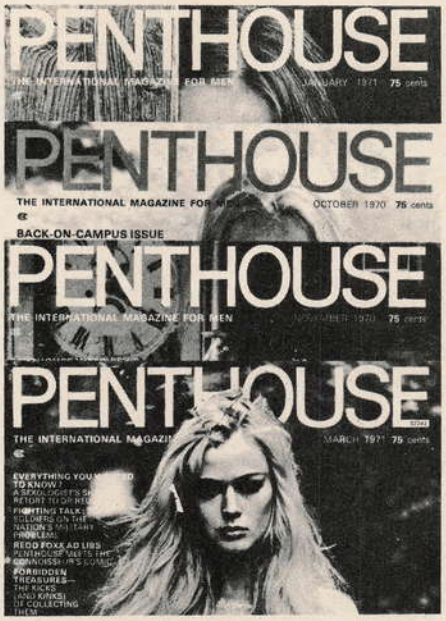
Through a triumph of political reasoning which insists the Post Office ought to make a profit, many national magazines will soon die of excessive postal rates. No great protest is developing. To the masses, print is already dead. Reading has acquired a negative social connotation. Reading is a barrier to progress. It takes too much effort. The electronic media are more democratic.

The atomic flash will be seen on television. The boy in the street carrying a transistor radio at his ear will be the first to hear the warning. Perhaps that will keep him alive. Many hours later, if at all, the newspapers will show what happened. Months later, the magazines will catch up. Years later there will be books. This is the way in which Hiroshima forecast the death of literacy.

Maybe death is not quite the right word. There are still monks illuminating vellum manuscripts. Reading and writing may enter that same dim void. The power in the word will shrink with its audience. It will no longer be important to be a writer. But somehow, perhaps, there will be writers anyway, even when it is no longer important, even when the power is gone, if only to cast a message adrift on the sea of time and hope it finds a reader.



Did you miss us?



If you missed any of our earlier issues and wish to bring your Penthouse collection up to date, you can order the magazines you need *while the supply lasts.*

Simply use this coupon to indicate the specific issues you want. Enclose check or money order, to cover the cost of magazines, handling and postage.

Send this coupon to: Dept. RS, PENTHOUSE Magazine, 909 Third Ave., N.Y. 10022.

NOTE: All available issues, while the supply lasts, at $1.25 each, except $2.00 for December Pet Calendar Issue. Presently not available: 1969— Before November; 1970— April and December; 1971— February and April.

No. of Copies	Month of Issue	

Name _____

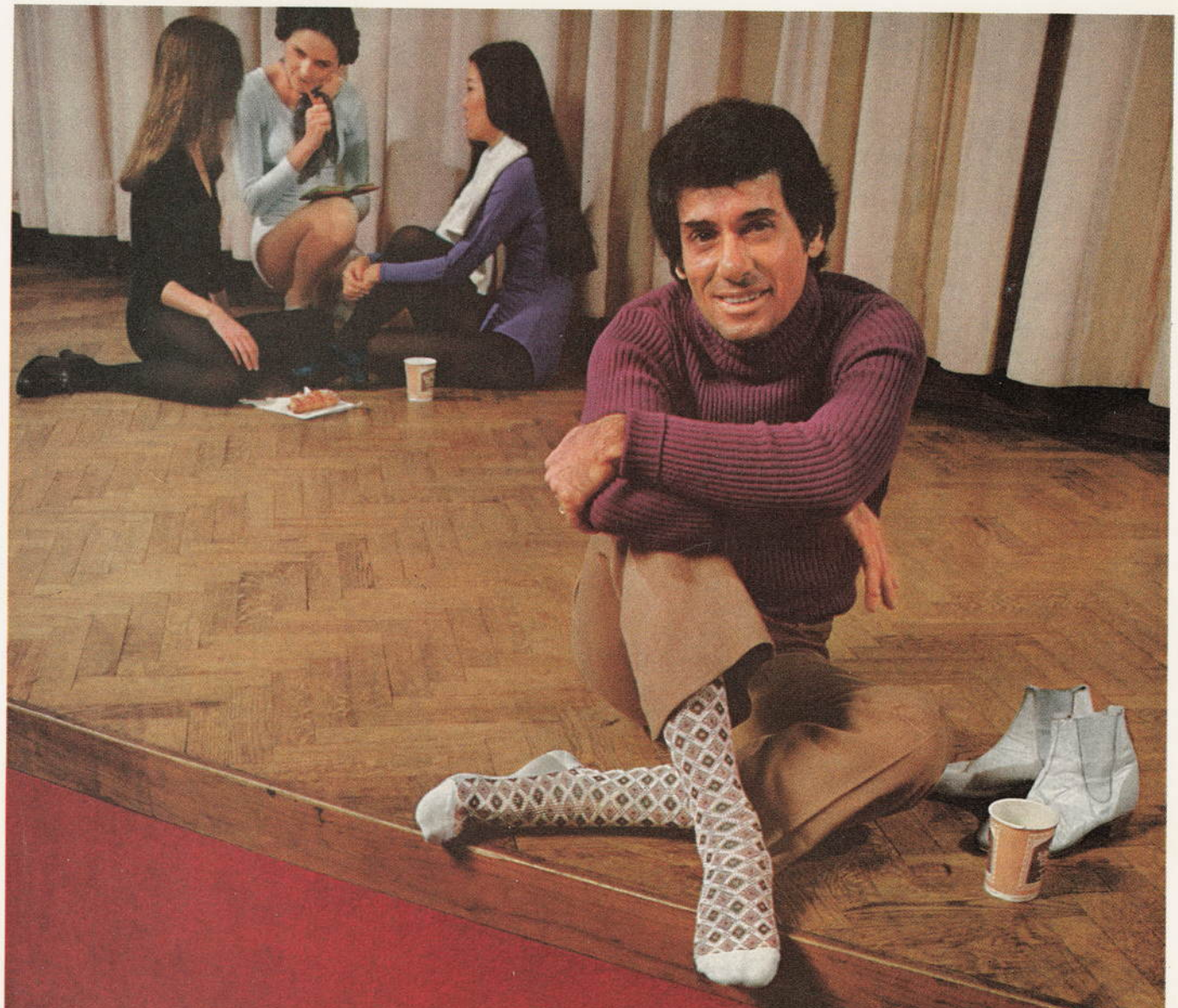
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Enclosed is ☐ **check** ☐ **money order**

in the amount of $ _____



When Peter Gennaro isn't showing off his fancy footwork, he's showing off his fancy footwear.

Peter Gennaro's feet have danced across more television specials than you could shake a leg at.

Not to mention the shows he's choreographed. (For example, Broadway's upcoming hit musical, "Irene.")

But how does Peter make his feet look good when they're not dancing?

With Interwoven/Esquire socks.

They come in a huge assortment of great looking patterns and colors. They're made of soft, luxurious Ban-Lon®. And they last and last.

Interwoven/Esquire. Even if your feet can't move like Peter Gennaro's, they can still look just as good.

Interwoven® ESQUIRE SOCKS® BAN-LON Quality

We make socks for every walk of life.

KR
Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

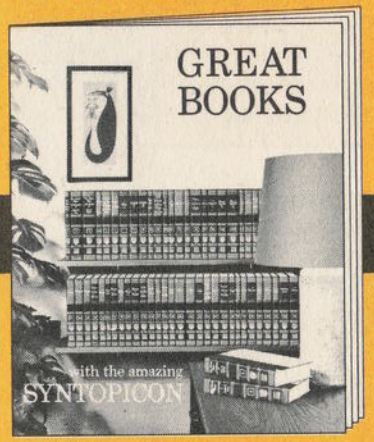
Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why

Tareyton 100's
FILTERS
Tareyton 100's
Tareyton 100's
The American Tobacco Company
A DIVISION OF AMERICAN BRANDS, INC.
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

FREE BOOKLET



Mail this card today.

GB

Gentlemen:

Please send me, *free and without obligation,* your colorful booklet which describes Great Books in detail and includes a complete list of authors. Also send me information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publisher,* on your convenient budget plan.

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss (circle one and please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

County _____ 118-T Zip Code _____ SOC-3

No postage needed. Fill in and mail.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 16850
CHICAGO, ILL.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

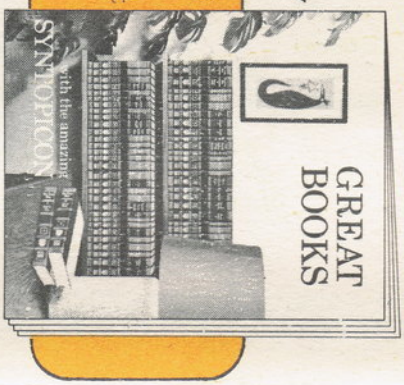
GREAT
BOOKS

425 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL. 60611

FREE BOOKLET

Mail this card now

This will let us know of your interest and enable us to contact you to see if you want further details on Great Books.



Prepare for a whole new career in Home Entertainment Electronics

...as you build yourself a Bell & Howell solid state color TV!

Mail Postage-Free Card Today

☐ **Yes!**

Please see that I get all the facts about the Bell & Howell Schools learn-at-home program in Home Entertainment Electronics — and about the color TV and the electronics laboratory-in-the-home I build and keep as I prepare for a new career or a profitable color TV service business of my own.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE AGE

Check here for information on: 1-3B0717

☐ Veterans' Benefits ☐ Student Financial Aid 66

An Electronics Home Study School

DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

ONE OF THE

BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

PREPARE FOR A PROFITABLE TV SERVICE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN!

Get The Facts.
Mail Card Today!

First Class
Permit No.
4148
Chicago, Ill.

Business Reply Mail
No Postage Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60641

TIME LIFE BOOKS invites you on an exciting new expedition into America's greatest adventure

THE OLD WEST

Enjoy the introductory volume

THE COWBOYS

for 10 days free

Mail the postpaid card today.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0431
TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Cowboys*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination — and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Cowboys*, I will pay $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every three months. Each is $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day, free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Cowboys*, I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

Canadian Residents: Please mail this form in an envelope.

If you found
the world even a little bit
dull today, you owe
yourself a trip to

THE OLD WEST

Send for
the introductory volume

THE COWBOYS

Yours to enjoy for
10 days free

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 22
CHICAGO, ILL.
60611

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in United States

Postage will be paid by

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

Time & Life Building
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Great gift for any occasion!

At same low price as your own subscription.

12 months only $10

Send to:

Name (please print clearly)

Address

City State Zip

Gift card to read from

Send to:

Name (please print clearly)

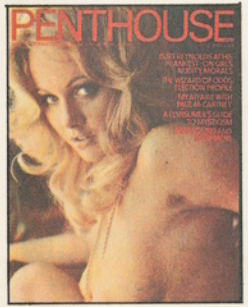
Address

City State Zip

Gift card to read from

Be sure to enter your own subscription on reverse side.

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER.



Great gift for any occasion!

At same low price as your own subscription.

12 months only $10

Send to:

Name (please print clearly)

Address

City State Zip

Gift card to read from

Send to:

Name (please print clearly)

Address

City State Zip

Gift card to read from

Be sure to enter your own subscription on reverse side.

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER.

Enjoy convenient home delivery...and save money too!

12 months of PENTHOUSE only $10*

(You save $3.00 off newsstand price.)

Your name (please print clearly)

Address

City State Zip

Mail check or money order to:

PENTHOUSE
Subscription Dept.
155 Allen Boulevard

*Subscription includes gala Christmas issue with full-color 1974 calendar featuring PENTHOUSE's most popular Pets . . . to keep you company all year long!

Enjoy convenient home delivery...and save money too!

12 months of PENTHOUSE only $10*

(You save $3.00 off newsstand price.)

Your name (please print clearly)

Address

City State Zip

Mail check or money order to:

PENTHOUSE
Subscription Dept.
155 Allen Boulevard

*Subscription includes gala Christmas issue with full-color 1974 calendar featuring PENTHOUSE's most popular Pets . . . to keep you company all year long!

See other side for gift subscriptions. CP3